

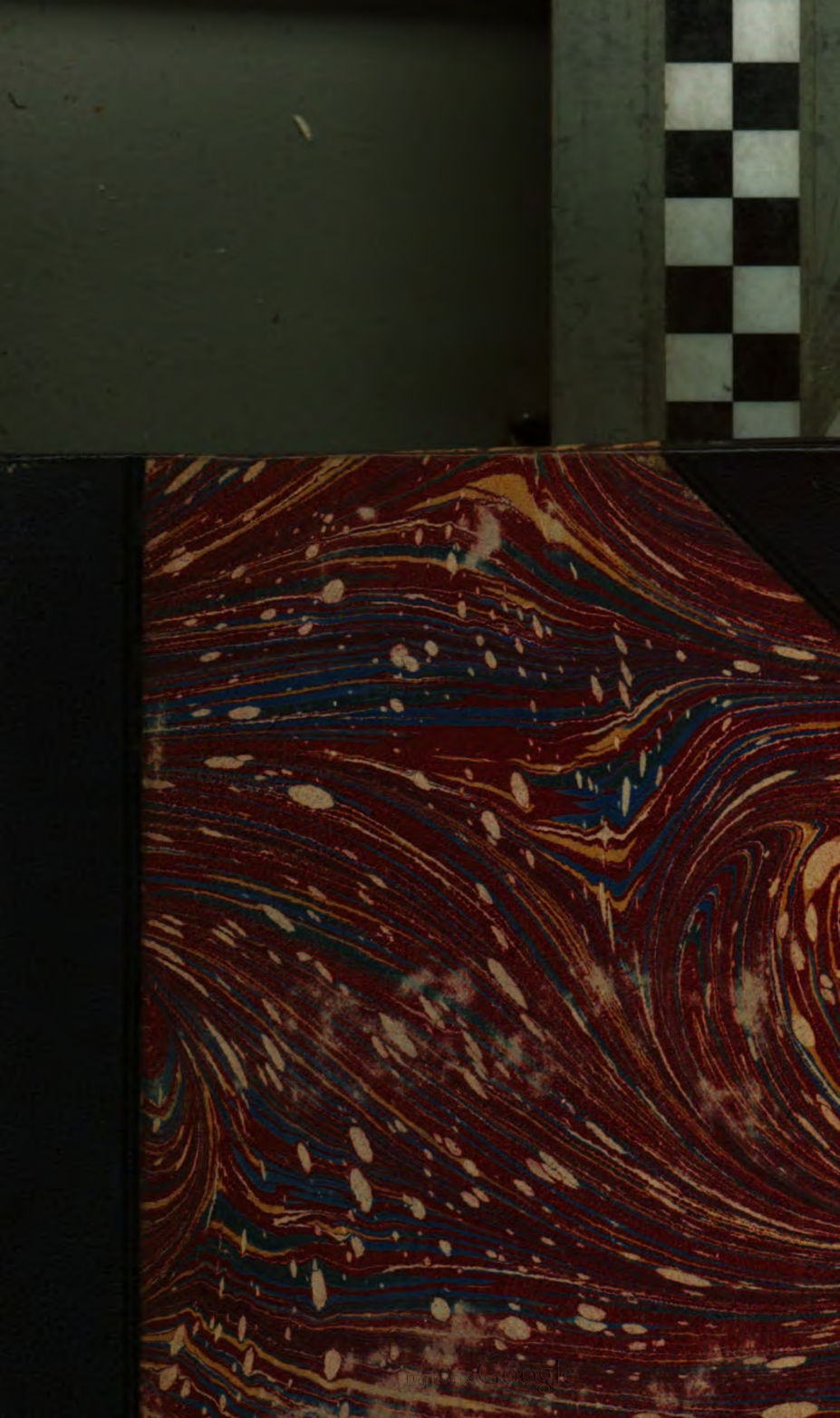
---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>





Hope essays add: 50.









# THE PORT FOLIO.

VOL. I,

OF

HALL'S SECOND SERIES.

JULY TO DECEMBER,

1826.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

TOTAL VOL. XXI.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL.



# INDEX.

## VOL. I, OF HALL'S SECOND SERIES,

**EMBELLISHMENTS.**—No. I. Portrait of 'Thomas Mifflin, Governor of Pennsylvania.—View of Flat Rock Dam.

No. II. Monument to Kosciusko, at West Point.

No. III. Portrait of the Passenger Pigeon,

No. IV. View of Trenton Falls, in New York.

No. V. Commodore Barron's Ship Ventilator.

View of the Yellow Springs, in Pennsylvania.

No. VI. Portrait of the Rice Bunting, or Reed Bird.

Adams, John, death of 165

Adversaria, the 151

Æsop's fables, old translation of 79

Africa, discoveries in 246

Album, the 342

"Almack's," review of 493

Alabama, occurrences in, 88

Alexander I, Lloyd's life of 127

Allen, Paul, death of 169

American revolution, anecdotes of the 502

Anticipation, or 1856, 138

Arnold, account of his conspiracy, 25. Life of, 108

Balch's Discourses, reviewed, 90

Barron's, Com. ship Ventilator, 363

Blondeville, Gaston de, reviewed, 99

Blue bird, the 279

Boyne Water the, character of 263

Bramblety house, reviewed 113

Bryan's Lay of Gratitude, 331

Bull's experiments on fuel, 329

Bunting, the black-throated, 279

Byron, lord, on the death of 438

Canals, in the U. S. list of the 199

Canning and Brougham, 424

Chairman, a classical 405

Chile, travels in 393

Connecticut, occurrences in, 82, 271, 350

Creek Indians, Lafayette's visit to, 435

Creole girls, described, 437

Delaware, occurrences in 86

Desilver's Journal of Jurisprudence 330

Diet, principles of 358

District of Columbia, occurrences in 85

Drunkenness, panegyric on 404

Ewing, Henry, obituary, 270

Faith, the true 465

Flat Rock dam, account of 80

Flagg's family mill, 81

Friendship, Roman, what 342

Fulton, Colden's life of 327

Genius and imitation, on, 238

Georgia, occurrences in, 88, 176

Gotham, the Three Wise Men of reviewed, 73

Gottingen, the barber of 186

Granby, review of 13

Greek cause, Leake on the 43

Gregoire, on the negroes, 262

Gould's law lectures, 325

Hall, John, obituary, 346

Hale, Capt. execution of 502

Historical society, transactions of the 285

Illinois, occurrences in 179

Indian poetry, specimens of 79

Indiana, occurrences in, 176, 351

Isabel, story of 329

Jay, John, letter from 451

Jefferson, letter from, 8—death of, 167

Johnson, Dr. on the character of 197

Kentucky, occurrences in 176, 351

Kosciusko, Gen. monument to 89

Lafayette, Gen. defended, 261—Waln's life of 329—poetical addresses to 331

Lamballe's Secret Memoires, 153

Levasseur's magazine, 328

Louisiana, occurrences in, 88, 176, 272, 352

Love's Victory, a new play, 78

Lisle, Joseph, obituary, 270

Maine, occurrences in 164, 271, 348

Maryland, occurrences in 86, 175—specimen of eloquence, 336

Massachusetts, occurrences in 81, 174, 270

M'Ilvaine, Bloomfield, obituary, 207 Joseph *ib.*

McKean, Joseph, obituary, 346

Michigan, occurrences in, 352

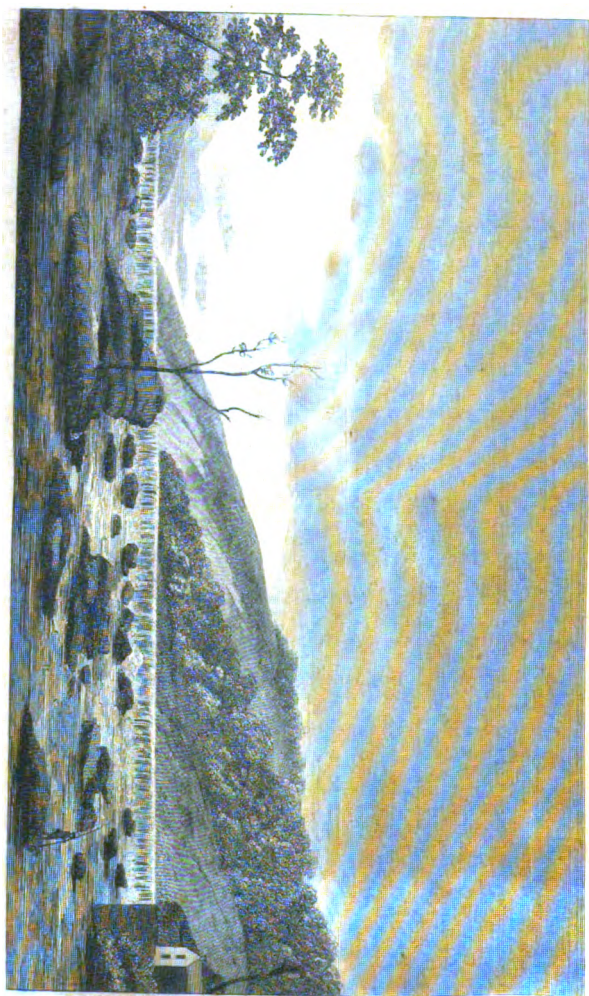
- Mier's Travels in Chile**, reviewed, 393  
**Mifflin, Thomas**, life of 1  
**Mississippi**, occurrences in 88  
**Missouri**, occurrences in 172, 352  
**Monmouth**, duke of, his execution, 93  
**Mythology**, on the Greek 343  
**Nature**, on the economy of 240  
**Negroes**, nobility of the skin, 262  
**New York**, occurrences in, 83, 175, 271, 350  
**New Jersey**, occurrences in 84, 175  
**New Hampshire**, occurrences in 174, 271, 248  
**North Carolina**, occurrences in 87, 175, 351  
**Norway**, travels in 409  
**Novelist goblin mongers**, invective against, 407  
**Ohio**, occurrences in 176 272—oration in, 326, 351  
**Oratory**, stump, in North Carolina, 274  
**Orchard Oriole**, the, described, 376  
**Paine, Tom**, his Religion of the Sun, 261  
**Parry's third voyage**, 329  
**Paris** on diet, reviewed, 358  
**Pennsylvania**, occurrences in 85, 175, 272, 350  
**Pepys, Samuel**, memoirs of 77  
**Phosphorescence of the sea**, explained, 78  
**Pigeon**, the Passenger, description of 177  
**Poetry**.—The march of intellect, 110  
   Werter and Charlotte, 112—The frailty of beauty, 172—'Oh, my love has an eye' 173  
   'Beware a speedy friend, *ib.*—The hero's orphan girls, 265—On the portrait of a young lady, 276—Sir Philip Sidney's version of David's psalms, 267—Montgomery's ode on Burn's birthday, 269—'Oh! what is woman's tongue' 333—Views of nature, 334. Gout and Roguery, 335—A Serenade, 336—An Incantation, 338—The Milkmaid and the banker, 339—Rural retirement, 340—Smiles, 341—Reasons for the deficiency of 435—The missionary, 439  
   Ballad by Mrs. Wilson, *ib.*—Impromptu at the exhibition, 440—Dedication for an album, *ib.*—The pilgrim, *ib.*—'Oh, when I was a tiny boy,' 475—The Gray Hair, 477—The better land, 478  
   The return, 483—'I watch for thee,' 484—Faithless Nelly Gray, 519—A Fairy Tale, 521  
   Portuguese, manners of the 436  
   Psalmazor, George, account of 297  
   Religious influence of New England, 441  
   Rhode Island, occurrences in, 82, 175, 291  
   Rice Bunting or Reed Bird, description of the 497  
   Segur's 'Memoires,' reviewed, 504  
   Sextons, cheerfulness of 306  
   Slavery, misrepresentation concerning, 492  
   Smith, Dr. William, letter from 7  
   South Carolina, occurrences in 87, 176  
   Souvenir, the literary 469  
   Spelling-book, premium for one, 262  
   Taste, on the true principles of 314—384—458  
   Tennessee, occurrences in 176  
   Thompson's Henry VIII, character of 436  
   Time, how to kill 302  
   Trenton Falls, account of 273  
   Van Ness, Wm. P. obituary, 346  
   Vermont, occurrences in 175, 350  
   Virginia, occurrences in 87—351  
   Walsh, Anna Maria, obituary, 346  
   Warburton, bishop, anecdote of 243  
   Washington, character of 263 habits and manners, 444—diary of, 326  
   Authenticity of his farewell address, 451, 489  
   West Indies, six months in the 437  
   Wilson's Ornithology, extracts from  
     Black-Throated Bunting 378—Blue-Bird, 279—Orchard Oriole, 376—Reed-Bird or Rice Bunting, 497  
   Wilson's travels in Norway, reviewed. 409  
   Women, American characterized 327  
   Yellow Springs, described, 408





**THEO. MIFFLIN Esq.**

ELGIN ROCKS, LAKE IN THE COUNTRY





# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

---

For the Port Folio.

## LIFE OF THOMAS MIFFLIN, *Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

THOMAS MIFFLIN was born in the State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1744. I have not been able to learn whether he was educated at a public or private school. It is certain, however, that this important trust was committed to the Rev. Dr. William Smith, who was for several years provost of the University of Pennsylvania. No particulars of this part of his life are now to be collected, from any known sources. From a common-place book, which he kept at that period, and afterwards gave to the writer of these pages, it may be inferred that his reading was various and well directed. They who derive, from British authorities, their notions respecting the state of education in this country previous to the revolution, will be greatly deceived. Most of the individuals who acted a prominent part in the important struggle appear to have been well trained; and it is not extravagant to affirm that the fundamental principles of civil liberty were as well understood in our provincial assemblies as in St. Stephen's chapel.

We learn from some of his cotemporaries that his inclination for a military life was displayed at an early period; and

he was disowned by the society of Friends in 1765, in consequence of his accepting the appointment of quarter-master general in the continental army. In 1774 or 1775, he commanded a company of volunteers in Philadelphia, of which, many were Quakers. His first appearance in the civil concerns of public life was as a Burgess of the city of Philadelphia, to which office he was elected in September, 1773. In the month of June following, his name appears on a committee of freeholders, appointed to procure relief for the inhabitants of Boston, during the operation of the act familiarly called the Boston Port Bill. On this occasion his exertions were stimulated and seconded by the pen of his old preceptor. He was a deputy from his native state to that congress which assembled in 1774, and commenced a national opposition to the unconstitutional measures of the British government. In 1775, he was a member of the convention for the province of Pennsylvania, as it was then called; and in the same year the high honour was conferred upon him, of being selected as an aid to general Washington. He repaired immediately to Boston, near which the army was then stationed. A letter from one of the officers, under date 15th Nov. 1775, which was published shortly afterwards in *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, speaks of a skirmish between the hostile forces, and adds,—“our friend Mifflin played the part of himself—that is, of a hero!”

In the year 1776 he was appointed by congress a brigadier general. “As he was believed,” says Marshall, “to possess great influence in Pennsylvania, he was directed to attend the government of that state, and to represent the real situation of the army, and the danger to which Philadelphia would certainly be exposed, unless the most vigorous exertions should be made.” *Life of Washington*, II. 521. The exertions of general Mifflin, although, says the author just quoted, they made but very little impression on the state at large, were attended with some degree of success in the city, and he was enabled to rejoin general Washington at Trenton, at

the head of fifteen hundred men, besides a German battalion. General Mifflin was soon afterwards again despatched on the same duty, congress declaring "they deemed it of great importance to the general safety that he should make a progress through the several counties of the state of Pennsylvania, to rouse the freemen thereof to the immediate defence of the city and county;" and they resolved also, "that the assembly be requested to appoint a committee of their body to make the tour with him, and assist in this good and necessary work." 2 Marsh. 533. A few pages further, (p. 557,) this historian again adverts to the popular eloquence of general Mifflin, which was found peculiarly useful in removing the despondence which had paralyzed the public mind at the gloomy and trying period between the loss of fort Washington and the battle of Princeton. One of the companions of Mifflin relates an anecdote which strongly attests the powerful effect of his voice. They were at fort Washington when the Declaration of Independence arrived. It was a period of great solicitude. The recruiting had proceeded heavily and slowly, and those who were enlisted began to consider it as a hopeless contest. At such a moment the officers of the fort could scarcely hope for a cordial reception of the important document which they were ordered to proclaim to the troops. The men, however, were called out. After a few preparatory observations, the Rev. Dr. Magaw, late of Philadelphia, said prayers, and then the commanding officer read the Declaration. When he had finished, there was, for an instant, a death-like silence. Mifflin knew that this was no time for reflection. He sprung up, and in that decisive and animating manner which inspires confidence, he exclaimed—"My lads! the Rubicon is crossed!—Let us give three cheers for the Declaration!" The effect was electric. The men cheered enthusiastically, and not a note of dissatisfaction was heard.

It does not appear that general Mifflin had any separate command during the war, or that he was engaged in any

action, if we except the skirmish in the neighbourhood of Boston, which has been mentioned. Whether this is to be accounted for by the circumstance that he was "supposed to be of the party unfriendly to Washington," (3 Marshal, 337,) we cannot determine. Until the time at which the machinations of that infamous cabal were detected by the frank and honourable conduct of Patrick Henry, in transmitting *the letter* to Gen. Washington, (vide 3 Marsh. app. p. 17,) Mifflin seems to have enjoyed the confidence of Congress, and he had received the compliment of having his name conferred upon an important fort in the Delaware. It is certain that he denied all connexion with those persons, and it is equally true that he was a guest at the table of the general, many years afterwards, when the latter was president of the United States. These facts are derived by the writer from authority which cannot be disputed.

In December, 1786, he was elected a delegate to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and his name appears as such in that instrument. In the year 1787 we find general Mifflin occupying the station of Speaker of the Assembly, and in the ensuing year he succeeded Dr. Franklin as President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. His first message was published in the Pennsylvania Packet, 14th November, 1788, and may be studied by governors of the present day, whose communications to the Legislatures, instead of being confined to their proper subjects, are suffered too often to run into interminable disquisitions *de omnibus rerum et quibusdam aliis*.

In the year 1790 a convention was called and a new frame of government adopted. General Mifflin was elected the first governor under this constitution; and the fact was proclaimed on the twenty-first December, 1790, at the old Court House in Market street, Philadelphia.

In March, 1794, the combinations in the state of Pennsylvania, to defeat the execution of the laws laying duties upon spirits distilled within the United States, had committed so

many acts of lawless violence, that the president found it necessary to call in the aid of the military to support the civil authority. Previous to this, however, a proclamation was issued, in which the insurgents were ordered to disperse on or before the first day of September following. Immediately on the appearance of the president's proclamation, governor Mifflin convened the Legislature in order that proper means should be adopted to maintain the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, and provide for organizing the militia, so as to enforce a prompt and faithful compliance with the orders of the general government. When the Legislature assembled, the governor addressed both Houses on the important subject which had brought them together. The president, he said, had communicated to him his own determination to call forth the militia, and as the system was radically wrong in Pennsylvania, an extraordinary meeting of the legislature was necessary in order that the state might be prepared to fulfil its duty. He dwelt on the superior wisdom and economy of the federal government; and lamented that a period had arrived when the scene of public and private happiness, interrupted by lawless violence, could only be perpetuated by the efficient means which had produced it. The proceedings in the western country he characterized as no less unreasonable than pernicious, because they were founded on the position that a small part of the community might dictate to the whole. He expressed the firm determination of the federal government to support its authority, and his own resolution to enforce every requisition from the federal executive to that end.

Not satisfied with this appeal, he invited the commissioned officers of the militia of Philadelphia to meet him at the City Hall. A very large meeting of these gentlemen and of private citizens assembled on this occasion. The governor, after a few introductory remarks on the pacific measures which had been adopted in order to avoid recourse to arms, made an animated appeal to the public spirit of the officers.

He admitted very frankly that from the defects in the militia system he had been unable to complete the quota of the state: but in such a crisis as the present, he felt himself entitled to require from every one an explicit and immediate declaration of his determination to act, or a resignation of his commission. In proposing this alternative, he said, he would not anticipate any decision but that which their own honour and the weal of the state required. He concluded by stating that he should proceed in the same manner to all the other counties, included in the present requisition, until he had raised the stipulated number of men.

This address was received with hearty acclamation, and every one declared his readiness to march. In his progress through other counties, his exertions were equally successful, and he had the satisfaction of appearing at the rendezvous with his proper equipments. Of the events of the bloodless campaign which ensued, it is not necessary that we should enter into any detail, in narrating the life of Mifflin.\* The unprincipled men who contrived the mischief, deserted their deluded followers, a few of whom were apprehended and convicted, but subsequently pardoned.

Mifflin was elected to the office of governor for three successive terms, or nine years; after which he could not have served again until after the lapse of one period. Before the termination, however, of his last year of service, he was seized with a disorder, which ended his life early in the year 1800. The legislature of the state, being then in session, it was resolved, that his remains should be interred at the public expense.

\* See an official "Report on the Proceedings of the Governor relative to the late Insurrection," in Dunlap and Claypoole's Daily Advertiser, 13th February, 1795.

For the Port Folio.

## EPISTOLARY.

The following letter is from the Rev. Dr. SMITH, who was, for several years, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and a minister in the Episcopal church in Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR,

I received your obliging letter, and am glad you are so happy in the kindness shown you by the good Bishop; which, I am sure, the more he discovers the integrity of your heart, and quickness of your parts, will be the more increased in your favour. I doubt not your sense will lead you to avail yourself of your present opportunities to get a provision in some decent and independent business, suited to your native bent of mind and abilities; and it will make your friends happy if your lot is cast back among them.

If you keep a good look out, and find something proper, (and never ask without propriety, and where you have little chance of a competitor, with ministerial interest,) something may be procured at first asking, especially in America.

I had wrote you about a month before the receipt of yours, and no doubt you have received my letter by Magaw and Andrews; in which I made a bad apology, but the best I had, for not sending the letters I promised; but I did, however, mention you, as became me, to Mr. Penn and others; and as to any other friends I did not expect they would fall in your way till winter, and now you are so well befriended that I would not be laughed at for sending you *Venetian succours*.

The little picture West did for me was drawn when I had just got out of an eleven weeks fever, and you will tell him I have now a little more complexion, as well as health, which I beg him to supply also to the piece, with a dash or two of his brush, that I may send for it. I wrote him by his bride, and did every thing he expected of me in that affair, but he has never been kind enough to send me a line.

I am sorry the dean of Gloster is so much set against poor America, and would suppress, instead of cherish, that spirit of liberty, which ought, so far as restrained within just bounds, to be cherished every where, for the sake of the little true liberty left in the world. I trust Providence will make American liberty still its care, and our prudent use of it show we deserve it, and then they may *write on*. I regarded the dean's abilities, and never dreamed they would

be thrown in the opposite scale. You know I took no part in the writings *pro or con*, about the stamp act, and the letter to him was the only time I put pen to paper about it, for the reasons assigned in the letter, an exact copy of which (though I seldom ever have time to make copies,) I happened to keep, to show some gentlemen at whose instance it was written. It is enclosed to you, that if the dean should again call it *impudent*, it may be in your power to show that it deserves no such name; being, I think, as prudent and well guarded as any thing ever I wrote; which was very lucky, considering the time and circumstances. Indeed, I do not care if all the world saw it. Mr. Duché has got 350*l.* currency per annum; which, I believe, is the most he may ever expect here. It is a pity he were not in a country where his talents and eloquence would soon command something far above that. However, I hope he has other considerations that will reconcile him to his state. I am to give a course of Theological Lectures this winter, and your brother *Tom* will be one of the pupils.

I am your affectionate friend and servant,

WILLIAM SMITH.

P. S. Please to present my best duty to the good Bishop. If you can meet Dr. Brown, deliver the enclosed yourself. If not, leave it at Lockyer Davis, as directed, with one of the pieces for the médals, which you will get of Mr. Powel. If you can meet the doctor, you will be pleased with him. Seal up the medal pieces for him.

*Philadelphia, December 13th, 1766.*

FRANCIS HOPKINSON, Esq.

Not long after the adoption of our Constitution, the late Col. Forrest, of Georgetown, D. C. in the course of his correspondence with Mr. Jefferson, asked his opinion of that instrument. The reply to this inquiry will be perused with peculiar interest at the present moment.

*Paris, 31st December, 1787.*

DEAR SIR,

Just before I received your favour, asking my opinion on our new proposed constitution, I had written my sentiments on the subject fully to my friend Mr. Madison. They concurred so exactly with yours, that the communication of them could answer no end but that of showing my readiness to obey you. I therefore extracted that part from my letter

to him, and have reserved it for a good private conveyance, which has never offered till now, by Mr. Parker. Though I pretend to make no mystery of my opinion, yet my distance from the scene gives me too much diffidence in my views of it to detail them lengthily and publicly. This diffidence is increased by my high opinion of the abilities and honesty of the framers of the constitution. Yet we cannot help thinking for ourselves. I suppose I see much precious improvement in it, but some seeds of danger which might have been kept out of sight of the framers by a consciousness of their own honesty, and a presumption that all succeeding rulers would be as honest as themselves. Make what use you please of the contents of the paper, but without quoting its author, who has no pretension to see what is hidden from others.

I have the honour to be,

With esteem and respect, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

*Colonel Forrest.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"I like much the general idea of framing a government which should go on of itself peaceably, without needing continual recurrence to the state legislatures. I like the organization of the government into legislative, judiciary, and executive. I like the power given the legislature to levy taxes; and, for that reason solely, I approve of the greater house being chosen by the people directly. For, though I think a house so chosen, will be very far inferior to the present congress, will be very illy qualified to legislate for the Union, for foreign nations, &c.; yet this evil does not weigh against the good of preserving inviolate the fundamental principle that the people are not to be taxed but by representatives chosen immediately by themselves. I am captivated by the compromise of the opposite claims of the great and little states, of the latter to equal, and the former to proportional influence. I am much pleased too with the substitution of the method of voting by persons, instead of that of voting by states: and I like the negative given to the executive conjointly with a third of either house; though I should have liked it better had the judiciary been associated for that purpose, or invested separately with a similar power. There are other good things of less moment. I will now tell you what I do not like.—First, the omission of a bill of rights, providing clearly, and without the aid of sophisms, for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction of monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and trials by

jury in all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land, and not by the law of nations. To say, as Mr. Wilson does, that a bill of rights was not necessary, because all is reserved in the case of the general government which is not given, while in the particular ones all is given which is not reserved, might do for the audience to which it was addressed: but it is surely a *gratis dictum*, the reverse of which might just as well be said; and it is opposed by strong inferences from the body of the instrument, as well as from the omission of the clause of our present confederation which had made the reservation in express terms. It was hard to conclude because there has been a want of uniformity among the states as to the cases triable by jury, because some have been so incautious as to dispense with this mode of trial in certain cases; therefore, the more prudent states shall be reduced to the same level of calamity. It would have been much more just and wise to have concluded the other way, that as most of the states had preserved with jealousy this sacred palladium of liberty, those who had wandered should be brought back to it; and to have established general right rather than general wrong. For I consider all the ill as established, which may be established. I have a right to nothing which another has a right to take away; and congress will have a right to take away trials by jury in all civil cases. Let me add, that a bill of rights is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth, general or particular; and what no just government should refuse, or rest on inferences.

“The second feature I dislike, and strongly dislike, is the abandonment in every instance of the principle of rotation in office, and most particularly in the case of the president. Reason and experience tell us that the first magistrate will always be re-elected if he may be re-elected. He is then an officer for life. This once observed, it becomes of so much consequence to certain nations to have a friend or a foe at the head of our affairs that they will interfere with money and with arms. A Galloman or an Angloman will be supported by the nation he befriends. If once elected, and at a second or third election outvoted by one or two votes, he will pretend false votes, foul play, hold possession of the reins of government, be supported by the states voting for him, especially if they be the central ones, lying in a compact body themselves, and separating their opponents; and they will be aided by one nation in Europe, while the majority are aided by another. The election of a president of America, some years hence, will be much more interesting to certain nations of Europe than ever the election of a king

of Poland was. Reflect on all the instances in history, ancient and modern, of elective monarchies, and say if they do not give foundation for my fears. The Roman emperors, the popes, while they were of any importance, the German emperors, till they became hereditary in practice, the kings of Poland, the deys of the Ottoman dependencies. It may be said that if elections are to be attended with these disorders, the seldomer they are repeated the better. But experience says that to free them from disorder, they must be rendered less interesting by a necessity of change. No foreign power, nor domestic party, will waste their blood and money to elect a person who must go out at the end of a short period. The power of removing every fourth year by the vote of the people, is a power which they will not exercise; and if they were disposed to exercise it they would not be permitted. The king of Poland is removable every day by the diet, but they never remove him, nor would Russia, the emperor, &c. permit them to do it.—Smaller objections are the appeal on matters of fact as well as law; and the binding all persons, legislative, executive, and judiciary, by oath to maintain that constitution. I do not pretend to decide what would be the best method of procuring the establishment of the manifold good things in this constitution, and of getting rid of the bad; whether by adopting it in hopes of future amendment; or, after it shall have been duly weighed and canvassed by the people, after seeing the parts they generally dislike, and those they generally approve, to say to them, ‘we see now what you wish; you are willing to give to your federal government such and such powers: but you wish at the same time to have such and such fundamental rights secured to you, and certain sources of convulsion taken away; be it so—send together your deputies again, let them establish your fundamental rights by a sacrosanct declaration, and let them pass the parts of the constitution you have approved. These will give powers to your federal government sufficient for your happiness.’ This is what might be said, and would probably produce a speedy, more perfect, and more permanent form of government. At all events, I hope you will not be discouraged from making other trials, if the present one should fail—we are never permitted to despair of the commonwealth.

“I have thus told you freely what I like and what I dislike, merely as matter of curiosity, for I know it is not in my power to offer matter of information to your judgment, which has been formed after hearing and weighing every thing which the wisdom of man could offer on these subjects. I own I am not a friend to a very energetic government, it is always

oppressive; it places the governors indeed more at their ease, at the expense of the people. The late rebellion in Massachusetts has given more alarm than I think it should have done. Calculate that one rebellion in thirteen states in the course of eleven years, is but one for each state in a century and a half. No country should be so long without one, nor will any degree of power in the hands of government prevent insurrections. In England, where the hand of power is heavier than with us, there are seldom half a dozen years without an insurrection. In France, where it is still heavier, but less despotic, as Montesquieu supposes, than in some other countries, and where there are always two or three hundred thousand men ready to crush insurrections, there have been three in the course of the three years I have been here, in every one of which, greater numbers were engaged than in Massachusetts, and a great deal more blood was spilt. In Turkey, where the sole nod of the despot is death, insurrections are the events of every day. Compare again the ferocious depredations of their insurgents with the order, the moderation, and the almost self-extinguishment of ours, and say, finally, whether peace is best preserved by giving energy to the government, or information to the people. This last is the most certain and the most legitimate engine of government. Educate and inform the whole mass of the people, enable them to see that it is their interest to preserve peace and order, and they will preserve it; and it requires no very high degree of education to convince them of this; they are the only sure reliance for the preservation of our liberty.—After all, it is my principle that the will of the majority should prevail. If they approve the proposed constitution in all its parts, I shall concur in it cheerfully, in hopes they will amend it whenever they shall find it works wrong. This reliance cannot deceive us, as long as we remain virtuous; and I think we shall be that, as long as agriculture is our principal object, which will be the case while there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt as in Europe, and go to eating one another as they do there.—I have tired you by this time with disquisitions which you have already heard repeated by others a thousand and a thousand times, and therefore shall only add assurances of the esteem and attachment, with which I have the honor to be, dear Sir, &c.”

For the Port Folio.

**GRANBY.**—*A Novel, in two volumes. New York, [reprinted] by J. & J. Harper, 1826.*

Before we say a word about this novel, we beg leave to make a few observations on a practice which tends to introduce embarrassment and uncertainty in the history of our literature, and which, though vehemently stigmatized here when it is detected abroad, is uniformly adopted by us. We allude to the republication of English, as American productions. Several very meritorious works of fiction have issued from our press and they were received with chilling indifference; but no sooner were they republished in London without any acknowledgment of their origin, than our newspapers opened a torrent of declamation about American genius and the meanness of poaching on our grounds. This is all very unwise. If an account current were stated, it would appear that the British publishers take ounces where we appropriate tons. In fact it is only under some very peculiar circumstances that an American bookseller ventures to pay for an original manuscript. We may swagger as we please about ourselves, in this matter, but it is notorious to those who are acquainted with the subject, that there is very little national feeling in favour of domestic literature. We reward our booksellers for republishing English books, but if they venture to print an American work, they must look for *indemnity* to—the consumers of waste paper. “Granby” purports to be a representation of the present state of manners in the first circle of Great Britain; and we are willing to receive it as such when we reflect that cock-fights and the contentions of pugilists are among the most fashionable amusements of the English nobility, and that crim. con. actions arising among persons of the same rank, form a prominent item in the profits of professional practice. The commencement of the work introduces us to general Granby, a worthy old gentleman, and his nephew Henry, who are enjoying a tête à tête after dinner. The former is inclined to be talkative and inquisitive, but the latter is not in a communicable humour. He has just returned from a visit to a kinsman, Sir Thomas Jermyn, at whose house much of his boyhood had been spent. While he was at college, his former playmate, Caroline Jermyn, had arrived at that period when considerate mothers, like lady Jermyn, begin to think of seeing their daughters settled for life. Henry’s situation did not

answer the calculations of the parents, and he now found himself treated by them not quite so unceremoniously as when he used to visit them from Westminster on a Saturday. The heart of the young lady, however, remained unchanged, and at this period their "brotherly regards," had ripened into precisely those sentiments which might be expected from two young persons in their situation. During this visit he obtained a lock of the lady's hair, which he promised to show to no one, and on his return home, with her permission, he wrote her a letter. It contained no declaration of love, but commenced in the common form with "Dear Cousin," and ended with "very truly yours." It was a well guarded epistle, which he thought would be the introduction to a long series. He inclosed it to her father, committed it to the post office, and in a few days it was returned to him in a blank envelop. The general, displeased at this treatment of his nephew, very civilly requested an explanation from his old friend, Sir T. Jermyn, which was declined, with great formality, by that gentleman. All intercourse between the families was thus destroyed. To this brief statement it is necessary to add, that the unfortunate letter never was seen by Caroline, but she was informed by her mother that it had been returned by her in consequence of the great impropriety of its character.

The reader of novels will now easily imagine how many delicate situations may be made to arise from such a misunderstanding, in the hands of a skilful writer. In this branch of his profession, we think the author is entitled to no little praise. His incidents are happily conceived, and follow each other in a very natural order. It is in his dialogue that he fails, and his failings are the more glaring because before his personages are allowed to speak, they are introduced by a description which they generally falsify, by their manners or conversation. There is, moreover, a great deal of prosing about matters which are bolted to the brain every week in the year, in three-fourths of the family circles from which the fashionable world is composed. Thus, in the fifth chapter of the first volume a matrimonial dialogue is inflicted upon us, on the interesting subject of general invitations. Sir Thomas Jermyn and his dame are the interlocutors. The former is a pompous piece of inanity, who, by stirring about at turnpike meetings and such objects of petty ambition, had obtained a seat in parliament, as the representative of a borough which contained fifteen voters. This was acquired, as we are informed, "at a moderate expense," and under the obligation to vote uniformly with the ministry. His wife is a lady of low ori-

gin, who made a good match, it was said, in consequence of having a pretty face. She was described by her acquaintance, as a clever body at a pinch, who always played her cards well. Such was the couple who read in a newspaper the important intelligence that a certain duke was about to pay a visit to a certain viscount, who was the brother-in-law of the member from Brackingsley. The viscount had always looked a little *de haut en bas* upon the member; but still, as they lived at a considerable distance apart, a decent degree of cordiality and attention had been vouchsafed. The dialogue is well enough in itself, but it is misplaced. It clogs the narrative and impairs its vivacity. We quote the passage, as a specimen of the manner of the writer. The reader will be amused with the art of the lady in flattering the vanity and soothing the wounded pride of the knight.

"I have been thinking for some time, Sir Thomas, that we have been using the Daventry's rather ill, and you cannot think how it lies upon my mind."

"Using them ill, how so?" said the baronet, raising his head from a cup of green tea, and the report of the game committee.

"Why, you know how kind they have always been, and how fond they are of having us with them, and how long it is since they have been with us."

"Yes—I know it is a long time; but whose fault was that? I'm sure we have asked them often enough."

"True, true, Sir Thomas, so we have. Circumstances, you know, always prevented them. But what I was going to say was this—I really think we have not behaved quite well to them. Your sister Daventry, when we saw them at Leamington, said a great deal—a great deal indeed, about our meeting so seldom; and she seemed to allude to it again in her note, when she sent us those seeds and cuttings for the green house; and you know, Sir Thomas, you have had two letters from lord Daventry, written expressly to ask you there."

"No, no, my dear; not written expressly; no such thing. One was about an under game keeper, and the other was full of the Compton-heath inclosure bill. He said something, to be sure, in each of them, about seeing us at Hemingaworth; but he did not fix any day. They were mere general invitations."

"Certainly, certainly, there were other subjects in both letters. You know, you gentlemen seldom write except upon business. But you are aware, yourself, that he has invited us twice; and after that, I really think it is now our turn to show some attention, and that we cannot do less than offer to go to them."

"Go to them! oh! that is the attention you mean! Why I thought, lady Jermyn, you were going to propose that we should ask them to come to us."

"I should be truly happy, I'm sure, to see them here, as I always am, and ever have been; but you know, Sir Thomas, at this time of the year, they are constantly engaged with company at home; therefore, much as we may desire it, our seeing them here is out of the question. Besides, I think it would be quite unpardonable to take no notice of their invita-

tion, after all that your sister has said, and Lord Daventry having written twice on the subject.

"I don't know what my sister may have said, but as for Daventry's two letters, they were nothing, as I told you, but general invitations; and I always have said, and always shall say, that general invitations stand for nothing."

"Now, really, Sir Thomas, I cannot agree with you. I know it is the fashion to abuse general invitations, but for my part, I always stand up for them. To be sure, they are often used to indifferent people that one does not care about, because, perhaps, one must ask them, and cannot exactly at the moment fix any time; but, surely, when friends and relations invite one in that way, they mean, that one shall at all times be equally welcome."

"Equally welcome!—aye, very likely—that is to say, just as little at one time as another. No, no, my dear, I am no friend to general invitations. I have always said, and I always shall say, that a person who asks you to come 'at any time,' had much rather you never came at all."

"Oh, Sir Thomas! you must not say that, because you are doing yourself a great injustice. You know, you often do that very thing to many excellent people, that I am sure we have a great regard for. There are the Joneses, and the Gibses, and the Robinses, and the Barkers; you never meet them but you make a speech about seeing them, and yet we never have them but once in two years."

"Why, between ourselves, my dear," said the baronet, in a confidential tone, "towards a certain class of people that one must be civil to, a little management of this sort is very useful; and you may depend upon it, that Daventry pays off his scores in that coin as well as ourselves."

"I have not the least doubt of it—to certain people—but I cannot suppose that he does to us. Really, Sir Thomas, we ought to go, if it is only to show that we do not place ourselves in that class. Your dear sister would feel it very much; and I am sure, Sir Thomas, that you who are so generally civil to every body, would never be guilty of an act of rudeness to your own near relations."

"Oh, I have no objection to go to them; only, I have a great deal of business of one sort or other; and I think I am rather wanted here at present."

"Ah, Sir Thomas! as for that, you know you are always wanted in this neighbourhood. We could never leave home if that were an excuse. But they ought to be taught to do without you. A man in your situation is not to be made a drudge. He ought to take an opportunity of showing his independence."

"Yes, yes—no doubt—no doubt—well, do as you please—I say again, I have no objection to go to Hemingsworth."

"Very well. I could do nothing, you know, without your concurrence: but since you agree to go, I'll write directly to your sister Daventry, and tell her we'll come to them, if they can receive us, on Monday next. There will be ample time for an answer."

A polite and carefully worded note was quickly despatched to lord Daventry, and received, as soon as the distance would permit, a very civil and favourable reply.

To this enviable mansion they accordingly repair, and here Caroline is first brought into company. Among the visitors at Hemingsworth, the seat of lord Daventry, they found a Mr. Trebeck, who, as he appears to be one of the author's

most laboured characters, is entitled to particular notice from us. Lady Daventry on receiving Sir Thomas Jermyn's family, felicitates them, among other circumstances, upon the good fortune which awaits them in the society of Mr. Trebeck, who is one of the circle assembled at her mansion.—“Perhaps you don't know him,” alily insinuates her ladyship, “but *of course* you have heard him spoken of; very fine, and every thing of that sort; but pleasant, remarkably pleasant, where he is known. Caroline did not know this important personage, nor had she heard of him, and she sought information from her mother. She was not much enlightened by the information she received, and repaired to her toilet where “she occupied her mind as much as that business would permit, in forming abstract ideas of a duke and duchess, and, in endeavouring to divine what manner of man *the* Trebeck could possibly be.” The first introduction of this “far-famed and redoubtable” personage, as he is styled, will display his character, we think, more satisfactorily than it has been done in the elaborate delineation of the author: and we think, moreover, that however great a compliment his visit may have conferred upon an English duke and duchess, an American gentleman would scarcely have concluded from his manners that he was many removes above the condition of a bar keeper or an exhibiter of pattern cards. The first ebullition of wit, from this consummate master of the art is as follows: he had delayed his appearance at the dinner table until some time after the company was seated, and when he took his seat his reply to his host's invitation—“Trebeck, shall I help you? I am afraid it is cold;”—was—“If you please, but I'll first take some wine with the duchess. Cold, is it? Oh! never mind,” and half turning to Caroline,—“even cold fish is a luxury to one who comes in resigned to see nothing but the cheese.” To us this appears the very quintessence of coxcombr, in which is included all the sins against good sense and good breeding. He was placed at the table next to Caroline, a very young lady be it remembered, whom he had never seen before, and he displays his smartness at the expense of her feelings in the following manner: while a duke, was expatiating with an enthusiasm which might have done honour to a cook, upon the qualities of various viands, Trebeck informed Caroline, in a low tone, that the peer was quite an amateur in that art, and begged her leave to recommend a particular dish to him of which she was eating “upon her authority.”

“I dare not upon my own,” he said.

“Then pray do not use mine,” said the lady.

JULY, 1826.—NO. 285.

3

"Yes, I will, with your permission; I'll tell him you thought by what dropt from him in conversation that it would exactly suit the genius of his taste. Shall I? Yes. Duke," raising his voice a little and speaking across the table.

"Oh! no. How can you?"

"Why not?—Duke, with a glance at Caroline,—will you allow me to take wine with you?"

When we consider that this shallow impertinence comes from a person who has been introduced to us as a gentleman whose presence at the tables of the English nobility is considered as "a compliment," what are we to infer respecting the state of society in that country, if the author of this novel is to be admitted as a competent witness?

One of the best passages in this novel is that in which Granby accuses Tyrrel of being a sharper, and compels him to refund his dishonourable gains. Tyrrel was, as he then believed, his cousin, the heir apparent of the head of his house, and his personal friend, for whom he entertained a true and warm regard. Courtenay, the victim of Tyrrel's fraudulent practices, was a mutual friend, though Granby's feelings towards him had been somewhat estranged, since he had viewed him as a successful rival in the affections of Caroline. When, however, he saw him at a splendid route soon after his ruin had been accomplished,—his eyes fixed and glaring, his cheeks pale, and his whole countenance exhibiting a frightful picture of agony,—the generous heart of Granby forgot every thing but commiseration for the wretched object before him. Withdrawing Courtenay from the scene of gayety by which he was surrounded, he prevailed upon him to go home and then repaired to Tyrrel's lodgings. The scene which ensued may be described in the words of the author:

The door at length was half opened by a drowsy servant, with a candle in his hand, who, peeping at him, with a look of much surprise at the unseasonableness of the visit, told him that his master was still in his sitting room. This was sufficient, and Granby hastily passed the servant, and without waiting to be announced, proceeded quietly but rapidly to the room. On opening the door, he saw Tyrrel, his head resting on one hand, while the other held a pencil. He was deeply intent on a paper before him, on which he appeared to have been writing figures; two candles, burnt almost to the socket, threw their dim light upon his face; and on the same table stood a wine glass, and a small phial containing laudanum, to the use of which pernicious drug, Tyrrel had lately begun to habituate himself.

Tyrrel did not raise his eyes from the paper immediately upon Granby's entrance, thinking probably that it was the servant; but scarcely had he made two steps into the room when Tyrrel looked up, and on seeing him, started from his chair in seeming terror, and crumpling up the paper, threw it from him into the fire place.

"How now, Granby? here again!" said he; and then catching the stern

expression of his countenance, he faintly added, "For heaven's sake what is the matter?"

Granby carefully closed the door, before he returned him any answer.

"My errand," said he, "concerns Courtenay."

"Courtenay! good God! what has happened to him?"

"Nothing but what you know already."

"What I know! explain yourself."

"I mean to do so—and briefly too. I come to demand that you renounce all claims upon him for money which he has lost to you, and that you refund—"

"Granby, are you mad?"

"Hear me out—and that you refund what you have *unfairly* won this night."

"Unfairly! 'death! does the scoundrel presume to say—"

"Be calm if you can," said Granby firmly, "for violence is useless. He says nothing—he knows nothing; it is I who say it, and know it, and make this claim for him in consequence."

"And by what authority, Sir," exclaimed Tyrrel, in a lofty tone, "by what authority do you dare to say this to me?"

"By the authority of a friend to both, and a relation to you."

"Cant!—cursed cant!—Friend and relation! Is this your cloak for a scandalous charge? Do you think this will serve, Sir? No—give me proof of what you insinuate."

"I *insinuate* nothing; my charge is a direct one, and will require a direct reply. As for proofs, you shall have them; and for this purpose I shall ask for the dice and dice box that you used this night."

"With all my heart," said Tyrrel, "and I would show them as freely to the whole world—There—take them—examine them well—but remember, Sir, you will do it at your peril; for if they are not proved deceptive," said he, striking his clenched hand upon the table, "then by heavens—"

"This threat is useless," interrupted Granby, "for I shall not even examine them. But observe me for a moment—"

Tyrrel muttered something between his teeth, and turned away.

"Observe me, I say," repeated Granby sternly; "you asked for proofs, and I am prepared to give them;" and then, without uttering another word, he slowly exemplified with the dice the whole process of Tyrrel's fraudulent manoeuvres.

A dead silence ensued; Tyrrel leaning in guilty confusion on the back of a chair, while Granby stood opposite, erect, and motionless, with his hands clasped, apparently lost in painful thought. He was balancing in his mind conflicting sentiments of justice and mercy, and meditating in what way to meet the probable contrition of his guilty relative; but he was not prepared to see him seek a refuge in effrontery, and started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet when Tyrrel stepped up, and with a coarse smile slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"Bravo, young one!" were his first words. "Curse me, if I thought you so knowing! I see you understand a trick or two—you are training in a promising way—we shall have you down at the Hells soon!"

"Tyrrel! Tyrrel! I did not expect this," said Granby, turning from him with disgust.

"Then, what the devil did you expect? Did you think I should whine and cant about it, and fall on my knees like a blubbing school-boy to escape a whipping? Why, what a cursed long face you make—as if rooks and pigeons were birds unheard of; pshaw—man—come—damn it—where can you have lived to look so serious about such a trifle? I thought you

had been more of a man of the world. We jolly Greeks are never down in the mouth about these things. Where was the harm, if the fellow chose to be a fool, to treat him with a taste of my art? Prejudice apart, where is the sin in a quiet bit of legerdemain? None on earth—and so you would think, if it was not for those rusty, old woman's notions, which I wonder how the devil you came by. I have done no more than many others."

"Tyrrel," said Granby, "though you have a right to be heard in your defence, yet I almost blame myself, for having patiently listened so long to this monstrous attempt to palliate your crime."

"Crime!" repeated Tyrrel, with a scornful laugh—"by what statute? Crime, indeed! you talk it well upon my soul; but learn, young man, to make distinctions—look at the dice—are they loaded? Look at the box—is it not a fair one? Did I fight with false weapons? No, Sir—the devil, himself, dare not say it. I met my man, and beat him down in a fair trial of address. I employed an art which I had been practising for months, and which I had surely acquired a right to profit by. I won by skill—sheer skill—skill which I had gained by my own exertions, and which I am therefore justified in using."

"I will no longer listen to such paltry sophistry," replied Granby; "It cannot deceive me—you cannot even deceive yourself by it. My object, Tyrrel, in coming hither, was, not to hear your efforts at exculpation—for none that you can make will be sufficient—your offence is only aggravated by what you have already said—I come to enforce a demand—you have heard it, and I expect your answer."

"You shall have it," said Tyrrel, with a malignant scowl; and he went and opened a bureau, while Granby stood regarding him in silence. Tyrrel searched for something; at length he closed the bureau: what he had taken out of it, Granby knew not, for his back was towards him; till on turning round he displayed to his astonished eyes a brace of pistols, and a card.

"Here is my answer," said he, holding up the pistols, "and there," throwing on the table an ace of clubs, shot through the middle, "is my pledge for its proving satisfactory. You see my mark at twelve paces—a pretty fair certificate of a cool eye, and a steady hand. Be advised, young fellow," he added, in an insulting tone—"think twice before you drive to extremities a man who can split a ball upon a knife, and shoot a couple through the same hole. You will find I am not to be trifled with."

"And you will find," said Granby, calmly, "that it is not my intention to trifle with you. My object is fixed and serious—I come to insist on satisfaction for my friend."

"Satisfaction!" said Tyrrel, with savage glee, "have at you then—the sooner the better—name time and place—and I am your man."

"Tyrrel, you mistake the satisfaction I require—it is not to shed the blood of a relation. If you mean to give me a challenge, understand distinctly that I will not accept it?"

"You will not?" retorted Tyrrel? "Say you *dare* not."

"I will not," said Granby; "and if you urge me, the world shall know my reason for refusing."

"And what is that reason?" said Tyrrel, with a sneer.

"I shall tell them that the challenger is no longer worthy of the consideration due to a man of honour."

"Insolent coward!" said Tyrrel through his clenched teeth.

"I shall not descend to bandy invectives," replied Granby firmly. "I repeat my demand for reparation."

"Granby—Granby—have a care—be cautious how you goad a despe-

rate man. Are you aware," said Tyrrel, taking up the pistols, "that one of these is loaded? You defy me, because you think that my reputation is in your power. Remember that your life is in mine." And he retreated a few steps, and deliberately examined the priming of his pistol.

"Do you think so meanly of me," said Granby, "as to expect that I shall be terrified from my purpose by this impotent bravado?"

"I do," said Tyrrel. "Impotent bravado! Good sounding words, faith! but very little to the purpose. I would advise you to think of something better by way of a dying speech and quickly too, for your time is but short. Now, Sir, death or recantation?" and he levelled the pistol at Granby's head.

Granby neither moved nor spoke, but looked steadily in Tyrrel's face. There was a deep silence, which was first broken by the click of the pistol. Tyrrel had cocked it. Granby heard the ominous sound, but his frame never trembled, nor did his cheek grow paler, nor his eye wander, but remained still sternly bent on Tyrrel in sad and resolute defiance.

"Tyrrel!" said he, in a solemn tone, "I have no fear. You dare not be a murderer."

Tyrrel returned no answer, but still presented the cocked pistol.

"You will never," continued Granby, "charge your conscience with such a crime."

"My conscience!" said Tyrrel, with frightful irony, lowering his pistol as he spoke; "how did you know I had a conscience?"

"You have—you must," said Granby. "I will not think you utterly depraved. You may stifle the voice of your conscience for a time, but be assured it will be heard. Tyrrel—there is a God that sees and judges you; and if you shed my blood, the hour of retribution will surely come:" and Granby, as he spoke, fixed his eyes with impressive solemnity upon Tyrrel's.

The latter could not encounter their appeal. His own fell beneath their glance. The hand that held the pistol trembled; and the countenance was convulsed with a sudden pang. He muttered something indistinctly, turned away, and deposited the pistols in their former place.

"I did it but to try you," said he in a low voice. "Heaven knows, that for the world's worth I could not be your murderer; but you had almost driven me past myself. Granby, you are too hard with me. Do not oppress a fallen man. Temper your justice with mercy. Circumstances have made you powerful, let them show that you are generous. Remember whom you are about to sacrifice. Remember that it is a friend and a relation."

"Tyrrel, I remember it but too well," said Granby mournfully. "It is a fact which I shall never forget, and deep will be the anguish it will cost me. Bitter as your own reflections must necessarily be, you can but feebly judge of what I feel, to find myself at once cut off from one who is still my relation, and whom a few short hours ago I vainly fancied I might call my friend. Tyrrel, do not endeavour to deceive yourself. You have committed that, which if known, would render you an outcast from every reputable circle in which you have ever moved."

"I know it all," said Tyrrel impatiently, "and feel it too. Why should you torture me with this repetition? Surely that punishment is enough."

"No, Tyrrel, it is not enough. The world's scorn is slight to that which your own heart ought to inflict. Remember the victim of your arts—the ruin, the destruction which you would have entailed on him. Tyrrel—the person whom you have so deeply wronged, suppressed perhaps in your presence the dreadful agony of his mind; but had you lately seen, as I have

done, the burning frenzy, the feverish effort to snatch a temporary forgetfulness of misery; his wild, frantic, intemperate mirth, and the horrid recklessness of his despair; had you seen all this, and said, as you needs must, 'Twas I that caused it,' you would have cursed yourself for the misery you had produced; it would have been reflected doubly on yourself, and you would then have felt—ay, in its deepest bitterness—that real—that mental punishment to which the world's scorn is as dust in the balance. You cannot have so hard a heart but from your very soul you would have pitied him."

Tyrrel stood during this appeal with folded arms, downcast eyes, and head bent forward on his breast. Once or twice he tried to raise his head, but as his eye caught that of Granby, it sunk beneath the powerful gaze of conscious rectitude. At length some new idea appeared to strike him, and the rigid muscles of his face began to relax into an expression of sullen exultation. "Pity him!" said he, "not I. I have little pity to bestow upon any one, and shall not waste it on unworthy objects. He suffers, does he? Well he may, and so he ought. Just retribution, Granby, and no more. Has Courtenay caused no pain to others?"

"I will not say that he has not," said Granby, starting at the bitter thought which this question had conjured up; "but if he has, it is not of *that* we are speaking now. He is injured, Tyrrel. It is in that light only I can now regard him. He is injured, and by you; and he must have redress. I am here, not to recall my own misfortunes, but to demand reparation for my friend."

"Your friend!" said Tyrrel, in a mingled tone of scorn and compassion. "Poor credulous gull! are you still willing to think him so? Think on—think so still. Why should I disturb your dreams? It would be cruel to rouse you from such a satisfied state of ignorance. What if a certain lady does not smile on you as sweetly as she did? We need not think that he is the cause. What if she smile on others? what, if on him? We need not think he sought it, Granby. We need not think that to purchase those smiles he sacrificed an ancient friendship, and trampled on the character of a kind, credulous, confiding rival."

"Confiding?—nay, you wrong him, I never trusted him—I told him nothing."

"And why should you?—and if you did not, must he therefore needs be ignorant? Granby, there are other roads to a person's sentiments than through his tongue—and a lover's sentiments—pshaw! it is impossible but he must have known them. But do you think he would seem to know them? No, he is wiser. Pretended ignorance is his coat of mail. It excuses him both to you and her. It is a place of ambush, out of which he can slander you the more securely."

"Tyrrel," said Granby, trembling with anxiety, "tell me I entreat you by what means you are informed of this?"

"By none but such as you may use. I employed my senses. I observed them well. I was not credulous as you are. My eyes were open. My ears were attentive. I was alive to much that you might have seen had you been willing. And why were you not? Why let another be more keen sighted in that which so nearly concerned yourself? Beware, Granby—mark my words before it is too late—beware—beware of a false friend."

"I will," said Granby. "A false friend! Ay, Tyrrel! I had one who was false indeed; false to his kindred, to his character, to himself; false to every principle of worldly honour; one who has shamefully relinquished his fair fame and honourable bearing, and shrunk to a detected sharper. *This is the friend that has deceived my hopes.*"

"Rail on, rail on," said Tyrrel. "Reproach me for my warning. I can bear it. Be blind if you will. Be not only blind, but ungrateful. Yes, I say again—ungrateful. You cannot, or you will not see what I have wrought in your behalf. To what purpose have I clipped the wings, and tamed the courage of this aspirer, if you, *you*, who of all persons should be least willing to support him, should actually lend your aid to forward his unworthy views! Granby, if you have still a hope of that which is dearest to your heart, be cautious ere you banish it for ever. Look at me. I not only can, but will assist you. I have the viper in my toils. I can check him—crush him—nay, I can track him in his course of slander—I can blight his villainous projects—I can baffle the insidious go-between: I, and I alone: and the gain and the triumph shall be yours—all through my means shall be cleared—Caroline shall learn to detest the creature who deceives her now, and you shall be restored, through me, to more than all her former love."

Granby turned away his face, to conceal the powerful conflict of his feelings.

"Dear Granby," pursued Tyrrel, "do not hesitate. Second my plans to aid your happiness. Leave this reptile to his fate. Show your firmness, and by one bold act confound a villain, and spare the errors of a misguided relation—misguided, Granby—I say it with sorrow—but one who still preserves that warm friendship which he felt for you in happier days."

The struggle in Granby's mind was evident; and Tyrrel greedily watched its workings. Once his resolution almost failed him; but principle resumed its force.

"Peace, tempter! peace," he said—"Oh, God!" he inwardly ejaculated, "forgive me if I wavered. Tyrrel, it is in vain you urge me—I have a duty to perform, and I trust in Heaven I shall not desert it. Speak no longer against Courtenay—I will suppose him all that is treacherous—but his vices, his follies, do not excuse your shameful practices. You have wronged him—ruined him—and he shall be redressed. I know not—I care not what he is—he may have loaded me with a thousand injuries, but he *was* my friend, and I will save him."

Tyrrel bit his lip, and turned away. "How will you save him?" said he tauntingly.

"By obtaining redress. Tyrrel, I am still firm to my purpose. I do not know to what extent you have plundered him; but, be it what it may, I here demand that through me you restore the whole."

"And what if I refuse?" said Tyrrel.

"Public exposure will be the consequence. Before another day is past I shall publish your conduct to the world."

"And who will believe you?"

"Many, Tyrrel, many. A week hence I should have thought that nobody would believe the tale; but I have since learned, and it was a painful bearing, that there are those who already suspect you of dishonest practices, and would eagerly receive such confirmations of their worst suspicions. Your character totters—a word of mine can destroy it,—and shall, unless you comply. To-day, Sir, this very day, I gained an insight which I little expected. Do you remember Althorp?—ay, Althorp, alias Wilkins?"

Tyrrel started, and a deep burning flush of guilt passed hastily across his countenance.

"I shall say no more of him," said Granby. "I only mention *him* to show that I at length know *you*. Deceit and evasion are now useless. Choose, therefore—redress, or public infamy."

Tyrrel visibly trembled. "One moment," said he, and, approaching the table, poured a small quantity of laudanum from the phial. Granby looked at him with dread, as he raised the horrid beverage to his lips. Tyrrel remarked his look of horror. "Do you think I am going to poison myself?" said he, with a ghastly smile of derision. "I am not come to that yet. Your health," he added, nodding to Granby, before he drank it, with an expression of countenance that made him shudder. He then paced several times across the room, as if endeavouring to regain composure. At length, in a calm and altered tone, he again addressed him.

"Granby, my father is the head of your house. In me you will dishonour the representative of your family. Do not, if you have still remaining any generous pride of ancestry, do not stain it with reproach. In me it has been grievously disgraced; but, oh, Granby! by all of great and noble that ever has adorned your name, do not aggravate the evil by giving publicity to my offence."

"Tyrrel, it is useless to pursue these arguments. Dear to me as is the honour of my family, it cannot weigh against my duty; and if you compel me to reveal its shame, on your head be the infamy. My course is taken, and shall not be relinquished. I demand for Courtenay full restitution of all that you have won from him this night, and on that condition only will I be silent on all that has passed."

"And *will* you be silent on that condition?" asked Tyrrel.

"I will."

"Promise solemnly," said Tyrrel.

"I do."

"Then you shall have what you require."

He then went to the bureau from which he had taken the pistols, and searched for the guilty proofs of his success. Granby, meanwhile, afflicted and harrassed with the recent conflict, sat down at the table, leaning forward, his face buried in his hands, painfully recalling the past scene of this eventful night.

Tyrrel now approached the table, and laid before him, in dogged silence, the evening's spoil, consisting of cash, notes, drafts, and engagements, in Courtenay's hand, to pay immense sums, specified on the paper, by *post obit* bonds on his grandfather's estate. The magnitude of these sums struck Granby with astonishment and indignation; and he could not help suspecting that Courtenay had been maddened by intoxication before he could have been brought to put his hand to that which would render him for life a beggar.

"Are these all?" said Granby, laying his hand upon them.

"Are you not satisfied?" was the answer.

"Not yet. I demand an acknowledgment, in your hand writing, that you have no further claim to any sums yet unpaid, that may have been won by you from Courtenay."

Tyrrel answered only by a glance of unutterable rage—wrote the required acknowledgment—and saw it also signed by Granby.

In the sequel we find that Tyrrel is a natural child of lord Malton, who had palmed him upon the world for the legitimate heir of his title. On the discovery of this fraud and the death of the peer, Henry Granby succeeds to this title and the estate connected with it. Courtenay, restored to reason and his fortune, falls in love with Caroline, and learns who is the true object of her affections. He brings about an

explanation of the misunderstanding which has so long perplexed them, and the whole concludes with one or two melancholy deaths and as many happy marriages.

The first volume is rather tedious on account of the undue proportion of flippant chit chat which it contains; but the interest rises in the second volume, and most novel-readers will read to the end without being weary.

---

## CONSPIRACY OF ARNOLD, &c.

[The following translation of the above mentioned pamphlet is copied from the ninth volume of the Edinburgh Annual Register, where it is said to be taken from an American publication. As it is the best account of one of the most remarkable incidents in our revolution, the reader will not be deterred, by its length, from the perusal of the whole of it. "From the French critics," says the editor of the Register, "it has received the highest praises, and by one of them it is placed on a level with St. Real's celebrated masterpiece, the *Conjuration de Venise*." The author was in this country at the time of Arnold's defection, and enjoyed abundant opportunities to make his narrative correct. We shall add to it, an account of the life of the traitor, subsequent to that period. It will afford another illustration of the remark, that however well the treason may be received, the instrument of it will be despised. The latter part of Arnold's career was that of a vagabond; and his infamy is signalized in the archives of the British nation, by a pension to his children.]

Among the American generals, Benedict Arnold was one of the most distinguished. Born in Connecticut of obscure parents, he received the education suitable to a humble condition. The occupations of his youth were not fitted to prepare him for the functions which he was called to exercise in the sequel. At first, a dealer in horses, he sustained losses in this trade. Eager for renown, greedy of money, the troubles of his country inspired him with the hope of acquiring fame and fortune by the profession of arms. He soon won a high military reputation. His impatience for wealth was not so easily gratified.

Washington, encouraged by secret advices that the Canadians were inclined to make part of the Union, projected the  
JULY, 1826.—NO. 285. 4

surprise of Quebec. This hazardous undertaking required leaders at once active, vigilant, bold, and inflexibly patient. He committed it to Montgomery and colonel Arnold, as the most capable. He exhorted them, with extreme earnestness, to treat the Canadians as friends, as fellow-citizens, and to punish severely the least irregularities of the soldiery. Arnold began his march in the month of September. He conducted his small force through deserts which man had never before penetrated. The river of Kennebeck had overflowed its banks. He crossed it in swimming, or on rafts. Unknown streams presented a new obstacle; he diverted their course. The snow fell in abundance;—a few hours of sun during the day were insufficient to thaw the ice formed in the long and severe nights of the northern autumn, nothing could arrest his progress. He was always in the van with the pioneers who cut open the road in this wild country; and at the end of each march, had arrived before the enemy knew of his approach. He thus put in practice a maxim which he was fond of repeating: “In war, expedition is equivalent with strength.”

The last division, conducted by a man less resolute and persevering than himself, returned; while he, at the head of the two first, sustained the courage of the soldiers, who were exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and every species of suffering. After two months of toil, all impediments were overcome, and he encamped before the fortress; but with a band so much enfeebled, that he was obliged to await the arrival of Montgomery who approached by another route. Montgomery died gloriously in an assault made on the 31st December; Arnold was severely wounded in the leg, and forced to convert the siege into a blockade: he was not, however, to be daunted by any reverse. From the bed to which his wound confined him, he infused into the little army, the command of which had now devolved upon him, his own spirit of determination and confidence. The enterprise failed; the courage and intelligence which he exhibited throughout, placed him nevertheless in the first class of American officers.

He served with better fortune and still greater distinction, in the subsequent campaigns; and bore a considerable part in the successes of that in which Burgoyne and his army were made prisoners. He fought with his usual intrepidity in the engagement which immediately preceded the capitulation. The first to throw himself into the entrenchments of the enemy, he was animating his troops by his example, when a ball shattered the leg already wounded at the siege of Quebec. As he was borne from the ranks to his tent, he still issued

orders for the continuance of the assault. His rivals (for he had them at an early period) accused him of entangling himself rashly in perilous situations; but they were constrained to admit, that his rapid discernment supplied him, in the midst of danger, with the surest expedients, and that success always justified his boldness. The admiration of his fellow-citizens kept pace with his services, and the heart the most passionately enamoured of glory might have been satisfied with that which so early attached to his name.

It might be thought that a sentiment so pure and exalted could not lodge in the same breast with an insatiable avidity for riches, which would seek gratification by any means however vile. These two impulses, however, alternately governed Arnold. The prospect of a rich booty, the hope of a gain even the most sordid, stimulated him so powerfully, that, to obtain them, he would brave perils greater than those he might be willing to encounter for the increase of his fame. A bad manager of ill-gotten wealth, he squandered it at once in frivolous expenses, or mere ostentation. Montreal, the second city of Canada, was, under his command, a scene of injustice and rapacity. His soldiers, as happens uniformly, imitated the example of their chief. Instead of ingratiating the cause of liberty with the Canadians, by blandishment and protection, he imposed the most galling yoke upon them; and his victims, treated like a conquered people, had long since abandoned the design of espousing the confederation. Thus he lost for his country by his avarice, what he had won for her by his valour.

His wounds were not healed, and until he recovered, he could be invested only with some stationary command. Washington, though he detested his vices, did not wish to leave idle, talents so distinguished. The English having evacuated Philadelphia, he eagerly seized this occasion to employ them; and directed Arnold to take possession of that city with some troops of the Pennsylvania line;—a delicate charge for a man so prone to extend his powers, and define them according to his interests! It was not long before he displayed in this city a magnificence as foreign to the habits of the country, as it was unseasonable in the midst of the calamities of war. He occupied the house of Penn, the descendant of him whose virtues have endeared his name to the Pennsylvanians; and furnished it with a sumptuousness very opposite to the principles of that legislator: he even lodged in it the French envoy and all his suite on their arrival. From this time, too,

he began to profess an extraordinary attachment to the French, and an unrivalled zeal for the alliance.

The magnitude of his expenses by no means suited his private fortune, and embarrassment soon followed. To retrench this idle luxury, to curtail his establishment, would have implied a degree of imprudence in the conduct of his private affairs, and he was too vain to make this admission. He preferred practising, in one of the states of the union, the same vexations which had rendered his authority odious to the Canadians. Under pretence of the wants of the army, he forbade the shopkeepers to sell or buy; he then put their goods at the disposal of his agents, and caused them afterwards to be re-sold with a profit. At one moment, he prostituted his authority to enrich his accomplices; at the next, squabbled with them about the division of the prey. His country had overlooked his rapine and injustice, as long as they had for object a foreign people. But they were no longer to be borne when exercised at home. The patience of his new victims was soon exhausted, and they had recourse to the courts of justice. But, with his military authority as his shield, he set at defiance both justice and the laws.

He found, however, another antagonist in the president of the executive council of Pennsylvania, a man of a firm and upright character. This magistrate, after having endeavoured in vain to repress the overweening and predatory spirit of Arnold, laid before Congress a list of the grievances of the state against him, and this assembly appointed a committee to inquire into the subject. Arnold replied, and the arrogance which he indulged both in his writings and discourse, only served to irritate his adversaries the more, while it alienated his judges. Some members of congress were of opinion that he should be suspended from his military functions, until the investigation of his public conduct were brought to issue. But the accusation preferred against him was become an affair of party, and he had influence enough to cause this proposition to be set aside. He even pretended that the president, his accuser, persecuted him through hatred and envy, and he found some few not unwilling to believe him. In truth, to the eyes of persons of lax morals, justice and firmness too often wear the character of harshness and passion.

It has been said that the most violent among his enemies laboured to induce his soldiers to bear testimony against him: and even, that a promise of pardon, on this condition, was made to such as were his accomplices. But his vices had not

impaired their attachment, and no one of them would consent to accuse him.

Meanwhile, after the committee of congress and "the joint committee of the general assembly and council of Pennsylvania" had held several conferences, they concurred in a series of resolutions to be moved to Congress. The friends of Arnold in this body then declared themselves openly. It has been alleged, (although never proved,) that they had some relations of interest with him. We know positively that many of the delegates leaned towards indulgence; but of these several were influenced only by the consideration of the great services which the accused had rendered his country.

After much animated discussion, the resolutions proposed were adopted by a great majority. They were to this effect.

*Resolved*, That unanimity and harmony between the representatives of the United States in congress assembled, and each state individually, has been, under God, the happy means of our past success, and the only sure foundation whereon to rest our future hopes of terminating the contest with Great Britain with honour and advantage.

That congress is highly sensible of the importance and services of the state of Pennsylvania in the present contest, and regard with sincere concern and regret, every event which may tend to lessen the mutual confidence and affection which has hitherto subsisted.

That it is the full intention of congress, on all occasions, to manifest the same just and equal attention to the said state and authority of Pennsylvania, as to any other state in the Union.

That any disrespectful and indecent behaviour of any officer of any rank, under the appointments of congress, to the civil authority of any state in the Union, will be discountenanced and discouraged: and that a contrary behaviour will be considered as one of the surest means to recommend any officer to the favour and notice of congress.

That the complaints against general Arnold be transmitted to his excellency the commander-in-chief in order for trial; and that the same be duly notified to the executive council: and that they be requested to furnish the commander-in-chief with the evidence thereupon in their possession.

As soon as Arnold could foresee that the resolutions of congress would be of this tenor, he resigned the command which he held in Philadelphia.

The court martial appointed to try him, assembled at Morristown in the state of New Jersey. The army was encamp-

ed at a small distance. Arnold repaired to the camp, and employed every artifice of intrigue and persuasion to draw over the members of the court to his interests. He avoided at first presenting himself before them; but the tribunal was as resolute as it was equitable and enlightened. In spite of numberless subterfuges, he was compelled to appear, and answer on each head of accusation. Relying upon effrontery to bear him out, he steadily denied every fact which was incapable of direct proof, or vouched only by public notoriety. The following passages of his defence could not fail to be recollected at another period. "I am accused of having abused my authority in Philadelphia for the purpose of enriching myself,—if this part of the charge is true, I stand confessed, in the presence of this honourable court, the vilest of men; the blood I have spent in the defence of my country will be insufficient to obliterate the stain. On the honour of a gentleman and soldier, I declare to gentlemen and soldiers, that the charge is false."

As to the charges proved, he alleged in extenuation even the disorder of his finances; he compared his case to that of the best citizens, impoverished like him by the revolution.—But these had generously sacrificed their fortune for the preservation of liberty, and Arnold had ruined himself by inordinate luxury, and by the very speculations in which he had embarked with a view to become rich. He dreaded nothing so much as a decision subversive of that fame which, now that he was threatened with the loss of it, he prized above every other good. But, notwithstanding all his efforts, this decision was pronounced on the 20th of January, 1779. It condemned him to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. Congress ratified it, and Washington, having caused the culprit to appear before him, performed the task with the considerate delicacy which he thought due to so distinguished an officer. "Our profession," said he, "is the chastest of all. Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favour, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten, that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow citizens: exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will, myself, furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

Arnold did not dare to interrupt this address; he retired,

and so far from being touched by the marks of sensibility in his favour just given by his general, he evinced the keenest resentment at a sentence, which he pretended not to have in any manner deserved. He quitted the army, and, from this day forth, nourished an implacable hatred of the cause which he had so brilliantly defended. This sentiment once indulged, soon struck deep into his heart, and treason was the fruit naturally to be expected. Lost to virtue, the first time he hesitated between the fulfilment and the violation of his duties; he was lost to his country, the instant he could endure without horror the idea of betraying her.

But his resolution was yet held in suspense, by an apprehension of the consequences of so heinous a crime. The epithets, every where odious, of traitor and rebel, already sounded in his ears. He was about to cast away all the glory which his past services had acquired for him at home, and these services even, would be crimes in the eyes of those to whom he proposed to sell himself and his country.

At times, in the bitterness of his despair, retirement and obscurity seemed preferable to any thing. But here his motives and feelings were quite different from those of Washington, when, in withdrawing, twenty years afterwards, from public affairs, this illustrious patriot set an example of moderation so worthy of being admired and followed. The young and ambitious Arnold could not taste of glory, without becoming intoxicated with it; privacy was not for him; he was too little master of himself to bear with composure the ills of fortune, and remain content, in a small village, with the reputation of a good citizen, who had rendered useful services to his country. He conceived, moreover, the idea of taking refuge and hiding his shame among the Indians: and he, who was the enemy of all discipline, admitted the hope of bringing them, by means of his superior skill and great courage, to respect and obey him; of subjecting numerous tribes in succession, and becoming in the end a powerful and formidable chief. This visionary plan suggested itself in a meeting which he had with the Sachem or chief of the Illinois tribe. The Sachem, in proceeding to the camp of Washington, happened to take up the same quarters for the night as Arnold, who drew him into conversation respecting the customs of his race. A missionary, his companion, served as interpreter. Arnold asked, among other questions, whether the Indians held slaves. "All the men who inhabit our forests, who fish in our lakes, are free," said the Sachem: "As soon as a stranger is received among us,

he is classed with our warriors. A warrior cannot be a slave, and I am not one myself, although I am their chief, and the least free of all."

The project just mentioned promised no gratification to Arnold's thirst of revenge, and did not long occupy his attention. As the most sacred ties were soon to be burst asunder at the instigation of this headlong passion, innumerable wild schemes offered themselves to his mind, and were successively rejected. In the midst of his irresolution, the idea occurred to him of addressing himself to the envoy of France. This was the Chevalier de La Luzerne, a man no less estimable for the ingenuousness and elevation of his character, than for the perfect rectitude of his judgment. With these qualities, he more completely gained the confidence of congress, and served his country more usefully than many negotiators celebrated for their cunning and dexterity would have done. He was, besides, unsparing of expense and splendour, more on account of the post which he filled, than from personal inclination or taste. But he was naturally munificent, and though his liberalities were devoid of ostentation, though he even studied to keep them secret, they were too frequent to remain in all instances unknown.

He had been charmed with the talents and bravery of Arnold, and took pleasure in testifying a particular predilection for him. He thought that, if it were wished to reclaim this man, it would be indispensable to recollect only the glorious circumstances of his life. He continued, therefore, the same line of deportment towards him as before his disgrace, and this generosity won the respect and confidence of the general.

Arnold waited upon him and spoke of the injustice of the republic; he descanted upon his disinterestedness—a point which truly disinterested men never touch;—he complained bitterly of congress, who had sacrificed him to his implacable enemies. "It is," said he "the animosity of the government of Pennsylvania that has ruined me; and how can such a body be resisted, when it suits it to accuse? of what avail in this case is the solitary protest of an innocent individual against the clamours and calumnies of the band of panders and parasites that swell the train of power? But what better can be expected from those who administer our affairs? I admonish you that things must continue to grow worse, as long as the reins are allowed to remain in such unskilful hands. It is of consequence to you, who are the minister of France, to attend to this matter. I have shed my blood for my country; she is ungrateful. The disorder which the war has occasioned in

my private affairs may force me into retirement. I will abandon a profession more onerous than lucrative, if I cannot borrow a sum equal to the amount of my debts. The bounty of your sovereign would be more agreeable to me than any other. It concerns your interests that an American general should be secured to you by the ties of gratitude, and I can promise you mine, without swerving from my duty as an American."

La Luzerne could not see, without lively affliction, such fine qualities debased by so much meanness. To pay a man that he might not desert the cause of his country, appeared to the envoy, to be taking away from duty and fidelity their principal merit. To pay him for the reverse was going as far as could be allowed even in a negociator not overscrupulous as to his means; but Arnold betrayed so much passion and indiscretion, that the wise minister thought he would consult the public good in exerting his influence, for the purpose of inspiring him with other sentiments and dispositions.

"I wish," said he, "to meet the confidence which you show me, with frankness and reason. You desire a service from me which it would be easy for me to perform, but which would degrade us both. When the minister of a foreign power gives, or, if you will, *lends* money, it is usually for the purpose of corrupting those who receive it, and converting them into the mere creatures of the sovereign whom he represents; or rather, he corrupts without persuading; he buys and does not secure. But the alliance formed between the king and the United States is the work of justice and the soundest policy; good-will and reciprocal interests are its vital principles. My true glory in the mission with which I am entrusted, is to accomplish it without intrigue or cabal, without parade or intricacy of negotiation; without secret practices;—by dint only of the conditions of the alliance. Hitherto, I have asked nothing of congress which they have not immediately done or granted; their foresight has, indeed, often anticipated my requests. There is not one of my official measures that the whole world may not know. Judge, then, if I ought to render you a mysterious service—you, one of the most illustrious men of the United States, and whose military abilities make, as it were, part of the public estate. What have you to offer us as an equivalent for this largess, that would justify us before posterity, for having thus tarnished the immortal glory, which the independence of your country promises to the French nation, and to her wise and generous monarch. I will gratify your wishes, nevertheless,

if you can, after receiving my presents, openly acknowledge them; but I easily comprehend that this avowal is not meditated. There remains for me but one observation to make, concerning the state of your pecuniary affairs; it is, that your friends will be eager to succour you, as soon as you adopt a system of order and economy. Of this you may be assured.

“But, before you leave me, I wish to give you a proof of my friendship a thousand times more precious than the gold which I deny: I wish to point out to you the means of perpetuating the fame you have already acquired, which no doubt you wish to increase, and which you will infallibly lose by pursuing the unhappy course you are now taking.”

Surprise and anger were depicted in the countenance of Arnold, and his haughty spirit was about to give them vent. The minister perceived his emotion, and proceeded thus: “Ascribe the austerity and rudeness of my language only to the deep interest for your welfare with which your exploits have inspired me. I should be more courteous towards a man about whom I cared less. I shall continue as I have begun; for there are things which honied phrases and feigned respect only render more offensive. You threaten your fellow citizens with your secession, as a punishment of their ingratitude. The ingratitude of republics, the injustice of monarchs, is the common cry of the ambitious and the discontented. They find, as you do, that affairs go ill, from the moment they cease to take part in them. These complaints are not admissible. They should have been made, before the estrangements or exclusion of the murmurers. This was the time for lamentation, when they might be supposed to have in view some valuable end or improvement which they were indignant or distressed at not being able to compass.

“But I will take for granted that the court-martial dealt with you too severely. Still, I say, leave complaining to the weak and the cowardly; show by your future conduct that you have been truly unexceptionable in your past. Trust to time, that faithful friend to virtue; it will work your justification. Be it for others to proclaim that you are innocent; they will be credited sooner than you.

“But, are you entitled to stigmatise those who have accused you, as libellers? Look inwards, and say, whether you have not been open to censure. Retirement is, in your situation, the worst alternative you can embrace. Do you think it pardonable, as long as the public dangers exist? And had you even the right to withdraw, do you know how much is required to make privacy supportable to one who has passed

his life in public employments? It is, above every thing, necessary to be conscious of having uniformly done all practicable good, and never intentional evil, in the posts you may have filled. Is it you who can affirm, with the complacency of conviction, that you have, invariably, in the discharge of your official functions, aimed at the public good? If you cannot do this, shun retirement; you will not have there the recollections indispensable for your comfort. Do you flatter yourself that you will have your relations and friends as sympathising companions? Believe me, those friends are rare who seek us out in disgrace, and neglect their own affairs to furnish us with consolation. You are young;—you are, as it were, only beginning your career. What resources have you within yourself to enable you to live apart from the world, when old men themselves have so few? Is your mind so independent that you will hear, without mortification, of the successes of your rivals, and applaud, for the sake of country, the good they do without you? The republic is yet in her infancy, and you will see her grow in prosperity and happiness, with the anguish of despair, at not having contributed to her prosperity; at not rising with the state.

“Are you unfortunate? Be so with dignity; and if you still persist in thinking you must withdraw, I will not dissuade you from your purpose, if it be true that you can—to use a strong figure—dissipate the obscurity of your retreat by the radiance of an honourable and irreproachable life. But rely upon my friendship; let your resentment cool, before you take your determination; cherish your ambition, because, at your age and with your abilities, it may yet conduct you to noble ends; duty, however, should be its guide. Their union constitutes true greatness.”

This discourse did not subdue a man of so violent and obstinate a character, and to whom all sober counsel had become hateful. The embarrassment of his affairs was, indeed, such as that private aid would not suffice to extricate him. He had, the year before, formed a partnership with some owners of privateers, who paid his share of the expenses of equipment, and expected to be compensated for their advances by his countenance and protection; but the chances were adverse in this hazardous game, and instead of profits to be divided, there were losses to be borne. Arnold, now without credit or authority, was no longer for the owners, any more than an ordinary partner. They exacted his proportion of the loss, and the knowledge of his difficulties only served to

render them more urgent in their suit. In this extremity, he tried a last resource.

Congress, at the commencement of the revolution, committed an error which proved of great detriment to the finances. It entrusted some officers with agencies which had no immediate connexion with the business of command or military service. Arnold, the least proper for such trusts, was charged with considerable ones, and had heavy accounts to regulate for monies and other supplies furnished in the expedition to Canada. His claims were large, and the commissioners to whom they were referred for settlement, reduced them to a small amount in comparison. He appealed from their decision to congress, which body, far from answering his wishes, pronounced that the commissioners had shown more lenity than rigour in the liquidation of his accounts.

Disappointed in all his expectations, Arnold took, at last and irrevocably, the determination to betray his country. This project now monopolized his thoughts. In revolving the means of carrying it into prompt execution, he studied particularly those which might render the crime so useful to England, that it must be viewed as a service, calling, by its importance and brilliancy, for an entire oblivion of his share in the revolt of the colonies. He wished to be regarded as a subject returned to his allegiance, and worthy of the honourable rewards due to faithful and virtuous citizens.

As a first step, the British commanders were to be made acquainted with his discontent, but in so guarded a manner, as to leave a retreat open, in case the offers which might be made to him, should not prove satisfactory. Particular circumstances facilitated the communications between them.

In those revolutions which subvert established authority with violence, or suddenly transform the constitution or government of a state, nothing is more common than to see deserters from one side to the other. Some think themselves ill requited for their fidelity; others for their rebellion. Some view with jealousy the advancement of their rivals; others dread the overthrow of their party, and look wistfully towards that which they have been so unlucky or improvident as not to prefer: all do not push forward with the same perseverance, and an equally sure step, in the slippery path on which they have entered; many trip and fall.

We have less, however, of indecision or inconstancy among the founders of the republic of the United States. The royalists and the republicans separated at first; and when each party had declared itself, there was scarcely an instance of

defection from either. It is true, that whole sects, such as that of the quakers, kept entirely aloof from the war, and the republicans acquiesced in their seeming neutrality; well assured, however, that the hearts of most of them were with the enemy. Although born in the colonies, some of these religionists existed there as a foreign tribe, insulated, and consoling themselves for their privations with the expectation of a deliverer. Other families, not restrained in the same manner by pious scruples, cherished the same attachment for England; and so great was the prevailing moderation of spirit, that they were tolerated in the bosom of the republic. Those who governed it foresaw that, in the end, dissimulation would be of no use to the malcontents; that their regrets must gradually subside, and even their hopes disappear before the general will, and under the empire of laws approved by all the rest of the citizens.

The majority of the disaffected, called tories, were therefore left unmolested in the possession of their property, the enjoyment of their preference for the old order of things, the indulgence of their inveterate habits and the practice of their professions. They were merely shut out from public employment, and thought sufficiently disabled and punished by this exclusion.

The rest, insignificant as to number, persisted a long time, from false views of interest, in rejecting the overtures of the wise and moderate, who believed that nothing could justify an injustice; but considered it, at the same time, if impressed with the seal of law, necessity, and time, as having become irrevocable, and open to reparation only through the efforts and common sacrifices of the whole community.

It was from one of the disaffected families that Arnold selected his wife. He loved her with passionate fondness, and she deserved his attachment by her virtues, and the solidity of her understanding. In addition to these advantages, she possessed an extraordinary share of beauty, distinguishable even in a country where nature has been prodigal of her favours to the sex. A considerable time before this marriage, when Philadelphia was still in the hands of the enemy, the relatives of the lady had given an eager welcome to the British commanders. Their aversion for the revolution was well known. It was therefore a matter of surprise that Arnold should thus connect himself with this family; but the Americans then enjoyed their rights with the temperance that best becomes liberty, and he was pledged to the republic by so

many services rendered and benefits received, that the alliance gave umbrage to no one.

The wisest of the revolutionary leaders had the habit of remarking, that, in politics, the opinions of men alone deserved attention;—that women, if they made good wives and mothers, should be left at full liberty in all other matters. The doctrine seemed to have no inconvenience, because the greater part of the women of America were sincerely attached to the revolution, and had proved this attachment in a multitude of instances. Still, at so critical a juncture, the moderation of this policy bordered on imprudence, and the marriage of Arnold may be enumerated among the causes of the perversion of his first feelings towards his country.

The leaders of the disaffected had, thenceforward, free access to him; he learned, insensibly, to listen to their murmurs and regrets;—soon, he began to reprove with them the conduct of the republicans; to applaud that of England, and to condemn in every particular the alliance with France. His new friends exhorted him to some brilliant deed of revenge, that should efface the outrage which he had suffered by the sentence of the court-martial. They told him that the affectation of neglect with which he was treated was so much the more injurious, as there was, perhaps, no one more worthy than himself of being invested with the supreme command. “If any thing,” would they add, “could drive so able an officer, as you are, to despair, it were the necessity of obeying the orders of a general, who furnishes, daily, new proofs of the mediocrity of his talents. Look to other auspices for an opportunity of displaying your valour and enlarging your fame.”

The sound judgment of Washington, his steadiness and ability, had long since elevated him above all his rivals, and far beyond the reach of envy. His enemies still laboured however, to fasten upon him, as a general, the reproach of mediocrity. It is true, that the military career of this great man is not marked by any of those achievements which seem prodigious, and of which the splendour dazzles and astonishes the universe; but sublime virtues, unsullied with the least stain, are a species of prodigy. His conduct, throughout the whole course of this war, invariably attracted and deserved the veneration and confidence of his fellow citizens. The good of his country was the sole end of his exertions—never personal glory. He has been charged with allowing his opinions to undergo, towards the close of his life, a change which some have ascribed to the weakness of

age; others to resentment for a heavy affront. As for me, I speak only of things of which I was a witness. In war and in peace, Washington is, in my eye, the most perfect model that can be offered to those who would devote themselves to the service of their country, and assert the cause of liberty.

As soon as the English commander was apprised of the dispositions which Arnold discovered, he spared no pains to consummate his defection, and despatched emissaries charged with such offers as were most likely to determine a man, whose hesitation was only about the means and conditions.

Certain of his proceedings about this period, which were afterwards noted, warrant the supposition, that he at first meant to tamper with some of his brother officers; but relinquished this design on more mature reflection. The conspirator who admits confidants, gives himself masters; and has every thing to fear from them—indiscretion, weakness, remorse. He usually associates with himself, men who have no other gage to offer than their vices, their avarice, and the derangement of their affairs. Such persons may, indeed, be able to close their hearts to friendship, conjugal and paternal tenderness, filial piety, gratitude, and patriotism. But can he expect from them that fidelity, that courage, that constancy, that kind of probity, which is indispensable even in conspiracies; that mastery of the passions which is so rarely found in alliance even with the loftiest virtue? Most conspiracies have, indeed, failed rather through the treachery of accomplices, than from defects in the plan, or injudicious arrangements on the part of the leader.

How many advantages, on the contrary, does he not enjoy, who confines the secret of his plot to his own bosom! He hastens, or retards the execution of it, at his pleasure; he has neither traitors nor cowards to fear and watch. He has, it is true, a heavier task to perform; but he runs less danger. He is the more easy, as those whom he employs in the promotion of his scheme, second him unwittingly, and inspire others, by their example, with the security which they manifest. He will discover his purpose, then only, when things are so far advanced, that even the most timorous shall be constrained to follow him, and shall not dare recede a single step.

Arnold, though resolved to have no confidant among his fellow citizens, revealed his final determination to his wife, who was but too well inclined to approve. His next concern was, to have it safely conveyed to the general of the enemy. Too wary and suspicious to commit himself to the discre-

tion of the English emissaries who frequented his house; he took good care that nothing of his real intentions should be divined by these subaltern agents. There was, at New York, a man whom he thought he could trust without risk. This was Charles Beverly Robinson, an American by birth. He held the post of colonel in the British army; but his landed property, and all his fortune, lay within the United States. His mansion even, by which the great river Hudson flowed, was included in the American lines, and situated three miles lower than the forts, upon the opposite bank. The commanding officers of West Point, having found it deserted, had made it their quarters.

Arnold wrote to this officer, that the ingratitude of his country, and other considerations to be afterwards disclosed, had produced a change in his political sentiments; that he aspired to merit thenceforward the favour of the king; that he could render signal services; and wished to enter into a correspondence on the subject with sir Henry Clinton.

This overture was well received, and, a direct communication with the English general being established, it was agreed that Arnold should dissemble, with the utmost care, his discontent; that he should make every effort to obtain a command from general Washington;—that as soon as he succeeded, he should consult with sir Henry Clinton as to his ulterior movements, and be guided by the instructions which would be given to him.

From this time, in fact, he entirely altered his manner and language. He affected to have forgotten the affront of the reprimand, and pretended to feel a more lively attachment than ever to the cause of independence.

Congress had just been informed, by the chevalier de la Luzerne, of the sailing of the French army, under the command of count de Rochambeau, and the most profound secrecy had been enjoined upon the whole assembly. This was not, however, universally observed; and Arnold heard the news, with the attention it merited, from an inconsiderate member. A knowledge of the plan of operations arranged for the campaign, was of great importance to the success of his schemes. He presumed that it must be deposited with the envoy of France. Although he had abstained from visiting him, after the repulse of which I have spoken, he was not ignorant that the minister continued to bear him much good will; and he had no difficulty in procuring an interview.

Arnold told him that he hoped the arrival, now expected, of the French army, would bring the war to a speedy con-

clusion; and then veiling his curiosity under the appearances of a very natural solicitude for the success of the expedition, he tried every means to learn where the army would debark, and when it would form a junction with that of Washington.

To questions more adroit than modest, the envoy replied at first, with a mixture of frankness and reserve, "I talk of these matters only with the committees whom congress appoints to confer with me." But he added, that the plan of operations would be settled in a conference between the commander-in-chief and the French general, and that commissioners who left France before the army, had just arrived, and announced to him that the squadron must have sailed a few weeks after their departure. This last revelation would have been, perhaps, ill-timed and unnecessary, even if made to a friend worthy of confidence. For Arnold, it was a precious discovery, although seemingly of little importance. It determined him to precipitate his defection.

The country through which the Hudson flows, was the principal theatre of the war. A station in this quarter would, he thought, best answer his purpose. He was well acquainted with the localities. He examined with minute attention, in what spot, by what operations, he could most beneficially second the enterprises of the British, and which was the most important position to betray into their hands. When his plan was once fixed, his confidence in the resources of his genius made him sure of success.

The Hudson, which is also called the North River, takes its rise near the frontiers of Canada, in mountains inhabited by savage tribes, who were then enemies of the Americans, and formidable for their craft and ferocity. The river has a wide and deep bed. Frigates, and even stouter ships, can ascend as high as within twenty leagues of Albany; at a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles from the sea. At this point rocks impede the navigation for large vessels. The river traverses the state of New York, and divides the territory lying to the east of Pennsylvania into two parts unequal in surface, but mutually dependent in time of war. Several cities have been built on its banks. Saratoga, consecrated by the defeat of Burgoyne, is only at a small distance.

Among the cities, I should notice Albany, inhabited by families from all parts of Europe, who had not lost their vernacular languages; and Hudson, then just beginning to rise, and which a few years have enlarged to a considerable city. You remarked also, on the left, the beautiful seat of the

Livingston family, whose virtues and intelligence ministered so usefully to the cause of independence. The river forms a vast and convenient port before the city of New York, and, a little below, empties itself into the sea.

The present aspect of this country verifies the glowing prediction made by congress to the people of the Union, at an epoch when the posture of affairs was such as to beget a general discouragement. "Every country, if free and cultivated, will produce as many inhabitants as it can contain. Hence we may form some idea of the future population of these states. Extensive wildernesses, now scarcely known or explored, remain yet to be cultivated; and vast lakes and rivers, whose waters have for ages rolled in silence and obscurity to the ocean, are yet to hear the din of industry, become subservient to commerce, and boast delightful villages, gilded spires, and spacious cities, rising on their banks."

If the English could have made themselves masters of the Hudson, they would have cut off the communication between the two banks, and operating upon one or the other at their choice, would have found the Americans reduced to half their force, wherever they might have attacked them. On one side of the river were the arsenals and the park of artillery; on the other, magazines, and stores of every description. On the east, the country, abundant in cattle, was ill-provided with grain; on the west, grain only was to be found; so that it became impossible to maintain an army for more than three months, on either side, without a ready communication with the other.

During the preceding campaign, the British ascended the river freely in their armed ships, and it required such immense works to obstruct the navigation, that they believed congress to be little disposed to undertake, and still less able to execute them.

The arrival of the army of French auxiliaries admonished the English commanders, however, that a great crisis was approaching, and that they had been guilty of a capital error, but too common, in omitting to push the war with the utmost vigour from the commencement.

Washington, on his part, had formed the project of shutting up the British in New York, and he could not accomplish it, without first excluding them from the Hudson. Engineers of great skill had been sent to him by the French government. He commissioned them to survey the banks of the river, upon a line of twenty leagues, in ascending above New York. They ascertained that the most advantageous

position for his purpose was at West Point. This is the name of a hill situate on the west side; it is composed of huge crags, and blocks of stone; which nature has heaped fantastically, one upon the other. It protrudes into the middle of the river, impels its waters upon the opposite bank, and narrows it to less than half a mile in breadth. According to some, this rock might, formerly, have extended entirely across. Whether the Hudson, in progress of time, forced a passage through the mighty mass, or the opening were effected by some other agency, the waters which, from their source, flow from north to south, are suddenly diverted into a deep and narrow bed, and form a sort of half-cincture about the point; taking then their original direction, they fill, as far as New York, a channel worn by ages, and in many parts a league and a half wide.

New York was, at this time, in the hands of the British, who had assembled there, the greatest part of their troops. The fortress of West Point, unrivalled in importance during the war, is distant twenty leagues from this city. The cliff on which it stands, rests against a lofty ridge, broken into small eminences that form a kind of amphitheatre; it is washed below by the river, and terminates above in a *plateau*, upon which the principal works are constructed. The most considerable of these bears the name of the American general Clinton. The declivity is exceedingly steep nearly all around, and the only side on which the enceinte is accessible was thickly palisaded and defended by batteries. An escalade, the sole mode of carrying the works, could not be attempted but with extreme hazard. There are several redoubts upon the eminences which command fort Clinton, and one of them is called after Putnam, a general renowned for feats of extraordinary prowess. These redoubts covered each other, the garrisons and the ammunition-stores were under casements which no bombardment could affect. The works were, in part, hewn in the rock, and partly constructed with enormous trunks of trees felled on the spot; they communicated by defiles. It was a group of strong-holds, connected by a common system of defence; and it might have been apprehended, that, with this complicate arrangement, there would be no security for the lower forts, if an enemy succeeded in making himself master of the upper; but the ruggedness of the grounds, thick woods, and numerous abattis, rendered the transport of artillery impracticable, and common prudence would forbid an assailant to entangle himself in the defiles.

These impregnable fortifications would not, of themselves, have commanded the navigation of the river. Another kind of work had therefore been added. Constitution-Island divides the bed of the Hudson unequally, at the bend which it makes before West Point, and the western branch is nothing more than a shallow, marshy bottom. The island is a pile of bare rocks; the approach was defended by batteries on a level with the water, and the glacis formed in the rock might bid defiance to trenches. A heavy chain cramped into the rocks of the island at one end, and at the other into those of West Point, and supported at intervals by buoys, stretched across the angle made by the river, and formed an effectual bar.

This chain was in some sort the centre and bulwark of all the defences, and the other works which covered the two banks of the river at its bend, were destined to protect it. Twenty pieces of heavy ordnance discharging grape, menaced those who should attempt to cut a link, and would have sunk their boats in a few moments. The trial might be made by means of a vessel beaked with iron, and driven against it with the whole impetus of wind and tide; but the chain moving upon a roller at one end, would lengthen and grow slack; the shock being thus broken, the chain stiffened again, and the vessel turned aside, must be stranded on one or the other shore, and remain exposed to the fire of the batteries, many of which could be brought to bear at the same time upon all points of this strait. These forts were provided with all necessary munitions, and defended by four thousand men. They had been built in the course of a single year, and—what is worthy of remark—at no expense. Soldiers, who received no pay, had raised them with their own hands; French engineers had superintended the execution of their own plans,—in the utmost detail, and without any emolument whatever. What salary could have vied with the honour of being thus useful!

When these works were finished, the English became sensible, though too late, that they should not have left their enemy either the means or the leisure to construct them. They were not in a situation to carry them by open force, and must renounce offensive operations, while the river continued impassable so near to New York.

Arnold aimed at the chief command of this important post. He was not unconcious that a general who sells himself to the enemy, forfeits, in that instant, whatever glory, esteem, or fame he may have earned; that his laurels are

blasted by his treason, and that the nation who buys him, looks rather to the extent of the injury which she inflicts on her adversary, than to the value of the acquisition which she herself makes. He could not consent to be received as a deserter; and since he must despair of being able to carry over with him, even a single battalion of the army, he concluded to betray into the hands of the British all the forts of West-Point, with their garrisons, and the arms and immense stores which were deposited there; for, fort Clinton contained, besides the ammunition necessary for its own defence, the stock of powder of the whole army, lodged in one of its vaults.

The command of the fort had been entrusted to general Howe, an officer of tried courage, but of limited capacity, and who could be employed elsewhere, without inconvenience to the service. The wounds of Arnold did not as yet allow him to mount on horseback;—they did not disqualify him, however, for conducting the defence of a citadel. He had early secured the patronage of some of the leading men of the state of New York. Although the laws of that state enforce a complete equality of rights, there are still families who possess much influence, and a kind of patrician dignity acquired by merit and talents, a more liberal education, an independent fortune, and hereditary services. It is an actual nobility in a country where we suppose none to exist; but it descends to the son only with the virtues of the father.

Livingston, then a member of congress, wrote to the commander in chief recommending Arnold for this post. Gen. Schuyler repaired to camp, from his residence in Albany, in order to support this recommendation. Washington knew that Arnold had made no effort to retrieve his character, since the reprimand; he showed therefore, at first, some repugnance to employ him; and, when Schuyler persisted in his solicitations, said to him—"I cannot easily give my confidence to a man of so bad a reputation."—"Recollect," answered Schuyler, "that, in revolutions, we have it not always in our power to cull from among immaculate men. Such as Arnold, faulty as they are, may render important services. There is, besides, danger in leaving them to themselves, and in idleness. It would be safer to overlook good men." He showed Washington, at the same time, a letter in which Arnold expressed a strong desire to be relieved from his state of inaction, and to render new services to his country.

The commander in chief, thus importuned, finished by

saying, "The campaign is about to be opened; our army is to advance very near to New York; we shall leave West Point behind us, this post will be of great importance, and a few invalids will be sufficient to guard it. I think that such a station will not suit the enterprising character of Arnold. Moreover, there are no degrees in confidence: It must be given, particularly in war, entire, or not at all. I know his talents, and if I consent to employ them, I could wish it to be in attacking, and not awaiting the enemy. I desire to converse with him, and make other propositions. However, if he continues to prefer West Point, he will not experience a refusal."

Arnold, when made acquainted with this reply, anxiously dissembled the joy which it gave him. He proceeded to the camp, and thanked the commander in chief for his confidence, without evincing, however, any extraordinary satisfaction. "I wish," said Washington, "to place you in a situation which will afford you the opportunity of re-instating yourself in the affections of your fellow-citizens, and may, at the same time, be worthy of so excellent an officer. The British meditate an expedition, which will oblige them to weaken the garrison of New York. A part of their army is already embarked, and if this detachment should sail, I will seize the occasion to attack the city. I propose to you the command of the left wing of the army with which I shall advance."

This offer must have tempted a man so greedy of fame;—he had, however, gone too far to recede. He again alleged the condition of his wounds, and repeated, that until they were fully healed, he coveted no other command than that of West Point, but that he hoped to be, ere long, fit to march whithersoever he might be called. Washington heard this excuse without distrust, and assented to his wishes with the remark, that he consigned him to West Point, until he was able to accept a command more worthy of his talents.

The news of the appointment soon reached Philadelphia, and Mrs. Arnold received it in the midst of a large assembly. Her emotions were so powerful that she swooned; no one could then suspect the cause; and her agitation was ascribed to the joy which she experienced at the re-establishment of her husband in the confidence of Washington. But for this incident,—so profound was the dissimulation of Arnold,—it would never have been known that he had disclosed his plans to his wife.

Arnold, a traitor to his own country, was apprehensive lest

those to whom he was about to sell himself, might prove treacherous to him. He felt anxious to receive the price of his ignominious bargain at the moment of its ratification: but he could extort nothing more than a promise of thirty thousand pounds sterling, and the assurance that he should be maintained in the British army, in the grade of brigadier-general, which he already held at home.

Such were the rewards for which he stipulated with the English, the subjugation of a people who fought to become the freest, and who will soon be among the most powerful of the earth!

About a month previous (10th July, 1780,) the first division of the French army arrived at Newport, in the state of Rhode Island. Circumstances became every day more and more critical for the English. Sir Henry Clinton had relinquished his projected expedition. He urged Arnold to fulfil his engagements, and supposed the thing easy for a general who was master of the forts and the river; but there were, in fact, numerous obstacles in the way, and of these, the presence of the commander-in-chief was the most serious. Arnold knew his vigilance and activity. He insisted, therefore, with Clinton, on the necessity of deliberation, adding, however, that all should be in readiness to improve the first favourable opportunity which fortune might tender.

A young officer of foreign extraction served in the British army. He was endowed with all the qualities which render a man useful to his country, and dear to society. This was John André, adjutant-general of the army. Clinton had taken him as his aid-de-camp, and did not disdain him as a counsellor. While Philadelphia was in the occupation of the British, André contracted ties of friendship with the parents of Mrs. Arnold; he was received into their house and among their children, with the familiarity which the manners of the country authorise, and which is there found compatible with the utmost purity of morals, and strictness of decorum. This friendship was kept in vigour after the evacuation of Philadelphia, by a commerce of letters which still continued. Arnold was privy to the circumstance, and the first to request, that André should be made the depository of all the particulars of the enterprise which he meditated. Clinton had the same wish, and in committing this business to him whom he deemed most capable of managing it well, he gratified his young friend with a sure opportunity of meriting the most distinguished favours, as the reward of a master-stroke which was to terminate the war.

A correspondence ensued between Arnold and André under the supposititious names of *Gustavus* and *Anderson*. Mercantile relations were feigned to disguise the real object, and an American, whose dwelling stood between the lines that separated the two armies, served as a common messenger.

At this period, the rumour began to spread of a second division of the French army having sailed, and that Washington only awaited its arrival to begin the siege of New York. The Marshal de Castries, who then administered the department of the marine with so much reputation, had, in fact, advised the French envoy, of the approaching departure of a second expedition. Occurrences foreign to this narrative determined it otherwise.

Clinton, however, caused Arnold to be told that it was time to act; that a day must be fixed for the surrender of the forts, and that, if time were given to the allies to effect a junction, it might no longer be in the power of Arnold himself to fulfil his engagements. He asked also, plans of the forts, and the instructions necessary for the safe guidance of the British troops when they were sent to take possession of West Point.

Arnold replied to these new importunities in the language concerted with André. "Our master goes away the 17th of this month. He will be absent five or six days; let us avail ourselves of this interval to arrange our business. Come immediately and meet me at the lines, and we will settle definitively the risks and profits of the co-partnership. All will be ready; but this interview is indispensable, and must precede the sailing of our ship."

It was thus that Arnold apprised Clinton of the approaching departure of the commander-in-chief. Washington had, in fact, given a rendezvous to count de Rochambeau, general of the French land-forces, and to the chevalier de Ternay, commander of the squadron. They were to meet at Hartford, in Connecticut, to confer about the operations of this and the ensuing campaigns. But Arnold was not correctly advised as to the period of Washington's departure, and the mistake led to important consequences.

He had, in other letters, solicited an interview with André, and he now exacted it as a condition indispensable for the prosecution of the enterprise. Hitherto, every thing had succeeded beyond his hopes. There had been a total absence of those mysterious rumours, and vague surmises, which accompany and seem to portend a great conspiracy: Never

had so momentous a plot been more felicitously brought so near to its execution. This profound secrecy was owing to the precaution of Arnold, in not having unbosomed himself to any of his own countrymen, and in admitting only André and Beverley, as correspondents. He took credit for this policy, and his instances for an interview with André arose chiefly from his resolution to confide to the hands of this officer alone, the maps and particular information which Clinton demanded.

On the other hand, the English general saw more danger than utility in the measure. He refused to authorise it when it was first suggested, and feared lest, by multiplying precautions, a plan otherwise so well conducted, should be defeated in the end. But André, who was to reap the chief honour, burnt with impatience for its termination. He had even conceived a hope no less flattering to his ambition than the project of occupying the forts; which was, to reach them on the very day of Washington's return, so as, if possible, to make prisoner of the general. But he withheld this idea from Clinton, under the apprehension that he might not deem it quite so feasible, and satisfied himself with requesting permission to meet Arnold. The English general acquiesced at length, and in leaving the management of the affair entirely to his discretion, exhorted him, to consult his prudence, more than his courage, which could never be in default. "The war was to be finished at one blow, and the highest honours to be his reward."

The seventeenth of September, the day specified for the departure of Washington, passed, and he was still at West Point. Arnold advertised Clinton of the delay, and explained his mistake by mentioning a circumstance which had not been before noted. The seventeenth fell on a Sunday, a day which the Americans consecrated entirely to the duties of religion, and on which most of them abstained even from journeys, which, elsewhere, would be thought indispensably necessary. Clinton admitted this explanation the more readily, as he knew that Washington respected the scruples of others, and was himself very religious.

To obviate untoward accidents, it was agreed that André should leave New York only on the nineteenth September, and reach the American forts about the twentieth. The youth, now at the summit of his wishes, and probably exulting at the prospect of personal dangers, which would give lustre to the exploit, embarked in the night on board the Vulture sloop of war. Clinton sent with him Beverley Robin-

son, the colonel through whom Arnold had made his first overture. He expected, that the prudence of this officer would moderate the ardour of André. Moreover, Arnold occupied Robinson's house, and the private affairs which the latter as a refugee had to adjust with congress, furnished a plausible pretence for approaching the American lines and posts. On the twentieth of September, they arrived almost opposite to fort Montgomery, situated on the same side as West Point, five miles lower down. They cast anchor in sight of the nearest American redoubts, but beyond the reach of some small cannon, the only artillery of those redoubts. The Vulture got aground at low water. The movement on board, and some signals which she made, alarmed the vigilance of colonel Livingston, who commanded at Verplank's Point, and had gone out of the fort to observe what was passing. He ascertained, on reconnoitering, that the sloop might be sunk by one or two pieces of heavy cannon; and as those of the forts which he commanded were of too small a calibre, he requested larger from Arnold. The general refused them; to the great surprise of Livingston. But tacit obedience is the life of discipline, and he acquiesced in some idle excuse.

Two days elapsed after the Sunday, and still Washington had, apparently, made no preparations for departure. Arnold was himself uneasy at this disappointment, but the apprehension of exciting suspicion by too frequent communications, prevented him from making it known to Clinton. The English general was informed of it through another channel. He knew the unprincipled character of Arnold; and could comprehend the probability of a snare masked by a counterfeit scheme of treason. He was the more disquieted, as André and Robinson were already far on their way, and there was equal inconvenience in leaving them ignorant, or advising them of their danger. If Arnold were sincere in his defection, their return to New York would disconcert all his measures, and expose him to serious risks. If he deceived the British, all the risks were for André and Robinson.

They had not as yet been able to communicate with the shore, but persuaded that Washington must have set out for the conferences of Hartford, they put in execution a stratagem arranged beforehand with Arnold, to facilitate the rendezvous. Robinson wrote to the American general Putnam, as if to transact with him business relating to his property, and proposed an interview. In this letter was enclosed another addressed to general Arnold, wherein Robinson solici-

ted a conference with him, in case Putnam should be absent. The packet being directed to Arnold, would be opened only by him; but if, perchance, it fell into other hands, the whole could be read without exciting suspicion of a plot. This letter was despatched to the shore by a flag of truce as soon as the sloop had cast anchor. It happened to be on the very day fixed by Washington for his departure. He had never meant to set out earlier, and had neither sanctioned nor contradicted the various rumours current on the subject.

He left his quarters in the morning, and on reaching the bank, found Arnold there with his barge, ready to transport him to the other side. In crossing, Washington remarked the sloop with the English flag, and took a spy-glass to observe her motions more narrowly. Some moments after, he gave to an officer near him, in a low voice according to his usual manner, an order probably of no consequence, which Arnold was unable to overhear. Arnold was guilty, and whatever he could not immediately penetrate, alarmed his fears. He supposed that the general could not remain ignorant of the circumstance of the flag of truce; and, doubtful even whether he might not be already acquainted with it, he thought it well to show him the two letters which he had received, asking him at the same time, what course he ought to pursue. Washington, in the presence of several persons, dissuaded him from seeing Robinson, and directed him to give for answer to this officer, that his private business appertained exclusively to the jurisdiction of the civil authority. They touched the shore just as this conversation ceased. The commander in chief, whose presence kept Arnold in the greatest perplexity, landed, and pursued his journey to Hartford, with his ordinary celerity. Thus was the main obstacle removed, and the plot could proceed.

An extraordinary concurrence of circumstances placed in the hands of Arnold the most important post of the United States, and removed, for several days, both the American and French commanders from their armies. The minister of France himself had repaired to Hartford, as well as other personages, whose absence interrupted those counsels and measures which the treason, had it succeeded, would have rendered more necessary than ever. On the very day before, admiral Rodney, as if guided by the benign stars of England, had arrived from the West Indies at New York, with ten sail of the line;—a reinforcement which gave the English a great superiority over the French squadron in the American waters.

The opinion uttered by Washington in such positive terms, concerning the conference with Robinson,—the order heard by several persons present,—became, however, a law for Arnold, with respect to his ostensible conduct. It was, in this way, the first obstacle that thwarted the measures concerted between him and André. They could not meet publicly, under the auspices of a flag of truce, and though André had used this means to reach the lines, they were obliged to arrange a secret interview.

I should not omit to notice in this place, the just censures that have been passed on this abuse of a signal, under shelter of which mankind have stipulated to approach each other with pacific intentions, even amid the fiercest animosities of war. Hostilities are at once suspended at the sight of a flag; enemies hold discourse, and agree upon matters of reciprocal utility. The most savage nations make known to each other by established signals, that they wish to parley—even upon the field of battle—and they respect those signals. It is true, that the laws of war have not prohibited the seducements by which a general of an enemy is led astray from his duty. But to employ a flag of truce, in order to advance a scheme of treason, is to hide the sword under the olive branch,—to sever the last tie that can unite the species, when those of benevolence and humanity are dissolved. One regrets to see so high-minded a soldier as André, so little scrupulous on this point. It is not, however, to be concealed, that those who tamper or combine in schemes of treason, can hardly be fastidious about the choice of means. The English, who so religiously fulfil private engagements, did not always in the course of this war, hold themselves bound by the law of nations; and, if we are to credit the American publications of the day, this was not the only instance in which the universally acknowledged rules of human intercourse were violated. Although the Americans were independent in fact, their enemy thought himself entitled to treat them, until the conclusion of peace, as rebellious subjects; but even in this case, good faith was equally to be observed.

On the morning after the departure of Washington, Arnold sought out a man called Joshua Smith, well known to be devoted to the English, although he resided within the American posts. He made him the bearer of two pass-ports to be carried on board the Vulture, one for André under the fictitious name of *Anderson*; the other for Charles Beverley Robinson, who had not the same interest in practising this disguise. He charged him with a letter also, in which he

urged them to repair to him on shore. Smith waited until night fall, and then proceeded to the English sloop in a boat which Arnold had provided for him.

André and Robinson expected that Arnold would himself, visit them, and were surprised when his emissary Smith appeared before them alone. Robinson declared that he would not go on shore, and used every effort to deter his companion; But the young man, full of impatience and ardour, saw only the chances of success; would listen to no remonstrance; and could not brook the idea, either of returning to New York without having executed his mission, or of exposing the main enterprize to miscarriage, by a caution which his rivals would infallibly stigmatise as cowardice. He put on a gray shirtout, to hide his uniform, and accompanied Smith on shore. Arnold was waiting to receive him at the water's edge. They discoursed there for some time, but as they were liable to be surprised, Arnold led him towards the house of Smith. The night was dark. André, engrossed by the conversation, did not at first perceive that he was no longer on neutral ground; but he was soon reminded of his situation by the challenge of the American sentinels, and by the order which Arnold gave to Smith, on entering his house, to watch the movements of the detachments that were in the neighbourhood. The Englishman was then sufficiently aware of his danger; but complaint would be fruitless, and, perhaps, detrimental to his projects. He, therefore, dissembled his discontent.

The American general immediately laid before him plans of the forts, a memoir composed (for a better use) by the chief engineer Duportail, on the means of attacking and defending them, and minute instructions with respect to the measures to be taken by the British for the occupation of them, when he, Arnold, should do his part in opening the way. They presumed that Washington had already reached Hartford, and they were right; for he was there, at the same hour, in consultation with the French commanders.

The conferences of Hartford determined the operations of the campaign of 1781. The peace which it induced is one of the most memorable events of the eighteenth century;—one of the most glorious for the French nation. The memoirs which contain the details of the interview of the French and American generals, have been preserved, and will be most important documents for the history of France during the American War. The discussion of the various plans proposed, as it is recorded in these memoirs, will be

found to exhibit, on the part of the French, a generous impatience, and an ardent desire of testifying, by brilliant exploits, their zeal for the cause of liberty;—on that of the Americans, invincible resolution and calm judgment. All opinions were united, by the imposing wisdom of Washington and Rochambeau, in a project which was crowned with perfect success. Thus did these generals make fast the foundations of the independence and liberty of one of the most considerable countries of the globe, on the day—at the very moment even—when Arnold was contriving its subjugation, at the expense of his own fame and honour.

I must venture here upon a slight digression for the purpose of indicating one of the chief causes of the success of the French expedition to America:—to wit, the excellent deportment of the small army which was sent thither. The leaders were as prudent in the choice, as they were energetic and persevering in the execution, of their plans. The soldiers were as steadily obedient as if they had been in garrison in a city of France. The veteran French regiments took their station, not only without repugnance but with alacrity, by the side of the newly-raised American troops, who could indeed, already boast of numerous victories, and shining exploits.

Many of the French leaders bore names illustrated by virtues and renown through a long series of ages. They found the American army conducted by generals and captains drawn from all professions,—from such as have no affinity with that of arms, and even from those which would in Europe, seem to be quite opposite. Nevertheless, an unconstrained, cordial equality sprung up at once; the new comers had entirely forgotten the privileges of birth: they put off that pride against which the most reasonable men find it difficult to guard, and upon which the English counted as a source of certain discord between the allies. The Americans, on their side, were grateful to the French for an easy familiarity of demeanor which they were not prepared to expect. These dispositions greatly facilitated the operations both of the council and the field. Subordination and discipline flourished by a sort of emulation. The French commander, particularly, manifested invariable respect for property, and the customs of the country; and entire submission to the laws from which he had so many means of obtaining an exemption. He was struck with surprise, that he, although a stranger among the Americans, possessed an authority over them almost equal to that of their magistrates, and on asking the

reason, received for answer; "It is because you, the absolute head of a foreign army, respect our laws."

The naval force of France had an equally glorious career on the coast of the United States during this war. It efficaciously protected their trading and military navigation, and seconded the movements of the armies. An admiral of the French navy, distinguished by long and honourable services, was seen to do homage to the superior talents of a younger officer, by placing himself under his command, and practising an exemplary obedience.

There was not a smaller measure of ability, nor a less perfect unanimity, in the counsels of the allied cabinets. This solid wisdom, this rare moderation on all sides, had the happiest effects: As I was not wholly without a share in these great events, I shall be pardoned, perhaps, for allowing myself to dwell too long on the bright scenes of a period now so remote from my declining age.

Arnold and André, calculating anxiously the probable length of Washington's absence, supposed that he would be returned in three or four days, that is on the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth of September, and one or other of these days was fixed for the execution of the plot. It was settled that André should go back in all haste to New York;—that the English troops which were already embarked, under pretence of a distant expedition, should be held ready to ascend the river, and sail at the first signal;—that, to facilitate the reduction of West Point, Arnold would march out of the forts all the troops destined for their defence, and entangle them in gorges and ravines, where he would pretend to await the English assailants, while these were to embark on another side, and enter by passes that would be left unguarded; and, at all events, the garrisons and troops were to be so distributed, that if they did not surrender at the first summons, they must be immediately cut in pieces. He informed André that the chain was no longer an impediment in the way: He had detached a link, ostensibly in order to have it mended; the smiths would not return it for some days; and the two ends of the chain were held together by a fastening too weak to bear even a slight concussion: The English would know at what moment they were to advance, by the kindling of fires in the night, under the directions of Arnold, on the adjacent eminences. A single cannon fired from their ships to be followed by a similar discharge from the shore, would proclaim that they had perceived the signals. Other tokens agreed upon, were to furnish, successively, information of

the several distances of the British forces in their approach. When they had arrived within three miles of the fortress, two English officers in American uniform, were to ride full gallop to Arnold's quarters, to learn how matters stood, and hasten with the intelligence to the British naval commander. Then only was Arnold to put in motion that portion of the garrison which remained in the works, and station it at posts which would not be attacked.

Colonel Dearbourne and the officers who were under his command were, already, insidiously prepared by him to see the movements of the garrison without surprise. He had told them,—as a mark of great confidence apparently,—that his plan, if the enemy made an attempt upon West Point, was to meet and fight them in the defiles, and he often repeated that good care was to be taken not to wait for the enemy behind the works.

He thought the conference with André terminated; but, the latter had not yet spoken of another plan at least as important in his eyes as the capture of the fortress. "Washington," said the young Englishman, "is on his return from Hartford, to inhabit your quarters with several officers and generals. We may arrange things so as to make them all prisoners, at the same moment that we seize the forts. When in our power, they may be put on board our vessels, and carried forthwith to New York."

Arnold appeared confounded at this new proposition, and feigning scruples of conscience, he expressed a repugnance to violate thus the laws of hospitality. He objected also—and, doubtless, with more sincerity—that it was dangerous to complicate the enterprize; that it was in no wise probable that the commander in chief would return precisely an hour before the English troops occupied the forts; that in this hypothesis even, a vigorous resistance might be expected from so many brave men; and finally, that it was to be apprehended, inasmuch as full attention could not be simultaneously given to two such mighty projects, lest the one should cause the abortion of the other.

André, impetuous in his wishes, replied with warmth—that he did not recognise in this language the most intrepid and enterprising of the Americans;—that the absence of Washington left them four days at their disposal;—that it was the English, the masters of the spot, who would commit the act, and not Arnold;—that Washington and his companions would be greatly inferior in number, and would, moreover, be taken unawares; that if, contrary to all appear-

ances, one project failed, the success of the other would compensate this miscarriage. He then added that no additional time was to be lost either in irresolution or precaution; that the secret, so well kept, must ere long transpire; that the British troops were already in motion, and only awaited his return to ascend the river; and, in fine, that Washington *must* be delivered up at the same time with the forts. It is believed that Arnold promised every thing; and why would he who sold his country and trampled under foot the most sacred duties, hesitate to betray his guests into the power of the enemy?

They agreed upon the countersign to be given on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth. Arnold delivered to the Englishman draughts of all the works and of the passes leading to them, several memoirs written with his own hand, and full returns of the garrisons and the forces of each division of the army. He had never before allowed a single paper to go out of his hands, which might expose him to detection. But he now saw no danger in confiding these to André, who was to re-embark directly on board the sloop, and make sail for New York.

André returned alone to the beach whence a boat was to convey him to the Vulture. But this arrangement was defeated by an obstacle wholly unexpected. At an early hour, Livingston, still disturbed at the proximity of the sloop, had, of his own authority, caused a four-pounder to be dragged from his redoubt to a point of land from which the shot could reach the vessel. She was aground, and had already sustained some damage from the small piece of the American officer, when she began to float again at the rising of the tide. Robinson took advantage of this circumstance to weigh anchor and remove some miles lower down beyond the reach of a similar attack.

This change of station attracted the notice of the master and rowers of the boat in which André expected to regain the sloop. They were Americans. The movements which they had witnessed for the two last days were not usual; and although men of their description, accustomed to ferry all persons indifferently from one side of the river to the other, did not affect to be of any party, they were unwilling to commit themselves. When André proposed to them to convey him to the sloop, they told him that it was too far, and peremptorily refused to go. He went back immediately to Arnold, and urged him to exert his authority in so serious a predicament. But the latter, perplexed at his unlooked for

reappearance, already harassed with various disappointments, durst not attempt to coerce these men, and told him he must submit to return by land; to lay aside his uniform altogether, and assume another dress.

André, whom a train of unforeseen occurrences had, against his intention, brought within the lines of the American posts, comprehended at once the new dangers in which this expedient would involve him. He insisted that Arnold should persuade the boatmen to receive him; and to make his companion sensible of the risk he incurred in quitting his uniform, he cited the laws of war, which place an enemy in disguise on the list of spies. "You were already disguised," said Arnold, "when you came with your uniform hidden under a surtout, and you will not be more so in exchanging for another the dress which you would not permit to be seen. It is not with this nicety that *we* are to calculate. Instead of anticipating so minutely possible adversities, let us rather count upon unknown chances to operate in our favour. If there were none but ordinary hazards to be run in a plot such as ours, so great a share of courage and resolution would not be required. Think of my risks, and judge which of us exposes himself the most."

It was in this strain that Arnold wrought upon a proud and generous mind, naturally indignant at the least suspicion of timidity, and regarding it as the heaviest of imputations. The chances were, indeed, far from being alike for both. Arnold confronted death and ignominy. André who was facing death in the service of his country, and sure of leaving behind him an honourable reputation, risked only his life.

He laid aside his coat for one which Smith provided. Arnold now wished to withdraw the papers which he had intrusted to him; he thought it hazardous to send them by land. But André had it at heart to prove to Clinton with what punctuality he had executed his mission: these papers were a trophy of which he would not, therefore, allow himself to be dispossessed. He observed to Arnold, that danger of any kind could now no longer be in question—unless only so far as to show that they both despised it; and added, that he would keep the papers, which brought him into greater peril than Arnold, and to allay his fears, would secrete them in his boots.

Arnold submitted, and leaving André in Smith's house, returned to his quarters, from which he had been absent since the day before. The patrol spread throughout the whole neighbourhood, made it imprudent for André to begin

his journey before twilight. He was accompanied by Smith; each had a passport from Arnold, "to go to the lines of *White Plains*, or lower if the bearer thought proper; he being on public business."

They were accosted at Crompond, by an American officer of militia, who told them that it was too late for them to reach that evening any other quarters. In order not to awaken his suspicions, they resolved to pass the night there. The next day—twenty-third, they crossed the Hudson at King's ferry, pushing forward when they were not observed, and slackening their pace to conceal their eagerness, wherever they were likely to be seen. By means of their passports, they traversed all the American posts without molestation.

They arrived, uninterrupted, a little beyond Pines-bridge, a village situated on the Croton; they had not, however, crossed the lines, although they could descry the ground occupied by the English videttes. Smith, looking all around, and perceiving no one, said to André, "You are safe, good by," and retook, at full speed, the road by which they had come. André, on his part, believing himself out of danger, and all further precautions superfluous, put spurs to his horse. He had proceeded four leagues onward with the same good fortune; he could see the Hudson once more, and was about entering Tarrytown, the border village, when a man, armed with a gun, sprung suddenly from the thickets, and seizing the reins of his bridle, exclaimed, "Where are you bound?" At the same moment, two others ran up, who were armed in like manner, and formed with the first, part of the patrol of volunteer militia that guarded the lines. They were not in uniform, and André, preoccupied by the idea that he was no longer on enemy's ground, thought that they must be of his own party. It did not, therefore, occur to him to show them his passport, which was sufficient to deceive Americans, and could not alter his destination, if those who arrested him were of the English side.

Instead of answering their question, he asked them in his turn,—“Where they belonged to?” They replied, “To below,” words referring to the course of the river, and implying that they were of the English party. “And so do I,” said André, confirmed in his mistake by this stratagem. “I am,” continued he, in a tone of command, “an English officer on urgent business, and I do not wish to be longer detained.” “You belong to our enemies,” was the rejoinder, “and we arrest you.”

André, struck with astonishment at this unexpected lan-

guage presented his passport; but this paper, after the confession he had just made, only served to render his case more suspicious. He offered them gold, his horse, and promised them large rewards, and permanent provision from the English government; if they would let him escape. These young men, whom such offers did but animate the more in their duty, replied that they wanted nothing. They drew off his boots, and detected the fatal papers. They no longer hesitated to carry him before colonel Jameson, who commanded the outposts. He claimed still, when questioned by that officer, the name of Anderson which was in his pass-port, and evinced no discomposure; he had recovered all his presence of mind, and forgetful of his own danger, thought only of Arnold's, and of the means of extricating him. To apprize him of it safely, he begged Jameson to inform the commanding officer of West Point that Anderson, the bearer of his pass-port, was detained. Jameson thought it more simple to order him to be conducted to Arnold. He was already on the way, and the thread of the conspiracy was about to be resumed in the interview of the accomplices, when the American colonel recollecting that the papers found upon the prisoner were in the hand writing of Arnold himself, and advertng to the several extraordinary features of the business, sent in all haste, after the pretended Anderson, and had him conveyed, under guard, to Old Salem.

He despatched, at the same time, an express to Washington, charged with a letter containing a circumstantial account of this affair, and with the draughts, and other papers taken from the prisoner. But the commander in chief, who set out on the same day, the twenty-third of September, to return to his army, had pursued a different route from that by which he went to Hartford, and the messenger was compelled to retrace his steps without having seen him. This delay proved the salvation of Arnold.

Jameson was a gallant soldier, but a man of an irresolute temper and of no great sagacity: moreover, treachery on the part of Arnold appeared impossible to one of an ingenuous and honourable character. He began to view his first suspicions as an outrage to an officer distinguished as Arnold was by so many noble exploits, and wishing to reconcile the deference due to him, with the performance of his own duty, he wrote him, that Anderson, the bearer of his pass-port, had been arrested on the twenty-third.

Arnold did not receive this intimation until the morning of the twenty-fifth: it was on a Monday, and the same, or the

following day, had been selected for the consummation of the plot. Until that moment, he had believed success infallible. The exhilaration which this belief produced, was even remarked, and he pretended that it was occasioned by the speedy arrival of his general, "for whom he had pleasant news." He was busy with the appropriate arrangements for the reception of a body of more welcome visitors, when he received the letter of Jameson. Those who were present on the occasion, recollected afterwards, that he could not, at first, conceal his dismay and extreme agitation; but that recovering himself quickly, he said in a loud voice, that he would write an answer; and, dismissing all about him, withdrew, to reflect on the course which it was best to adopt.

The commander-in-chief might be absent yet a day or two:—Jameson alone could have conceived suspicions;—and such a man as Arnold could find means of sealing his lips;—the enterprize had not then irretrievably failed. Until now, he had enjoyed the advantage of being without a confidant, and of having nothing to fear from the indiscretion or pusillanimity of any one: But this vicissitude gave a new face to things; and it was only by the aid of trusty persons, that he could effect the liberation of André, and turn to account the residue of Washington's absence. He was, as various indications contributed to prove, still revolving these thoughts in his mind, without being able to come to any determination, when two American officers interrupted his musings.

They were sent by the commander-in-chief, and informed Arnold, that he had arrived that morning at Fishkill, a few leagues from West Point, that he was to have set out a short time after them, and could not be far distant.

Thus did the most alarming circumstances rapidly succeed each other. There was no room for further deliberation. The traitor had no alternative but a precipitate flight, to save him from an ignominious end. Suppressing his emotion, he told the two officers, that he wished to go and meet the general alone, and begged them not to follow him. He then entered the apartment of his wife, exclaiming—"All is discovered:—André is a prisoner:—The commander-in-chief will soon know every thing:—the discharge of cannon which you hear, is a salute, and announces that he is not far off:—Burn all my papers:—I fly to New York." He embraced her, as well as their infant child, whom she carried in her arms, and solely intent on his escape, left her without waiting for her reply; mounted the horse of one of the two officers, and rushed towards the Hudson, from which his house was re-

moved but a small distance. He had taken the precaution to have always ready a barge well manned:—he threw himself headlong into it, and caused the boatmen to make for the English sloop with all possible despatch. The barge bearing a flag of truce, was still visible from the heights when Washington arrived. The two officers related to him what they had witnessed. Arnold had absconded. His wife, in the agonies of despair, seemed to fear for her infant, and maintained an obstinate silence—No one knew how to explain these extraordinary incidents. The commander-in-chief repaired, without delay, to the fort of West Point, where, however, he could learn nothing of a decisive import.

But some orders, issued by Arnold the day before, redoubled his suspicions: he returned to the quarters of the general, and at this instant, Jameson's messenger presented himself, and delivered the packet with which he was charged. Washington seemed, for a few minutes, as it were overwhelmed by the discovery of a crime which extinguished the glory of an American general, and wounded the honour of the American army. Those who were near him, anxiously interrogating his looks, kept, like him, a silence of astonishment. He broke it by saying—"I thought that an officer of courage and ability, who had often shed his blood for his country, was entitled to confidence, and I gave him mine. I am convinced now, and for the rest of my life, that we should never trust those who are wanting in probity, whatever abilities they may possess.—Arnold has betrayed us."

At these words, a kind of stupor seized all the auditors:—They listened, with dismay, to the circumstances of the danger just past—they were uncertain whether other perils were not to be apprehended:—it was asked, whether the traitor might not have accomplices: but, at the same time, the sentiment appeared to be unanimous, that he could not have found a single one in the United States. Washington himself was amazed at the security into which he had been lulled; and seemed to look back upon it with contrition as a remissness in the execution of the duties prescribed by his station: But all voices were raised at once to dissipate this scruple, and to applaud him for not having imagined a companion in arms capable of so foul a treason. Meanwhile the precautions required by the occasion were every where taken: General Heath, a faithful and vigilant officer, was substituted for Arnold, at West Point; the commanders of the other posts were admonished to be on their guard. Greene, who had been invested with the command of the army dur-

ing the absence of Washington, recalled within the forts the garrisons which the traitor had dispersed, and marched a strong division near to the lines. Hamilton lost not an instant in repairing to King's ferry, the last American post on the side of New York. He had the mortification to learn, that a very short time before his arrival, Arnold's barge had glided by with the swiftness of an arrow, and was then getting alongside the Vulture, some miles lower down, opposite Teller's point, an anchorage situated at the head of the great basin of the Hudson, which is called Tappan Bay. Livingston had remarked the barge that carried the fugitive, and his suspicions being roused by the strange movements of the two or three days previous, would have stopped it, had not the sailors of his spy-boats been ashore when it passed.

It was, at first, thought impossible that the two aid-de-camps of Arnold, colonel Warwick and major David Franks, should not have been initiated into the plot. They were asked if they had not observed the clandestine messages between Arnold and the English; if the dispositions made for the purpose of disarming the forts had not attracted their attention. They answered, that their general enjoyed the confidence of the commander-in-chief; that they had perceived nothing in his actions contrary to military laws and regulations; that they would have been the more backward to scrutinize his conduct, as they owed him obedience and lived in his family. Warwick was completely exculpated: David Franks was acquitted.

Messengers were sent to all the states of the Union and to the French general, to inform them of this event. The express who bore the news to congress travelled with such rapidity that he reached Philadelphia on the same day that the discovery was made in the camp. The magistrates were immediately directed to enter the house of Arnold, and to seize and examine his papers. They found nothing there relating to the conspiracy; but he had left memorandums which furnished ample proof that he was guilty of the extortions and peculation of which he had been accused two years before. Among the members of the committee charged with this search, there happened to be one of those men whom a natural restlessness and an inordinate zeal deprive of all discretion and delicacy; and who, to serve their political sect, will not scruple to go all lengths of severity and harshness against the opposite party. He found, in the apartment of Mrs. Arnold, some letters in which the chevalier de La Luzerne was roughly handled. They were brought to this min-

ister. He consigned them to the flames, without having read them.

The committee found, also, several letters of André to this lady—about indifferent matters; but, they were written from New York and by an enemy. A few of the members advised that they should be made the subject of an accusation against her. The magistrate who, two years previous, had arraigned and prosecuted Arnold before congress, said to the most urgent of these advisers:—"Mrs. Arnold is an excellent wife and a good mother; she is unhappy enough; do not let us trouble her respecting her political sentiments."

Other particulars of the conduct observed towards her, exemplify more fully the national spirit and character. I shall proceed to mention the chief of them.

When her husband left her, in the manner I have described, to make his retreat to New York, she fainted, and her servants were apprised of the circumstance only by the cries of the child whom she fed at the breast. Her senses returned on the application of the proper remedies; but abandoned as she was by her husband, in the midst of a people and an army whom he had so basely betrayed, it may be imagined that she suffered ineffable anguish. She trembled lest he should have been arrested in his flight, and in the distraction of her fears, earnestly solicited his pardon. Washington had the delicate kindness to inform her that her husband had escaped his pursuers. Arnold thought only of her, as soon as he saw himself in safety. He wrote immediately, from on board the *Vulture*, the following letter to the commander-in-chief.

*"September 25, 1780.*

SIR,—The heart which is conscious of its own rectitude, cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may consider as wrong. I have ever acted from a principle of love of my country, since the commencement of the present unhappy contest between Great Britain and her colonies; the same principle of love of my country actuates my present conduct, however it may appear inconsistent to the world, who very seldom judge right of any man's actions.

"I have no favour to ask for myself. I have too often experienced the ingratitude of my country to attempt it; but from the known humanity of your excellency, I am induced to ask your protection for Mrs. Arnold, from every insult and injury that a mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought to fall only on me: she is as good and as innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong. I

beg she may be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia, or to come to me, as she may choose."

The option was, accordingly, given to Mrs. Arnold. She said that she would share the fate of her husband; but, before joining him, she desired to see her parents once more, and to bid them adieu for the rest of her life. She was conducted to Philadelphia with such attentions as her adversity alone could have claimed for her. The first fervours of indignation were allayed, and the sternest republicans rejected the idea of making her answerable for the crime of her husband. She had a signal proof of this moderation in the course of her journey. She stopped to pass the night in a town, where preparations were on foot to burn Arnold in effigy with the festivities and bustle which accompany the expression of popular hate as well as of popular affection. As soon as she was known to be in the town, these preparations were suspended.

It was certainly desirable that all the circumstances of the plot should be traced; and yet when a judge was urged to subject her to interrogatories, he answered that she ought not to be exposed either to speak against the truth, or to violate the respect and attachment which she owed her husband. The public were not ignorant that she had contributed to throw Arnold into the British party; but her misfortunes, and, perhaps also, the exquisite graces with which she was adorned, awakened a general interest in her favour. She drew commiseration for her lot as the wife of a man who had justly incurred universal abhorrence; and the obloquy attached to the name she bore, seemed a punishment at least equal to her demerits. When she set out to join Arnold among the enemies of his country, she entered her carriage in open day, without experiencing any mark of that hate of which he had become the object.

Jameson caused his unknown prisoner to be strictly guarded. The latter at first suppressed his true name from consideration for Arnold; but, the day after his capture, supposing that the American general had had time to make his escape, he said to Jameson, "my name is not Anderson; I am major André." He wrote a letter to the commander-in-chief, which was neither cringing nor arrogant, and in which he vindicated himself with calmness, and as if persuaded that he had not transgressed the laws of war. It was conceived in these terms.

JULY, 1825—NO. 285.

9

*"Salem, 24th Sept. 1780.*

"SIR,

"I beg your excellency will be persuaded, that no alteration in the temper of my mind or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to secure myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest; a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuated me, as well as with my condition in life.

"It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security.

"The person in your possession is major John André, adjutant-general to the British army.

"The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held, as confidential (in the present instance) with his excellency sir Henry Clinton.

"To favour it, I agreed to meet upon ground not within posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence. I came up in the Vulture sloop of war for this effect, and was fetched by the boat from the shore to the beach; being there, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

"Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts.

"Thus, was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army,) into the vile condition of an enemy within your posts.

"Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true, on the honour of an officer and a gentleman.

"The request I have made to your excellency, and I am conscious that I address myself well, is, that in any rigour policy may dictate, a decency of conduct towards me may mark, that, though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonourable; as no motive could be mine, but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor."

Washington possessed great humanity; but the rules of war forbade mercy to convicted spies, and he had no right to suspend the laws of congress. Clinton, when told that his friend was threatened with death, wrote to the American gen-

eral, and, contrary to his usual practice, omitted none of the forms of respect and courtesy which the state of war allows. He appealed to the immunities of a flag of truce, alleged the passport and the quality of the prisoner of war, &c.

Washington had privately consulted congress, before bringing the prisoner to trial. This assembly did not formally deliberate on the matter, but they signified to him that there was no motive in this case for staying the course of justice. He immediately constituted a board consisting of six major, and eight brigadier generals, to determine the fate of André. Two foreign generals, Lafayette and Steuben, were, as the laws prescribed, members of this board.

André experienced from his judges every indulgence compatible with the performance of their duty. He answered with manly frankness all the interrogatories—except only those which went to implicate other persons. He was even tender of Arnold, the cause of his misfortune, and whom he might have arraigned without exposing him to danger. It was expected that he would, after his examination, attempt to make a defence, and to extenuate the charges; but he disdained all falsification or evasion. He said merely, “I do not acknowledge myself guilty; but I am resigned to my fate.” The introduction of witnesses was of course superfluous, and it only remained for the board to adjudge the punishment. This obligation they fulfilled with evident pain. They reported to general Washington, after having maturely considered the facts (which they detailed) “that major André ought to be considered as a *spy* from the enemy, and that, agreeable to the law and usage of nations, he ought to suffer death.”

André heard this sentence with less emotion than was displayed by the president of the board in pronouncing it. Some one having suggested to him that he might escape both with life and liberty, if he could cause Arnold to be delivered up in his place, he shrunk with disgust from this expedient. He had no knowledge of a private enterprize, of which the leading object was his safety, and which Washington secretly encouraged. An American serjeant-major of cavalry, an intrepid, resolute man, disappeared from the American camp, and imposed himself upon the British at New York as a deserter. He found accomplices, and their purpose was to carry off Arnold. Had they succeeded, the renegade would have suffered an ignominious death, and André have been pardoned. This project, the offspring of benevolence, although not exactly consonant to the laws of nations, was managed with

as much address, as courage and fidelity. It escaped detection, and failed only through disappointments impossible to be foreseen.

Sir Henry Clinton, on learning the decision of the board, from a communication made to him by Washington, redoubled his efforts to prevent its being carried into effect. He sent without delay, three deputies to the American camp, in a flag vessel. Only one of them was permitted to land. This was general Robertson. Greene was appointed to meet him. The English officer urged, in the conference which ensued, whatever the law of nations or the ingenuity of friendship could furnish to support his errand.

"Humanity," he observed, "should mitigate the too rigid laws of war. An inexorable severity yielded bitter fruit. It engendered inveterate animosities; while clemency, sooner or later, met with its reward. The most noble use that could be made of the power of the respective parties, would be to pave the way for a thorough reconciliation by a system of mildness. To humble and mortify their enemy would be an unsafe policy for the Americans, even were they triumphant;—which could not be admitted. If the British leaders took a suppliant posture in this instance, it was still with the just expectation of success in the war. There should be, for the rest of this contest, an emulation of good offices;—Sir Henry Clinton would not be outstripped in generosity. He offered to exchange for André any prisoner whom general Washington might be pleased to name, or, if he preferred it—to submit the question of right to the French and Hanoverian generals, Rochambeau and Knyphausen, who, as foreigners, might be more impartial.

Greene replied, that the humanity of the Americans could not be surpassed by that of any nation; and that, at all events, the proper tribunal had decided. Robertson asked whether the accused could not appeal to congress; and hinted, that, if he were deprived of this resource, the commander-in-chief would be answerable for the consequences.

Greene rejoined firmly and somewhat haughtily, that the American general only obeyed the laws, when he enforced them in all the latitude in which they were confided to him for execution; that the affair was no longer within the province of congress, there being no body in America competent to intercept or invalidate the judgments of the regular tribunals.

He was about to retire when Robertson stopped him, and put into his hands an open letter from Arnold to Washing-

ton, which he requested him to read. Arnold, in this letter, declared, that, if André were put to death, "he should think himself bound, by every tie of duty and honour, to retaliate on such unhappy persons of the American army as might fall within his power, so that the respect due to flags and to the law of nations might be better understood and observed." He added, that "forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina had justly forfeited their lives, and had hitherto been spared, only through the clemency of sir Henry Clinton, but the British commander could no longer extend his mercy to them, if André suffered." Furthermore, "if that warning should be disregarded, and André suffer, he called heaven and earth to witness, that Washington would alone be answerable for the torrents of blood that might be spilt in consequence."

Greene, after having perused this letter, threw it at the feet of Robertson, and withdrew without making any reply. Although André was justly condemned, his situation created universal sympathy. He was to perish a victim of the treachery of another, in the flower of his age, and at the dawn of a career, which his military talents, his taste for letters and the arts, and his numberless fine qualities, must have rendered glorious and honourable. His conduct towards the Americans had always been marked by moderation; many were indebted to him for the preservation of their lives and property; and while others carried on the war with the rancour and violence too common in civil dissensions, he had studied to lessen and assuage its evils. The very circumstances of the conspiracy which led to his condemnation, exhibited him only as a man powerfully moved by love of country; and there was a certain elevation even in his offence.

As the fatal hour drew near, he manifested a wish to have the company of an American officer. Hamilton, one of the most valued of the army, did him this sad service. André displayed a perfect composure in his last conversations. They furnished a part of the facts which I have recorded. He seemed to take pleasure in narrating them, and spoke like an old soldier recounting the martial exploits of his youth.

Opinion, as well as the laws, attaches infamy to spies, and the mode of their execution is congenial. André had hoped that he might be relieved from this the only appendage of his case to which he could not be resigned. The sentence was silent on the point, and dreading, while he rose superior to the terrors of death, the disgrace of the halter, he wrote the following letter to Washington:—

*"Tappan, October 1.*

"Buoyed above the terror of death, by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me as the victim of policy and not resentment, I shall experience the operation of those feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet."

This request could not be granted. The truth was not concealed from him, and the compassion which he at first inspired gave place to a feeling of admiration, when it was seen with what serenity he went to execution. He met his doom without pusillanimity, and, which is more rare, without an ostentation of courage. His demeanor was that of the bravest of men placed by the order of his general on a mine about to explode, and hurl him to instant destruction.

Some have exclaimed against fate, for a catastrophe so unmerited, while the real criminal survived. The death of André was, however, a beatitude in comparison with the life of Arnold. He survived indeed,—but to drag on, in perpetual banishment from his native country, a dishonourable life amid a nation that imputed to him the loss so much deplored. He transmitted to his children an abject name of hateful celebrity. He obtained only a part of the debasing stipend of an abortive treason. His complaints soon caused it to be known, that all the promises by which he had been inveigled, were not fulfilled. But a baffled treason appears always to be overpaid, and the felon is the only one who thinks that he experiences injustice.

He enjoyed, however, the rank of brigadier-general in the English army, and served against the Americans in this capacity during the rest of the war. The English affected to give him their entire confidence, hoping to make thereby other apostates. He published addresses to the inhabitants of America and to the army, in which he exhorted them to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of their demagogues. He inveighed with particular asperity against France, "the enemy of the protestant faith, and fraudulently avowing a regard for the liberties of mankind, while she held her native sons in vassalage and chains. He justified his perfidy

by the topics of reasoning common to traitors;—which deceive no one, and still less themselves.

All these efforts were nugatory.—Arnold is the only American officer who forsook the cause of independence, and turned his sword against his country. The officers of the British army manifested a strong repugnance to serve with him. He possessed their esteem, while he fought against them: They loaded him with contempt, when treason brought him over to their side. The rest of his life was exceedingly wretched. His vices plunged him in an abyss of misfortune, which his general qualities were ill adapted to soften.

General Washington had not forgotten the three young militia-men who arrested André. He transmitted their names to congress. This body immediately passed the following resolution:—

“That congress have a high sense of the virtuous and patriotic conduct of the said John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart.

“In testimony whereof.

“*Ordered*, “That each of them receive annually out of the public treasury, two hundred dollars in specie, or an equivalent in the current money of these states during life; and that the board of war procure for each of them a silver medal, on one side of which shall be a shield with this inscription: ‘Fidelity,’—and on the other, the following motto: *Vincit amor patriæ*,—and forward them to the commander-in-chief, who is requested to present the same, with a copy of this resolution, and the thanks of congress, for their fidelity, and the eminent services they have rendered their country.”

Doubtless, the highest honours should, by universal consent, be awarded to those citizens, who have been fortunate enough to preserve their country from a great calamity. It is of such distinctions, that men of an elevated character are most ambitious of proving themselves worthy. But there is yet more merit and virtue in doing well without ambition or the hope of reward.

These three young men had not thought of blazoning an action in which they had but performed their duty. They learned with surprise, that Washington had caused search to be made for them, in order to deliver to them this memorial of public esteem and gratitude. Their families are held in veneration, and the names of John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, will be celebrated and cherished in all after ages.

The issue of a plot on which England had built such tow-

ering hopes, and which was contrived with so much art, corroborated the discipline of the American army; raised the courage, and increased the strength of the republicans. They were confirmed in the hatred which they bore their enemy: the danger from which they had just escaped, as if by miracle, taught them the necessity of redoubling their vigilance, and of excluding from their counsels, the more effectually to guard the unanimity of them, all persons who were not of tried virtue.

This nation of Americans, who have no doubts of a divine providence even in the most inconsiderable events, acknowledged on the occasion, that to this providence they owed their safety, that of Washington, and of the army. Thanks were solemnly offered up to God in the temples, and in the bosom of families; and it was from the bottom of their hearts that these religious men poured out the tribute of their gratitude.

Prosperous until now in all their enterprizes, may heaven preserve to them the spirit of justice and moderation by which they have been constantly guided! Fortune will not fail them.

---

## THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

For the Port Folio.

The merry tales of the **THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM**, edited by the author of *John Bull in America*. Philadelphia, 1826. 12mo.

THE first and the last of these tales relate to subjects which present fair game to the satirist. We have no patience with Mr. Owen, who, after twenty-five years devoted to his ridiculous schemes, persists in maintaining that all the world has been in ignorance since the creation, and that he alone is in possession of the true secret of happiness. In the first of these tales,—*The Man Machine, or the Pupil of "Circumstances,"* the author has described the life of one of the deluded followers of the New System. When he was quite a child this person was placed by his father in a manufactory for spinning cotton, which was conducted on the new plan, according to which one man was to do the work of twenty—and society was to be carried on without idleness, without poverty, without crime and without punishment, by the mere application of circumstances. This is the basis of Mr. Owen's

scheme, which is now in the full tide of experiment at Harmony by a community which is thus described in a letter just placed in our hands: "Such a motly crew of bankrupts, vagabonds, and idlers, was never collected since the gathering at the cave of Adullam. Mr. O. lectures them against government and religion, and Mr. J. —, his sub-lecturer, declaims against marriage, and all such tyrannical institutions as restrain people from obeying the dictates of nature. They have dances, concerts, and military shows, and the girls wear pantaloons—Grecian dresses, as they call them,—to show their contempt for vulgar prejudices. It wont do. They are already quarrelling among themselves, and those of the society who have young wives and pretty daughters are prudently taking their leave of the Social System. And yet, Mr. O., when he first came here, enlisted the feelings of all good men on his side, and his friends say that those abuses which I have noticed, are corruptions which crept in during his absence, and which he is now determined to eradicate. This may be so. Like many other anti-religious system-makers, Mr. O. is strictly moral in his own conduct, but it requires no great discernment to see that these abuses naturally grow out of his system and of any system which rejects revelation and contemns the civil regulations of society."

Our narrator tells us that his master's system was organized upon the principle that men are as destitute of passions as a steam machine, and could be moved accordingly. Hence, the children were only to be told what was right and they would obey of course. There being no passions, our philosopher was obliged to invent a phrase to express this idea. They are called *counteracting principles* in the new jargon, and they are constantly showing themselves even in the pastimes of the children. Thus the principle of emulation incites one urchin to excel another in running, and thus mortification arises. So in wrestling, the stronger machine throws down the weaker, without reflecting how little such a discomfiture would conduce to the happiness of the individual. With the machines of an older growth, the projector had still greater difficulties, as may be seen in the following extract.

"There was among us, a wild, sprightly man machine, which, owing to being as it were, under high steam pressure, was continually getting into the claws of the "counteracting principles," and making sad misapplication of my master's precepts. It was next to impossible to bring his passions and appetites under the dominion of metaphysicks, or to instil into him a proper comprehension of the great abstract truth, that the indulgence of our self love, consists in restraining it. One day my master

JULY, 1826.—NO. 285.

10

brought him up before us all, for the purpose of lecturing him for the benefit of the community.

"Well Sandy," quoth my master, mildly, "I am afraid I shall never be able to make a perfect machine out of you."

"How sir," replied Sandy.

"Why you are continually violating the sublime fundamental principle of self-love.

"I dont know how that can be sir, for I do all I can to gratify it, as you have convinced me it is my duty to do."

Yes, but you did not properly comprehend me. The self-love I mean, is the sacrifice of our own wishes and desires to those of others—it is in fact, the absence of all self-love."

"Why did you not tell us so at first," said Sandy, rather sulkily—"I'm sure I should never have thought that it was possible a thing could be exactly what it is not."

The reply to this home thrust is a fine exposition of the mysticism of the new view of society, because it is an absurd jumble of mechanical, physical, and moral action.

"That doubt is owing to the imperfection of our sophisticated nature, which cannot comprehend the sublime truth, that man is a machine, originally constructed with due regard to the two great moving principles of matter, the centripetal and the centrifugal forces. By the first, his passions, appetites, wants, wishes, desires, and gratifications, are perpetually urging towards the centre, thus exclusively concentrating in his own individual gratification. By the second, a continued endeavour is made to resist and overpower the first, by forcing or attracting the passions and appetites from this disposition towards the centre or self, and giving them a wider and more beneficial sphere of indulgence. It is the proper balancing and restraining of the centripetal force of the passions, by the interposition of the centrifugal, that these, the gratification of which is the grand object of *self-love*, become the foundation of all worldly happiness, and constitute the perfect state of the Man Machine."

This flimsy metaphysics is not strong enough for the sound sense of Sandy. He acknowledges that notwithstanding his struggles with the "counteracting principles," which he honestly calls by their proper names, he feels the influence of likes and dislikes. He confesses that he loves Jenny better than Kate, and the centripetal principle, he says, especially moves his self-love to prefer kissing her, to seeing any body else do it. The philosopher insists with the schemer of Lanark, that man has neither wants, desires, nor passions. They are the product, he avers, of that *erroneous training* which has produced all the miseries and inconsistencies of this world; and finally, he gives a practical illustration of his precepts by falling into a passion with Sandy, whom he stigmatizes as a confirmed, incorrigible, irreclaimable blockhead of a Man Machine.

By dismissing those who had not resolution to resist the

counteracting principles, a perfect state of society was at length obtained. The members, ate, slept, and worked by rule, until they had neither virtues nor vices; all excitement was effectually stifled, whilst the relative duties and the feelings of parent and children, were almost unknown, because the latter were under the superintendence of a committee. Every thing, in short, but the working faculty, was annihilated. But no sooner was this enviable condition attained, than the society began to decline from mere ennui. Without ambition, or emulation, or any desire to gratify, the men lost all spirit. Instead of these great springs of action, petty vices crept among them. The treasurer of the establishment, who was considered as a perfect man machine, at the period of his election, suffered himself to be overcome by a counteracting principle and absconded with nearly all the funds of the community. The committee went after him and the master was obliged to pursue the committee. On his return, without success, he found his disciples, ready to dissolve the connexion, since the grand cement—the surplus fund, had disappeared. They longed to see the world and be released from constant restraint and supervision. In spite of the master's exhortations, they all left him, except our narrator, and a few of the lame and blind.

Shortly after this dispersion, an estate descends to the narrator which induces him likewise to depart, and the practical results of the New View of society are exemplified in his adventures. These are pleasantly described by our author, to whose pages we must refer the reader. The last we hear of the narrator is that he has gone to search for the perfectibility of man among the concentric spheres—in company, perhaps, of Capt. S.—, and Dr. M.—

In the second tale, entitled *The perfection of Reason*, the author is not so successful, because he is not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to select what is ridiculous. It is his object to expose the absurdities of the common law; a purpose which has exercised the pens of several wise men of Gotham before the present inhabitant was introduced to our notice. This Gothamite inherits from his uncle a vast reverence for the common law, which is perpetually drawing him into courts of justice as a suitor, and he almost invariably loses his cause in consequence of some trick or absurdity, which is charged to the system instead of the ignorant agents who administer it. If the law could speak, says Swift, it would impeach the judges and the lawyers in the first place.\*

\*While we are writing this sentence, the following paragraph is going

To show how little our author is qualified to treat this delicate topic, we need only mention that in one of the cases in which the Gothamite becomes a victim to the chicanery of law, the plaintiff in the action is converted into a witness to sustain his own claim!

In another case, our Gothamite is made to purchase a mare when he thought he was buying a horse. The author may tell his own story, in the words of his hero:

"It happened about this time that an agricultural society was instituted among us, and I became a member, having a landed estate in the neighbourhood. In order to prove myself worthy of my station, I went largely into the improvement of the breed of horses, and purchased several fine ones from time to time. One day a fellow brought me a most beautiful animal, which he presented to me as a full-blooded horse, with a pedigree equal to a first rate legitimate monarch. After a good deal of chaffering, I purchased him at a great price, and the exhibition of the society happening the next morning, presented the animal in the full expectation of bearing off the prize for the best horse in the county. You may guess my astonishment and mortification, when the committee of investigation solemnly decided that my horse was a mare."

He was laughed at, of course, but the fraud was so open and palpable, that he brought suit. He proved 'the sex of the animal and the fact of her being imposed upon him for a horse.' This is the whole state of the case. How he could have been so imposed upon we are not told; and it would be almost incredible that a man who had embarked largely in the breed of horses, could be deceived *after a great deal of chaffering*, were we not assured that the question of sex was referred to a committee of investigation, by whom it was *solemnly* decided!

Dismissing "The Perfection of Reason," we turn to "The Perfection of Science," the third tale, in which the author makes a diverting attack upon the phrenologists. The hero of this story was born in a city of science, where the women were all blues and the men metaphysicians. There were so many men running after science, that the game was run down, and our hero was employed by a coterie of philosophers to travel into foreign parts in search of something new. In the course of his pilgrimages he meets with a brother savan who had taken possession of a cave on the spot where Varus and his legions had been cut off by Arminius. Here he collected a parcel of skulls and devoted himself to the study of phrenology. The manner in which he discovered the head of the

the rounds: "A Kentucky judge has lately hung himself. If half the judges of that ill fated state were hung, it would be well for the people."

Roman leader, may be quoted as a fair specimen of the researches of this science.

"In the first place I looked in Tacitus, and found that Varus had imprudently advanced into the pathless forests of Germany—that he had encamped on unfavourable ground; had finally been surprised by Arminius, and himself and all his legions slain. It followed pretty clearly from these premises, that Varus was a daring, uncalculating sort of person, who, beyond all doubt, had the organ of combativeness strongly developed, and of secretiveness exceedingly small. Accordingly, I selected from the skulls scattered around me one which exhibited these two features in the most marked and conspicuous manner. This was, beyond all question, the skull of Varus; and here it is. Examine it. Here is the organ of combativeness, or fondness for fighting; observe how it projects and is expanded. Here—no—here is the organ of secretiveness, or, in other words, the propensity to hide away when danger approaches. Observe, it is almost imperceptible. It is plain that the owner of this skull was without the sense of fear; of course it must be the skull of Varus. There is no doubt of it—to disbelieve would argue absolute stupidity—it would be flying in the face of demonstration.—We thus established the fact, that these particular organs do actually and invariably indicate the qualities my father ascribed to them. The next step was to identify other organs with other qualities until I had made out a complete system, comprehending all the moral, physical, and intellectual faculties of the human race, etc."

As soon as he has settled his theory, the phrenologist, accompanied by our Gothamite, sets forth to teach the science. Their adventures are laughable enough, but we must refer the reader to the work itself for further particulars.



## LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

For the Port Folio.

The admirers of personal narrative have been gratified by the *Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F. R. S.* a gentleman who rose from a low situation to the office of secretary of the admiralty, at the restoration of Charles II. He appears to be a shrewd, prudent, money-saving man, of sufficient pliability of temper for his temporal interests, and of integrity enough to bear him on in a straight forward course of *upward* dealing, and to guard him against those temptations to wrong, to which his office and the evil example of those around him more immediately exposed him. Surrounded by the profligate creatures of a profligate age, and within the verge of the "Merry monarch's" dissipated court, his prudence preserves him from the contagion; he sighs, and

shakes the head of diapprobation at proceedings which he cannot correct; but his caution never permits his virtuous resentment to endanger his own safety with the powers that were. The gossiping spirit which so thoroughly possessed him, induced him to put down many particulars which a stronger mind had rejected as trifling; and from these straws thrown up at random, it is that we collect many entertaining pictures of his times.

J. V. L. M'Mahon has issued proposals at Baltimore for publishing "An historical view of the government of Maryland, in all its branches, legislative, executive, and judicial, from the era of the charter and the colonization of the state, to the present moment."

In "*Love's Victory, or a school for pride*, founded on the Spanish of Don Augustin Moreto, Mr. George Hyde has produced a drama which would possess all the characters of sterling comedy, if a few, and only a few, offerings to a vitiated taste were expunged from it. In its better parts it has wit, humour, interest--character well conceived, and dialogue which, unlike most modern plays, neither descends to mere common-place, nor flies upwards into puling sentiment or raving enthusiasm. But Mr. Hyde had to write for an audience in love with long cherished follies, and he has been obliged (like most young authors) to pay some little homage to the current fancies of the day. The manner in which he has done this shows that he has sinned against knowledge, and gives earnest, that when he shall have established a reputation strong enough to bear him up in the attempt, he will claim the suffrages of the public, without sacrificing to propensities, which it is plain that he does not respect, though he is now obliged to propitiate them.

The beautiful and singular phenomenon of the phosphorescent appearance of the sea by night, when the ocean shines "like a vast lake of liquid fire," is thus explained by Mr. Finlayson in his *Mission to Siam*, a work of great merit, which has recently been published:—"In many of the bays such as the harbour at Prince of Wales' island, the bodies which emit this singular light exist in such vast quantity, that a boat may be readily distinguished at the distance of several miles by the brilliant light, resembling that of a torch, proceeding from the water agitated by her bow and oars. We have seen the sea rendered of a green colour and slimy appearance by day, so that it might have been taken for the green vegetable matter common on stagnant pools. We have taken up a quantity of this green coloured water, and by

keeping it till night, have ascertained that the green colour by day, and the phosphorescent appearance by night were occasioned by the same substance.—The causes of this luminous appearance of the sea are doubtless various in different parts of the ocean. We know that fish, when dead, afford a similar light, and experiments have shown that dead fish immersed in sea water, after a time, afford it also. The spawn of fishes is said to afford it, and putrefaction is considered as a very common cause of this appearance. In the present instance it appeared unequivocally to proceed from innumerable small gelatinous bodies, about the size of a pin's head. These, when taken upon the hand, moved about with great agility for a second or two, when they ceased to be luminous and remained immovable."

Mr. Conant, of New York, has undertaken to collect specimens of Indian poetry and eloquence. In consequence of his application to the War Department, the Indian agents and superintendants of schools among the aborigines were directed to collect and transmit to him, whatever they could find of such materials. The secretary of war justly remarks that much difficulty will arise from the ignorance of the interpreters, who are generally illiterate and not qualified to preserve the figurative language of the Indians. He observes that—"The language of metaphor is the language of man in his uncultivated state; and his mountains, and rivers, and forests, and, to his eye, the earth and the sky, with their earthquakes, and their lightnings, are all full of mystery, which create a darkness well fitted for the workings of the imagination, and fertile in wonders. Much sublimity, no doubt, is lost, for the want of proper channels for its passage to us; and with every wish that it could be preserved, yet I confess I have my doubts as to our being able to realize an object so desirable."

From the conclusion of this letter we learn that a gallery of portraits is to be formed at Washington which will be gazed at with interest in future times when the tawny children of the forest shall have disappeared from the face of the earth. The chiefs of the principal tribes are selected for this purpose, and their likenesses are taken by a first rate artist, who is careful to preserve the native costume.

A translation of *Æsop's Fables* was published in London; many years ago, the title-page of which runs thus: "The Fables of *Esop* in English, with all his life and fortune; and how he was subtyll, wyse, and born in Greece, not far from Troy the great, in a town named Amonio: how he was of all

other men most difformed and evil-shapen: for he had a great head, a large visage, long jawes, sharp eyen, a short neck, crok-backed, great belly, great legs, large feete, and yet that which was worse, he was dombe, and could not speake; but, notwithstanding this, he had a singular wit, and was greatly ingenious and subtyll in cavillations, and pleasaunt in woordes after he came to his speache. Whereunto is added the fables of Avian, as also the fables of Poge, the Florentyne, very pleasaunte to read."



### FLAT ROCK DAM,

[with an engraving.]

[We are indebted to the writer of the following communication, for the beautiful sketch which is prefixed to this number—Of the Schuylkill Navigation some account was given in our eighteenth volume. Since that time the whole has been completed as far as Mount Carbon and excellent packet boats for passengers are passing daily from Philadelphia to Reading.]

#### Mr. OLDSCHOOL:

The sketch which I send you is intended as a representation of a dam across the Schuylkill about eight miles from this city, erected by the Schuylkill Navigation Company. In amusing myself in the delineation of this scene I had no thought of any thing further than the mere exercise of my pencil, but I find that I have cheated myself into a little knowledge of engineering. Seeing no mill attached to this dam, I very naturally inquired into the purpose for which it was erected. It appears that the company who have undertaken to effect a water communication between Philadelphia and the regions about the source of the river, prefer the plan of damming the river at sundry places, and thus forming it into a succession of pools, to the more expensive contrivance of canals. It is stated that a horse can tow a boat in one of these pools with greater ease than in a canal, owing, no doubt, to the greater depth of water.

A canal leads from this dam along the eastern side of the river, which supplies several extensive cotton factories with water power. It is, indeed, the establishment of these factories, that has given rise to the town of Manyunk, on a spot to which, a few years ago the rambler was invited by its singularly wild and romantic beauties.

V.

For the Port Folio.

## ABSTRACT OF PUBLIC OCCURRENCES.

June, 1826.

**Maine.**—Mr. Flagg, of Gardiner, has made a family mill, at which a man can grind, with a crank, two bushels of grain an hour. The mill is of the size of a common table, and costs 5 dollars.

**New Hampshire.**—An heroic action was performed by a boy near the Great Falls Factory, in the neighbourhood of Dover. James Cowen, of 8 years of age, seeing an older and larger companion drowning in very deep water, plunged in, stripping off his upper clothes as he ran, dived twice for him, and finally brought him to the shore, almost exhausted, and both boys nearly sunk together during the struggle.

A profit of \$13,000 has been derived from the New Hampshire state prison, within the last year. The prisoners it is believed are employed in getting out stone and preparing it for market.

**Massachusetts.**—The commissioners to run the line between N. H. and Massachusetts have reported, that the line run in 1741, by Mitchell and Hazen, declines 3 degrees 22 seconds from a due west line, so as to deviate 942 poles where it strikes the Connecticut river. Some error is thought to exist, and the commissioners appointed on the part of the two states cannot agree. Those from Massachusetts have not reported. —The cut stone sold by the state prison last year brought \$15,000; other articles a small amount; profit more than \$5,800. —The literary fund of this state amounts to \$31,000, which is recommended to be appropriated to the assistance of Dartmouth college.

—A flock of 376 imported Saxony sheep (a purer breed of Merinos) was lately sold at Brighton, near Boston: the highest price \$210; the average about 60. A parcel of

South Downs and Lincolnshire, selected from the best flocks in England, were sold at the same time; but at very indifferent prices; the 6 Lincolnshire from 20 to 28 dollars; the 7 S. Downs from 11 to 37. A specimen of wool from one of the L. breed was shown, 6 inches long and very fine. —Seventeen years ago the whole population of the village of Lechmore Point consisted of one old bachelor and 2 old maids: now there are 396 children in the village. —The aggregate of pupils in the schools of Boston is 10,436, of which 7,044 are in the public, and 3,392 in private schools. The annual expense is \$152,722; of which individuals pay 97,305, and the city \$55,417. The number of schools is 215. —A new Athenæum is about to be built in Boston. The amount received by the treasurer from individual subscribers, within six months, is \$14,000. The building is to cost \$10,000; the same sum will be laid out in books, and the residue will be invested, with \$14,000 present money, among the permanent funds of the institution. —A committee has been appointed in the legislature to consider the propriety of establishing a state lottery, to prevent the drain of money from the state. The subject is referred to the next session. On Mr. Sprague's motion that committee was also instructed to consider the expediency of authorising the sale of tickets in the Jefferson lottery authorised by Virginia. —The rocking stone, in Savoy, is a great curiosity. It is of granite and venerable with the mosses and lichens common in that section of the country. It is believed to weigh ten or twelve tons, and still may be moved with ease, so as to describe an arc of about five inches, by the hands and shoulder, or

JULY, 1826.—NO. 285.

11

by standing on its summit and leaning the weight of the body on one foot and the other alternately. Some time since, when the ground around it was first cleared, it was sensibly moved by the wind, which very probably may be the case at the present time. It is so curiously placed, that the noise it makes in moving is scarcely noticed. The rock on which it lies is a coarse-grained granite curiously contorted, and apparently stratified. The rocking stone lies on the summit of this ledge and appears to touch it in three points, nearly in a right line across the strata.—There are seven men still living at Barnstable who were in actual service in the war of '76, fifty years ago.—The senate has adopted a resolution granting permission to the Washington Monument Association to place the statue of Washington in the Doric Hall of the state house.—The late John M'Lean bestowed upon the Mass. general hospital \$95,871 66, which has been already received, and 25,000 dollars more after the death of his widow. In commemoration of this liberality, the trustees have conferred on the hospital for the insane of Charlestown, the name of "*the M'Lean Asylum*."—The creditors of the late Wm. Miller, near Boston, some time ago agreed to receive half their claims and grant full discharges. Although some years have elapsed, his widow the other day discharged the other half.—A new route has been surveyed for a part of the road between Boston and Hartford, by which it appears that a large tract of hilly country may be avoided, and the travelling much facilitated, as not more than one mile will have a greater acclivity than three degrees.—The U. States maintain 24 light-houses on the coast of Massachusetts; more than are to be found on any coast of the same extent in any other part of the world. A committee of the senate have reported that the number embarrasses navigation instead of facilitating it,

on account of the difficulty of discrimination.—525 patients were received into the Massachusetts general hospital last year, of whom 372 were cured, 30 died; 70 surgical operations in the year. Many improvements have been made; expense \$9942 10. In the asylum for the insane, 113 have been received, of whom 19 have recovered, 15 improved; expense \$5,390. As persons are refused every week for want of room, a large addition is to be built to the institution at a cost of 30,000 dollars.—The property of the city of Boston, in notes and bonds, is 326,214 dollars. The estimate of disposable property purchased by the city, since its charter, is 160,000 dollars. The total debt which the city owes, which is funded, amounts to 889,775 dollars. The amount of sales, formerly the property of the town, \$199,448.

*Rhode Island* — A noble elephant was shot on the 25th ult. passing through Chepachet, Gloucester, by six malicious persons. They have since been apprehended, confessed their villainy, declaring that they were impelled by a curiosity to see how an elephant would die. He was estimated to be worth from 10 to 12 thousand dollars. They have been ordered to enter into a recognizance in the sum of \$500 each. The reader will recollect what a military and scientific array was collected lately in London for the purpose of executing an elephant. This is the second animal of the sort, which has been assassinated in the eastern states.—There are 43 banks in this state, whose stock paid in is \$5,570,829.—A lace school has been established at Newport: the teacher acquired the art in Paris: after a few weeks practice under her care, each pupil may earn 2 or 3 dollars per week. The institution is highly recommended by the care with which it is conducted, and the help it may lend to every poor female to support herself.

*Connecticut*.—Petitions have been

presented with more than a thousand signatures for the repeal of the remnant of the old Blue Laws, which forbids theatrical amusements, &c. &c. But from the active exertions of those opposed to it, it is apprehended that the attempt will be defeated.—A bill has been passed to raise \$15,000 by way of lottery for the purpose of erecting a monument on Groton Heights, where the brave Ledyard and his companions fell in the revolutionary war, beneath the treacherous blows of their own surrendered weapons.

—The present principal of the school fund is 1,749,434 dollars, and the interest due 116,288; the scholars from 4 to 16 about 85,000; there are 208 school societies, and 85 cents is the dividend for schooling each person.—The legislature has passed an act to exempt females from imprisonment for debt.—Topaz, found at Fairfield, proves to be very brilliant, and as handsome as that of Saxony or Brazil.

*New York*—The steamboat *Codorus*, Baltimore, has arrived at Owego and was hailed with enthusiasm: she is of cast iron, draws 8 inches only, but is able to stem the ordinary current of the Susquehanna at the rate of 5 miles an hour, and, by closing the valve, is forced up the rapids by the power of steam alone. She has set out for Chenango Point, and thence would return to Tioga Point, to attempt the ascent of the Chemung to Newtown.—Between 6 and 7000 ship letters were lately received at New York in one afternoon, and mailed or delivered before 9 o'clock in the evening.—From the annual report of the superintendent of common schools, it appears there are 714 towns and wards in the state, of which 700 had made returns in conformity with law; that last year 425,350 children had been taught in the common schools, 22,410 more than the year before: there are 7,973 school districts, 131 new ones formed during the last year, and \$182,790 paid out to them from the

state treasury; that the capital of the common school fund is \$1,319,886, and annual revenue \$81,815 41: the lands belonging to the fund are computed at 858,090 acres, and valued at 409,418.—A law has been lately passed for the police of steamboats; when they meet, they are required to keep to the right; and when going the same way, not to approach nearer than 20 yards; to carry two or more lights at night.

—A fine schooner of about 50 tons is building on Chautauque Lake; to ply between Mayville and Jamestown; at an elevation of more than 700 feet above the level of Lake Erie!—Among the articles of trade floated down the Great Canal were 16 canoes from Lake Ontario, firmly bound together with plank, in 2 strata of 8 each, the whole forming one floating mass, destined for Connecticut via New York.—The Hudson and Delaware Canal employs 2500 men and 200 teams; and more wanted. They expect to complete it this season.

—The proprietors of the Union Line, between Philadelphia and New York, have reduced the fare to two dollars by the steamboat *Emerald*, to and from Philadelphia. A few years ago the fare from New York to Washington City was twenty-four dollars—now, by the steamboats and stages, it is only nine dollars. From the city of New York to Buffalo, a distance of 450 miles, the fare is reduced to twelve dollars.

—A company have recently established, near Waterford, on an extensive scale, a factory for the manufacture of linens. They offer 1000 dollars for the best models of machinery to be used in the manufacture of the raw material, 700 for the second best, 500 for the third; and 250 for the best essay on the different processes by which the cloth is to be perfected. It is said to be the only linen factory in the United States, except perhaps a small one near Patterson, New Jersey.—The loan for 150,000 dollars negotiated on the 14th by the

commissioners of the canal fund, was taken by the Bank for Savings, in the city of New York, at a premium of 6 per cent. on a 5 per cent. stock. The banks in Troy have made the best offer for the deposits of the canal fund, and the commissioners have given it to them. They offered 5 per cent. interest for any sum not exceeding \$100,000, and 3 3-4 for any sum between 1 and 200,000; and 3 per cent for all over 200,000: the calculation of interest to commence in 6 days after the deposits are received.—The value of the merchandize imported into the city of New York in 1825, was \$50,024,473; and the duties on the same 15,752,100 41.—A Utica paper estimates the number of travellers who arrived in that town the last year by the stages alone at 40,000, and from a reference to the record of arrivals the present season, presumes that not less than ninety thousand travellers will pass through Utica in all the current year, being about one-third more than the number in 1825. This great travelling is owing to the interest taken by strangers in the improvements of N. Y., the beautiful scenery of the Niagara, the Hudson, Trenton, Lake George and Champlain; the resort to the springs, and to the cheapness and convenience of travelling, and the excellent accommodations to be had every where. These are said to have been improved since last year.

*New Jersey.*—In the vicinity of New Brunswick, millions of locusts are said to have made their appearance. They are described as "making their way over the already half-devoured vegetable kingdom, stripping off their foliage and verdure alike the stately tree and the tender plant."—During the last 5 years, there have been appointed in 14 counties of this state 215 judges of court of common pleas, and 658 justices of the peace; a pretty large supply for a population of less than 300,000 souls!—The number of students in the Theological Semina-

ry of Princeton is 114: 16 scholarships have been founded at this institution.—The glass works in the city of Jersey gives employment to about 100 persons. The business is here carried on in all its branches, and some of the specimens from this manufactory compare with the finest from any part of the old world. Adjoining is a porcelain manufactory going into operation, with a capital of \$100,000. Here, also, a great number of persons are employed, and the work is done and finished in the best English style. At Harsimus, about a mile off, is a carpet manufactory going on very successfully, with a capital of four hundred thousand dollars. This factory gives business to about 100 hands. The product of the company at present is about 5 bales of 500 yards each, or 2,500 yards per week, which finds a market in preference to foreign grained carpeting, at 90 and 120 cents per yard.

*Pennsylvania*—The speculating mania in Philadelphia begins to develop its effects; this time last year there were 4000 hand looms employed by the cotton weavers; now, not more than 1000.—The Pennsylvania canal navigation is improving; in one week the arrivals at Reading were 44; the same week, on the N. York canal at Buffalo, 49.—In a small settlement in Liberty township, Tioga, there have been extracted this season from the maple trees 36,000lbs. of sugar, besides 1700 gallons of molasses, equal to \$3730 in the space of about six weeks. The sugar is decidedly inferior to the India. the molasses as much superior.—A. Chapman of Wilkesbarre has invented a canal lock upon a new and promising construction. A moveable box is made to rise and fall in the lock by means of water admitted into it through a *Syphon*, and this water is returned again by the *Syphon* into the upper level of the canal. As the box or moveable lock rises in the permanent lock, the boat falls; and as the lock falls, the boat rises. Mr. Chap-

man calls it "*The Syphon Lock*," and there appears to be no doubt in the minds of those who have seen its operation, that a canal provided with such locks would require but little more water than would be sufficient to supply *leakage, soakage, and evaporation*.—The first boat for the Union canal has just been launched at Philadelphia; 30 miles will soon be navigable.—A steamboat is building at Philadelphia, for the navigation of the Lehigh river, one of the tributary streams of the Delaware.—The contractors of that portion of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal which extends from the river Delaware to St. George, expect to make it navigable by the 4th of July: since their contract in October, they have kept employed from 800 to 1000 men average for the whole time. It is now expected that the whole canal will be accomplished for about \$1,350,000. The remaining 8 miles, proposed as a summit level, may be excavated for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and as by this measure the expense of the two locks would be saved, as well as that necessary to raise water, or introduce it from the Elk, say 100,000 dollars, the actual additional cost to make a thorough cut will be but 150,000 dollars, and the whole cost of the thorough cut canal, 1,500,000.—9,627 tons of Lehigh coal were brought to Philadelphia from 9th March to 16th April; more than double the amount last year: it is thought a million bushels will be brought this season from Mauch Chunk. There are now 60 boats regularly engaged in the coal trade.—A report to the legislature states that of 59,128 dollars levied for militia fines for the 4 last years, only 826 dollars have gone into the treasury! and that the state paid out of her treasury for militia purposes, 117,508 dollars; a curious account current, though not to be wondered at when we consider what are the materials of which the militia is composed.—The

Duke of Saxe Weimar has arrived in Philadelphia from his western tour.—The "*Marine List*" of the port of Erie, presents cheering evidence of an active and increasing commerce on the lake, since the navigation has opened.—The governor has appointed to revise the penal code of the state, Charles Shaler of Pittsburg, Th. J. Wharton, and E. King of Philadelphia.—The Pennsylvania canal loan of 300,000 dollars has been obtained from the Philadelphia Bank and the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia, at the rate of \$3 62 1-2 for every \$100 stock. Those terms are unusually favorable to the commonwealth.—The canal commissioners have determined that the canal from Middletown to the mouth of the Juniata should be 46 feet wide, and the locks 17. The route of the canal is yet to be designated.—The Susquehanna and Lehigh canal commissioners are exploring routes for connecting these two rivers. It is ascertained that the Lehigh and Stoddartsville is 142 feet higher than Nescopeck levels, and that consequently the Lehigh can be used as a feeder to the canal.—Horse food is very scarce and dear, owing to the drought. Hay sells at Philadelphia at \$30 per ton, oats weighing about 39lbs. a bushel, 70 to 75 cents; about 28lbs. superfine flour may be bought for about the same price. For the first time in Pennsylvania, flour was used for horse feed, for the sake of economy. Thus, while the manufacturers of Britain are suffering for want of food, the horses of Pennsylvania are feeding on flour.—In the neighbourhood of the borough of York, there are 150 acres of vineyard: in Cumberland county, many on the tops of mountains and in the bottoms of the valleys; one gentleman in Chester has 30 acres in the grape vine. If the silk also succeeds as well as the vine, new sources of profit and relief will be opened to the farmers.—The Bible Society of Philadel-

phia have during their 18th year stereotyped 10,000 English bibles, and distributed 9154 copies in 8 different languages.—Dr. E. Baldwin of Harrisburg, has invented a machine to facilitate the removal of earth in the excavation of canals, by means of a double rail-way, to which he has attached a boat and windlass; the earth, or whatever is to be raised from the bottom of the canal, is placed in the boat, which is carried on the lower rail to a lift whence it is raised to any height that may be desired, to the second rail-way, where it is made to glide to the edge of the canal and unload itself.—The new penitentiary near Bush Hill, Philadelphia, is rapidly advancing; one range of the cells is already completed and another is nearly so.—The tolls collected at the Schuylkill Navigation Company have amounted to \$7000 per month, during the present season.—The average number of persons supported in the alms-house of Lancaster county, for the last year, was 284. The total amount expended for the support of the institution was \$7,614 64.—A man who wilfully kept his wagon in the way of the U. S. stage and retarded its passage, in Lycoming county, was tried in the U. S. district court at Williamsport, on the 3d instant and fined \$10, with the costs of prosecution, &c. The lightness of this fine was declared to be in consequence of the poverty of the culprit.

*Delaware.*—The law which secures the creditors of deceased persons, residing within the state, a preference over those out of the state, has been repealed. *Benefit of Clergy* has also been taken away. It may diminish our surprise that this remnant of an ignorant age should have remained so long, to recollect that a very few years have elapsed since the trial of *wager by battle* has been abolished by the parliament of Great Britain.

*Maryland.*—The allowance of interest made by the U. S. on the mor-

ney borrowed for the defence of the state and of Baltimore, during the late war, will probably produce about \$100,000 to the state and 40,000 to the city. The part of the state is appropriated to the support of common schools.—The quantity of tobacco grown in this state since 1820, inclusive, is as follows: in 1820, 27,157 hogsheads; in 1821, 32,234 hogsheads, in 1822, 27,999 hogsheads; in 1823, 19,956 hogsheads; in 1824, 26,155 hogsheads; estimated crop of 1825, 20,000 hogsheads. It will be seen that the crops have been gradually diminishing. The farmers of this state are converting their land into grass and corn farms.—Three hundred and thirty-five thousand barrels of flour were brought to the Baltimore market during the sixth month, ending on the 1st instant. Of this quantity about seventy-eight thousand barrels came from the Susquehanna country. The amount of whiskey inspected in the same market, during the same time, was upwards of two millions of gallons.

*Dist. of Columbia.*—On the 12th instant judge Cranch delivered a lecture at the city hall of Washington, introductory to his series of law lectures. He gave a succinct history of the common law, and a liberal view of the course of study which ought to be pursued, with incidental notices of the difference between the professional practice of the U. S. where the characters of counsellor, advocate, conveyancer, solicitor and proctor are all united, and that of England where they are distinct, &c.—The N. Intelligencer states that the wings of the capitol cost, from their commencement in 1792, to the 24th August, 1812, including their many alterations, \$788,071; that the centre building has cost 814,000; in all \$1,602,071; that from this sum, the expense of repairing the wings, after the irruption of the enemy in 1814, is of course excluded; and that the appropriation for the present year is \$100,000; that it is pos-

sible further appropriations may be required; that all the disbursements will be made under the eyes of the representatives of the people, and that the expense may be ultimately reimbursed out of the increased value given to the U. S. lots in the city. *Credat!*

*Virginia.*—General Alexander Smyth has opened a law school at Wythe Court House. He intimates that he might qualify a student for a license in six months, and guarantees it in twelve. This gentleman has been commonly called Buffalo Smyth, from a bombastic proclamation which he issued at that place, during the last war, and which came to a most impotent conclusion. He has since distinguished himself by an absurd book about the Bible, the title of which is now forgotten. What may be the general's plan for *qualifying* students in twelve months to practice law, we know not; but we apprehend that after something more than "nine moons wasted" they will find themselves about as fit to apply the maxims of jurisprudence, as their teacher has shown himself to be to expound theology or set a squadron in the field.—The Anderson seminary in Petersburg, established under the will of the late Daniel Anderson who left his worldly all for the purpose of educating the poor, has received during the last year 42 new scholars, and 38 have left the school.—There is now living in Norfolk co. a free colored woman, Sarah Cuffee, who has living 124 descendants. How many she has in all is not known. She is now the mother of 6 children, the grandmother of 54, the great grandmother of 53, the great great grandmother of 11. Total 124. She is thought to be about 90 years old. She is a native of the neighbourhood, and is quite hale and robust.

*North Carolina.*—The annual meeting of the society of Friends in this state determined last fall to manumit all their slaves. Since that time they have been making ar-

rangements to consult and execute the wishes of their slaves as to their future destination. It is ascertained that 120 of them are desirous of going to Hayti, 316 Liberia, and about 100 to Ohio or Indiana—this list embraces all, with the exception of those who are unwilling to leave the connexions that they would leave behind them. Those for Hayti will sail in a few days from Beaufort, in a vessel chartered by the society for that purpose. The others will also be despatched by the society, in the first vessel for Liberia, and in wagons to the north western states. These are exclusive of 64 already sent to Ohio; and 58 despatched by two vessels to the coast of Africa. The same respectable society contributed \$800 to the Colonization Society soon after its establishment.—The university of N. C. at Chapel Hill has appointed Mr. Hantz, now residing near Boston, the professor of modern languages (a chair recently created) and Mr. James Philips, an Englishman residing near N. York, the professor of mathematics.

*South Carolina.*—Some weeks since a negro convicted of arson was conveyed in Charleston to the gallows to be hung; but there was no executioner. The sheriff of Charleston city refused to act; and the head constable, to whom the condemning court had assigned the office, declined it; the prisoner was re-committed; and the legal question now is, what is to become of him?—The tread mill has been introduced into the Charleston work-house, and has had a most powerful effect upon vagrants and evil-doers. According to a paragraph in the Mercury, "the corporal corrections by whipping, &c. in the work house, are reduced two-thirds, since the mill was first used, and so great is the diminution of fees, &c. of the master, in consequence of the few culprits being placed under him, that a new scheme of letting out the house will have to be devised—so great is the terror which bad ser-

vants have for this corrective discipline."

*Georgia.*—Messrs Jenckes and Van Slyke have contracted to cut the canal from the Savannah to the Ogeechee rivers at \$8,000 per mile; to be completed by January, 1828: its length 16 miles. They have contracted to do it for \$21,876 less than the engineer, colonel Clinton, had estimated it. A vast difference!—Mr. Fulton, the engineer of the state, has surveyed the country between St. Lawrence and Augusta, and thinks it unfit for canalling; but deems a rail-road, the rails to be of timber instead of iron, to be perfectly practicable.—Nearly forty thousand bags of Upland cotton have been exported from Savannah, and three thousand tierces of rice, for the season ending the 1st of May, more than for the same period during the last. The coastwise trade has remained about the same.—In consequence of the refusal of the Cherokee council to permit Mr. Fulton, the civil engineer of Georgia, to make the surveys necessary to the contemplated canal or rail-road between Tennessee and Georgia, it is stated in the Georgia Reporter, that governor Troup has directed several companies of cavalry to hold themselves in readiness to march for the protection of the Engineers; and it is understood that the Baldwin Troop will proceed immediately on this service.

*Alabama.*—The small pox has raged to an alarming extent among the Choctaws. They have at length engaged a respectable physician to undertake vaccination and to administer medicines for their relief.—There were entered at Mobile, in the quarter ending 1st April, 6,316 tons from foreign ports; cleared out 7,397. On 1st May, 13,367 bales of cotton were on hand.—The Planters' and Mechanics' Bank of Huntsville lately brought an action against William G. Hill, cashier *et al.* for the recovery of \$26,422 32, which sum it was alleged had been delivered to him, and

which he had failed to pay over. The defendants pleaded that said Hill, while acting as cashier, was robbed of the above sum. The plaintiffs contended that it was no bar to the liability of the defendants; but judge White decided that the cashier was not liable in case of robbery.

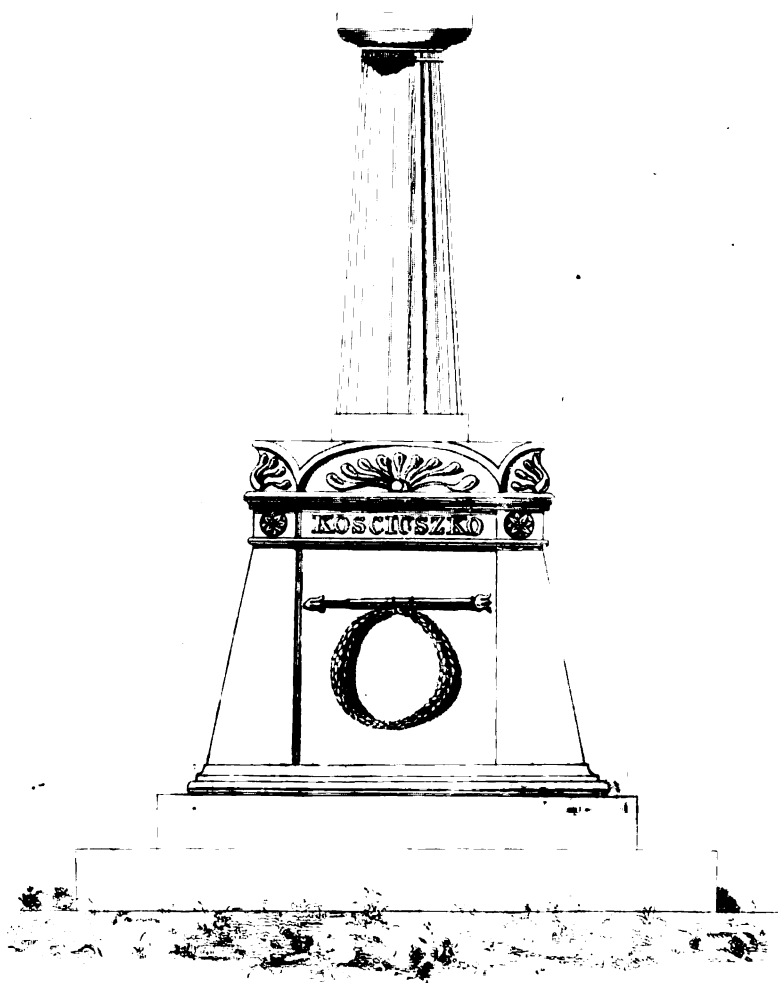
*Louisiana.*—Some date trees, planted in New Orleans about seven years ago, are this season in blossom. This tree grows slowly, and it is said to produce in twelve years from the planting, but will live and bear 300 years. Besides the value of its fruits, mats and baskets are made of the leaves, ropes of the fibres, and the trunk is good for building or fire wood. Its appearance is beautiful, elevating its trunk 30 or 40 feet without branches, the leaves which spring out at the top form a kind of capital to the pillar.

—Lt. Pickerell, of the U. S. army, stationed at the Rigolets, has collected many of the artificial productions of the aborigines, consisting of arrow points, beads, crystals, &c. They were found on the island of Petites Coquilles, bordering on Lake Ponchartrain, where traces of fortifications are yet visible.—

A N Orleans paper says of the cotton crop: The quantity received in our market up to this period already exceeds that of the whole of last season, being upwards of two hundred thousand bales. The quantity now here, sold and unsold, is more than sixty thousand bales.—Mrs. Wilkinson, the widow of general W. is about opening a female academy in New Orleans.

*Mississippi*—The steamboat Caledonia arrived at Natches in three days and eighteen hours from Louisville. But it is calculated she was only in motion seventy hours, in which she travelled twelve hundred miles, being nearly seventeen miles an hour.—The steamboat Caledonia sailed from Natchez for Louisville, May 2, with five hundred passengers.





# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

---

For the Port Folio.

## MONUMENT TO KOSCIUZCO AT WEST POINT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

THIS monument, designed by Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, is situated in Kosciuzco's garden, a beautiful retreat, immediately on the bank of the Hudson river, and surrounded on all sides by a wild and romantic scenery. The approach to this garden is by a small ravine which winds its way through an opening in the rock, that seems to have been formed at a moment when nature was shaken by the agitation of some terrible convulsion. The enormous ledge of rock is cleft asunder, and the parts appear to have retired from each other, as if by the action of some repulsive force, until ceasing to act, it left them in their present position, and so situated, as to constitute a perpendicular wall of solid granite on each side of the ravine. Through this opening, the ravine is descended by a flight of large massive steps of mountain granite, which were made by Kosciuzco himself, and by the side of which, a crystal streamlet rolls gently down the declivity, passes through one side of the garden, and falling, in a small but beautiful cascade over the edge of the precipice, it mingles its waters with those of the Hudson, which wash in their passage, the base of the rock. From the foot of the steps, the garden stretches out in a fine plateau, about two hundred feet above the surface of the water, commanding a full and delightful view of the river and the opposite shore. It was to this place, that the brave and gallant soldier, whose name it bears, used frequently to retire from the busy tumult of the camp, that he might peruse without interruption, the

AUGUST, 1826.—NO. 286.—12

profound and difficult studies of his noble profession; and here too, perhaps, in yielding at times to the influence of that brave, generous, and exalted spirit which animated him through life, he would sigh over the miseries of his own unhappy country, and deplore the destiny that had enslaved her. Here are still to be seen some remains of the shrubbery which he planted and cultivated with his own hands; and the natural seat which he was wont to occupy, is still pointed out to the passing stranger; and it is here that the corps of cadets have testified their admiration for his valour, and their respect for his virtues.

---

For the Port Folio.

### BALCH'S DISCOURSES.

*Christianity and Literature; in a series of discourses, by T. B. Balch, pastor of a presbyterian church in Snowhill, Md. pp. 233, 12mo. Philadelphia. E. Littell. 1826.*

THE title of this book is defective in not conveying some idea of its object. It is a fervent appeal to literary men to devote their talents to higher purposes than fame or temporal enjoyments. The temptations which are supposed to beset this class of persons, are dwelt upon with great earnestness; more we think than the subject warrants, since we are not inclined to believe, that literature is more likely to lead men astray than any other occupation. If a new novel can detain a reader from public worship on the sabbath, a good violin will be equally attractive to the amateur. Painting is as fascinating a syren as poetry. By "elegant literature," the writer means "all that literature which addresses itself to a delicate imagination and a cultivated taste." We ought to consider it then, as a powerful ally in that cause which is pure and sublime, and which will not have a votary whose heart is not totally devoid of every thing debasing and corrupt.

It is to be regretted that the author has not informed us precisely what he means by the term literature. The definition just quoted is vague and uncertain. When he boasts, with no less truth than eloquence, p. 81, of what the gospel has done in travelling through all the nations of the earth, enlightening the minds of men, he should have recollected that this has been achieved by means of a book, which com-

bines in itself every species of elegant literature. From solid argument to soothing poetry, from instructive history to the most captivating biography, with metaphors, apologues, narrative,—every thing in short, that addresses itself to the most “delicate imagination and cultivated taste,” may be found in the Holy Scriptures.

“If literature cannot satisfy the heart,” says the author, “neither can it provide against the uncertainties of life.” Neither can wealth, nor industry, nor usefulness to our country, nor even religion. What though Tasso did not live to wear the crown, he lived to earn it, and to enjoy the highest satisfaction in literary pursuits. “When about to reach the object of their hopes, how many have fallen in the unequal contest with death. Let the names of Chatterton, Clifton, Kirke White, Spenser, Larned, Ross, Durant, Summerfield, Eastburn, and Elizabeth Smith, bear a mournful testimony. In this list Miss Smith is the only name of any importance in the history of literature. Spenser, Larned, Summerfield, and Eastburn, were ministers of the gospel, who died young, but not before they had become distinguished in their profession. We find then that preachers have no better chance for a long life than poets. Of Ross and Durant we never heard before. Poor Kirke White solaced himself in the pursuits of literature during the pangs of disease; and death found him willing to die, although literature had extended an inviting hand to him. Clifton died very early in life, but he would not have lived longer, we apprehend, if he had never seen a book. Are we not to cultivate letters because man is mortal? Why should Mr. Balch “ponder” upon the fate of Mr. Larned? Spiritually considered, his fate is to be envied, if he practised with sincerity those truths which he enforced with so much earnestness and eloquence. In his temporal concerns, he had been very successful, and our author says “he fills a pre-eminence above all Roman fame.” He was deeply imbued with literature. If he had not been so qualified, he would not, perhaps, have been so popular a preacher. Mr. Balch appears to be familiar with the best polite literature, so far as even to have been exorcised into the circle of a novel by the spell of the *Great Known*, and we have no apprehension that the good presbyterians of Snowhill are any the worse for it. Of those who were first called to go forth and preach the gospel, Paul was the only one who was not vulgar and illiterate. He was a polished gentleman, and an accurate scholar in various tongues. He was a literary man; and those who were associated with him, were

miraculously gifted in like manner by the influence of the same spirit that summoned him into the service of the gospel. So, in our own times, the most eminent preachers are those who have most successfully cultivated polite literature. That Mr. Balch himself has been no heedless wanderer in the fragrant paths of literature, these discourses afford ample testimony. We select a few examples of his style.

"We are sometimes asked the question, what has the gospel done? . . . . . The gospel has gone round the nations, surveying their systems of religion, and pronouncing them to be nothing but a strong delusion to believe a lie. It has entered into no compromise. It has overturned the carved image, or the hideous temple with its gods of wood or its gods of gold. It has sent the priests of cruelty, revered in a superstitious age, to be its hewers of wood and drawers of water. It has dotted whole continents and islands with churches. It has stretched a line of brilliant and beautiful sabbaths along six thousand years, and on those sabbaths it has commanded busy millions to pause and draw down to earth the foretaste of a better country. Into that better country it has gathered millions, rejoicing in the name of Jesus, who have died unknown to song, but whose humble virtues adorn the city, the obscurity of the wilderness, the glade of the forest, or the glen of the mountain. Its prevalency has not been universal; but why? because it has had to do, [*a vile phrase,*] not with a race who have [*which has*] loved it, but a race that have repelled it; not a race whom it has flattered, but a race whom it has contemned; not a race who have eagerly drank its lessons, but one by whom these lessons have been rejected." p. 180, 181.

In the justness of the following remarks on Sir Walter Scott, every reader will concur who entertains a proper respect for serious matters.

"It may be proper here to notice the diversified labours in this department, of a distinguished writer of fiction, whose works have been read by young and old. We believe that these productions have done some good, but the good will not counterbalance the evil. Let us, however, do justice to his merits as a writer. Scarcely ever were such graphic powers given to man, either for the face of external nature, or for the display of human character and passions. If he select the abode of a Scottish peasant, we forget for a while the comforts of a palace; or if he select a palace, it throws the hamlet into obscurity; or a castle or tower in ruins, the eye is immediately opened on the relics of decayed magnificence. The days of chivalry are revived. The wars of contending clans, led by enterprising chieftains, or the wars of nations on a larger scale, are placed before us with equal ease. He plants the banner of insurrection on the mountain or in the valley, and the clift or the glen pours forth its intrepid defenders. Familiar alike with the courts of princes, the legendary history of baronial manors, or human nature in its humblest forms, he expatiates far and wide, the world the inheritance of his genius, and Scotland its endeared home.—But we have objections to urge against these productions. The irreverent use of the name of God so often made, and that irreverence committed to the press, and perpetuated to remote generations, lies like an awful blemish in the midst of his most striking sentiments. Suppose in each landscape drawn by this writer, there was a

visible defect; some object kept away necessary to its perfection. Such a line of blemishes would seriously abate our intellectual pleasure. But there is a more serious abatement of moral pleasure in the mind of every pious reader, at every occurrence of a broad and shocking defect in his moral landscapes."

"We further object to the unhallowed use which is so often made of the Holy Scriptures, attempting to render ridiculous some of their sublimest passages and finest events, putting them into the lips of tumultuous men, as if the Bible were a mere text book on which the licentious might draw to sanction their deeds." p. 38, 39.

A number of blemishes in the style of these discourses struck us, of which a few may be indicated. Thus, the author, in speaking of poets, says, you may take them in their serene and thoughtful moods, *say* at the hour of evening, &c. p. 13. Man, we are told, p. 17, has numberless duties to the strict *and faithful* performance of which he is *obligated*. Here, there is both tautology and bad English. Nor is subordinates, pp. 34, 193, or *subordinating*, p. 97, any better. To *point the man* who is drowning, to *some landscape*, p. 27, seems like reversing the order of things.

---

For the Port Folio.

## EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

JAMES, duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles I, is represented by the historians as possessed of all the qualities which attract the affections of the populace: high valour, affable manners, thoughtless generosity, and a graceful person. Seduced by the allurements of popularity and the intrigues of faction, he engaged in enterprises beyond his capacity. Not long after the accession of James II to the British throne, this ill-fated nobleman was prevailed upon to raise the standard of rebellion. This rash undertaking was speedily defeated and its leader condemned to the scaffold.

The following particulars, relating to this last scene in the life of the duke, are taken from a very scarce pamphlet, printed at the time, by authority, and here given *verbatim*.

"The late duke of Monmouth came from the Tower to the scaffold, attended by the bishop of Ely, the bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Tennison, and Dr. Hooper, which four the king was graciously pleased to send him, as assistants, to prepare him for death; and the late duke himself intreated all four of them to accompany him to the place of execution, and

to continue with him to the last. The two bishops, going in the lieutenant's coach with him to the bars, made seasonable and devout applications to him all the way, and one of them desired him not to be surprised if they, to the very last, upon the scaffold, renewed those exhortations to a *particular repentance*, which they had so often repeated.

"At his first coming upon the scaffold, he looked for the executioner, and, seeing him, said, 'Is this the man to do the business? Do your work well.'

"Then the late duke of Monmouth began to speak, some one or other of the assistants applying themselves to him.

"MONMOUTH.—I shall say but very little: I come to die: I die a protestant, of the Church of England.

ASSISTANTS.—My lord, if you be of the Church of England you must acknowledge the doctrine of *non-resistance* to be true.

"M.—If I acknowledge the doctrine of the Church of England, in general, that includes all.

A.—Sir, it is fit to own that doctrine, particularly with respect to your case.

[Here he was much urged about the doctrine of non-resistance, but he repeated, in effect, his first answer.

Then he began, as if he was about to make a premeditated speech, in this manner:]

M.—I have had a scandal raised upon me about a woman, a lady of honour and virtue. I will name her—the lady *Harriet Wentworth*. I declare that she is a very virtuous and godly woman. I have committed no sin with her; and that which hath passed betwixt us was very honest and innocent in the sight of God.

"A.—In your opinion, perhaps, Sir, as you have been often told (i. e. in the Tower,) but this is not fit discourse in this place.

"MR. SHERIFF GOSTLIN.—Sir, were you ever married to her?

"M.—This is not a time to answer that question.

"MR. SHERIFF GOSTLIN.—Sir, I hoped to have heard of your repentance for the treason and bloodshed which have been committed.

"M.—I die very penitent.

"A.—My lord, it is fit to be very *particular*; and considering the *public* evil you have done, you ought to do as much good now as possibly you can, by a public acknowledgment.

" M.—What I have thought fit to say of *public* affairs, is in a paper which I have signed. I refer to my paper.

" A.—My lord, there is nothing in that paper about *re-sistance*; and you ought to be *particular* in your repentance, and to have it well grounded. God give you *true* repentance.

" M.—I die very penitent, and die with great cheerfulness, for I know that I shall go to God.

" A.—My lord, you must go to God in his own way; Sir, be sure you be truly penitent, and ask forgiveness of God for the many you have wronged.

" M.—I am sorry for every one I have wronged: I forgive every body: I have had many enemies: I forgive them all.

" A.—Sir, your acknowledgment ought to be *public* and *particular*.

" M.—I am to die: pray, my lord—I refer to my paper.

" A.—There are but a few words that we desire: we only desire an answer to this point.

" M.—I can bless God that he hath given me so much grace, that for these two years last past I have led a life unlike to my former course, and in which I have been happy.

" A.—Sir, was there no ill in these two years? In these years these great evils have happened; and the giving *public* satisfaction is a necessary part of repentance: be pleased to own a detestation of your REBELLION.

" M.—I beg, your lordship, that you will stick to my paper.

" A.—My lord, as I said before, there is nothing in your paper about the doctrine of *non-resistance*.

" M.—I repent of all things that a true Christian ought to repent of. I am to die. Pray, my lord.

" A.—Then, my lord, we can only recommend you to the mercy of God; but we cannot pray with that cheerfulness and encouragement, as we should if you had made a *particular* acknowledgment.

" M.—God be praised! I have encouragement enough in myself: I die with a clear conscience. I have wronged no man.

" A.—How, Sir, no man! Have you not been guilty of *invasion*, and of much *blood*, which has been shed; and it may be the loss of *many souls*, who followed you? You must needs have wronged a great many.

" M.—I *do*, Sir, own *that*, and am sorry for it.

" A.—Give it the true name, Sir, and call it *rebellion*.

" M.—What name you please, Sir. I am sorry for *invading* the kingdom; for the blood that has been shed; and for

the souls that may have been lost by my means. I am sorry it ever happened. (*This he spoke softly*)

"MR. SHERIFF VANDEPUT.—(*To some that stood at a distance*)—He says that he is very sorry for invading the kingdom.

"A.—We have nothing to add, but to renew the frequent exhortations we have made to you, to give some satisfaction for the *public* injuries to the kingdom. There have been a great many lives lost by this *resistance* to your **LAWFUL PRINCE**.

"M.—What I have done has been very ill, and I wish with all my heart it had never been. I never was a man that delighted in blood. I was very far from it: I was cautious in that as any man was. The **ALMIGHTY** knows how I now die, with all the joyfulness in the world.

"A.—God grant you may, Sir! God give you *true repentance*!

"M.—If I had not *true* repentance, I should not so easily have been without the fear of dying. I shall die like a lamb.

"A.—Much may come from natural courage.

"M.—I do not attribute it to my own nature, for I am fearful as other men are; but I have now no fear, as you may see by my face; but there is something within me that does it; for I am sure I shall go to God.

"A.—My lord, be sure upon good grounds. Do you repent you of all your sins, *known or unknown, confessed or not confessed*—of all the sins which might have proceeded from *error* in judgment?

"M.—In general for all, I do with all my heart.

"A.—**ALMIGHTY** God, of his infinite mercy, forgive you! Here are great numbers of spectators: here are the *sheriffs*; they represent the *great city*; and in speaking to them you speak to the whole city. Make some satisfaction by owning your crime before them. (*He was silent here.*)

[Then all went to solemn commendatory prayer, which continued for a good space; the late duke of Monmouth and the company kneeling and joining in them with great fervency.

Prayers being ended, before he, and the four who assisted him, were risen from their knees, he was again earnestly exhorted to a *true* and *thorough* repentance.

After they were risen up, he was exhorted to pray for the king; and was asked whether he did not desire to send some dutiful message to *his* MAJESTY, and to recommend his wife and children to his majesty's favour.]

"M.—What harm have they done? Do it if you please. I pray for him and for all men.

(Then the versicles were repeated.)

"A.—O Lord, show thy mercy upon us!

"M.—(He made the response.) And grant us thy salvation.

"A.—(It followed) O Lord, save the king!

"M.—And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee!

"A.—Sir, do you not pray for the KING with us? (*The versicles were again repeated.*) O Lord, save the king!

"M.—(After some pause he answered) *Amen!*

[He then spoke to the executioner concerning his undressing, &c., and he would have no cap, &c., and at the beginning of his undressing it was said to him on this manner:]]

"A.—My lord, you have been bred a soldier: you will do a generous, a christian thing, if you please to go to the rail, and speak to the soldiers, and say that here you stand, a sad example of rebellion, and intreat them and the people to be loyal and obedient to the king.

"M.—I have said I will make *no speeches*. I will make no speeches: *I come to die.*

"A.—My lord, ten words will be enough.

"M.—(Then calling his servant and giving him something like a toothpick-case,) Here, said he, give this to the person to whom you are to deliver the other things.

"M.—(*To the executioner*) Here are six guineas for you: pray do your business well: do not serve me as you did my lord Russell. I have heard you struck him three or four times. Here, (to his servant,) take these remaining guineas, and give them to him, *if he does his work well.*

"EXECUTIONER.—I hope I shall.

"M.—If you strike me twice I cannot promise you not to stir.

[During his undressing and standing towards the block, there were used by those who assisted him divers ejaculations proper at that time, and much of the 51st psalm was repeated, and particularly "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God," &c.]

"Then he lay down, and soon after raised himself upon his elbow, and said to the executioner, 'Prithee, let me feel the axe:' (he felt the edge and said,) 'I fear it is not sharp enough.'

"EXECUTIONER.—It is sharp enough and heavy enough.

"Then he lay down again.

"During this space many pious ejaculations were used by those who assisted him, with great fervency: *ex. gr.* GOD accept your repentance! GOD accept your repentance! My AUGUST, 1826,—NO. 286.—13

lord, God accept your GENERAL repentance! GOD ALMIGHTY show his OMNIPOTENT mercy upon you! FATHER, into thy hands we commend his spirit, and LORD JESUS receive his soul!

“ Then the executioner proceeded to his office, but under such distraction of mind that he fell into the very error which the duke had so earnestly cautioned; wounding him at first so slightly, that he lifted up his head and looked him in the face; as if to upbraid him, for making his death painful; but said nothing. He then prostrated himself again, and received two other ineffectual blows; upon which the executioner threw down his axe, in a fit of horror, crying out, *he could not finish his work*; but on being brought to himself by the threats of the sheriffs, took up the fatal weapon again, and, at two other strokes, made a shift to separate the head from the body.”—*Review of the Reigns of Charles and James*, p. 885.

“ This is a true account.      Witness our hands  
    FRANCIS, Ely,  
    THOMAS, Bath and Wells,  
    THOMAS TENNISON,  
    GEORGE HOOPER,  
    WILLIAM GOSTLIN, } Shffs.  
    PETER VANDEPUT, }

“ A copy of the paper to which the late duke of Monmouth referred himself, in the discourses held upon the scaffold:

‘ I declare that the title of King was forced upon me; and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world, I do declare, that the late king told me he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope that the king, who now is, will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this fifteenth day of July, 1685.

‘ MONMOUTH.’

“ Declared by himself, and signed in the presence of us,  
    FRANCIS, Ely,  
    THOMAS, Bath and Wells,  
    THOMAS TENNISON,  
    GEORGE HOOPER.”

## For the Port Folio.

*Gaston de Blondville, or the court of Henry III, keeping festival in Ardenne, a romance. St. Alban's Abbey, a metrical tale, with some poetical pieces; by Anne Radcliffe, author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Romance of the Forest," &c. To which is prefixed a memoir of the author, with extracts from her journals, 4 vols. post 8vo. London, 1826. Colburn. Philadelphia, reprinted. 2 vols. 12 mo. 1826. Carey & Lea.*

The memoir prefixed to these volumes, presents a very pleasing picture of the life of the amiable author. Although her romances placed her immediately after their publication, upon a high pinnacle of fame, she shrunk from "the bright and breathing world," and lived in unbroken retirement, devoted to her husband and her domestic duties.

She was born in July 1764, and at a very early period evinced those powers of observation, for which she was subsequently so highly distinguished. In her twenty-third year she married Mr. William Radcliffe, a gentleman who was bred to the bar, but had abandoned the profession for the occupation of an editor. Her first work, "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," was published in 1789, the "Sicilian Romance," followed in 1790; the "Romance of the Forest," in 1791; the "Mysteries of Udolpho," in 1794; and the "Italian," in 1797.

"It is pleasing," as the author of this Memoir remarks, "to trace the development of her resources and her gradual acquisition of mastery over them in these productions. The first, with a goodly number of old towers, dungeon-keeps, subterraneous passages, and hair-breadth 'scapes, has little of reality or life; as if the author had caught a glimpse of the regions of romance from afar, and formed a sort of dreamy acquaintance with its recesses and glooms. In her next work, the "Sicilian Romance," she seems to obtain a bird's-eye view of all the surface of that delightful region. She places its winding vales, and delicious bowers, and summer seas before the eye of the mind, but is as yet unable to introduce the reader individually into the midst of the scene, to surround him with its luxurious air, and compel him to shudder at its terrors. In the "Romance of the Forest," she approaches and takes up her very residence in the pleasant borders of the enchanted land; the sphere she chooses is small, and the persons limited; but here she exercises clear dominion, and realizes every thing to the fancy. The "Mysteries of Udolpho" is the work of one who has entered and possessed a mighty portion of that enchanted land; who is familiar with its massive towers and sullen glooms; and who presents its objects of beauty or horror through a certain haze, which sometimes magnifies and sometimes veils their true proportions. In the "Italian" she oc-

cupies a less space; but, shining in golden light, her figures have the distinctness of terrible pictures; and her scenes, though, perhaps, less astounding in the aggregate, are singly more thrilling and vivid."

From her writings she derived profit as well as fame, and her funds were increased by the death of some relatives.— Instead of lavishing her time and money on the heartless amusements of general society, "she sought the comforts of residing in airy and pleasant situations, of unbroken leisure and frequent travelling." Fortunately the inclinations of her husband were in accordance with her disposition, and they seem to have passed their days very pleasantly. Once or twice a year they took a journey through some beautiful part of England. They restricted themselves to no particular course or time, but went forward as whim or taste directed. Mrs. Radcliffe made very copious notes of these little excursions, from which the editor has given us some interesting extracts. They show much accuracy of observation and ample powers of description.

In February, 1823, in the 59th year of her age, this highly gifted woman died. The editor, in recording this event, takes occasion to deny the tale which has been circulated several years, that this lady had fallen a prey to her own terrors. So far from suffering any mental desolation, we learn from her physician that she enjoyed at all times a remarkably cheerful state of mind; and the editor informs us, that on her husband's return home in the evening, she often laughingly presented to him chapters which he could not read alone without shuddering.

This posthumous romance will not add to her reputation, and we think its suppression, during her life, affords a proof of her judgment, rather than of that apprehensiveness and delicacy which made her shrink from the honours of authorship. On this trait in her character the writer of the Memoir dwells with a feeling and taste which win the reader at once to him and to his subject. Wounded as this lady's feelings were by the report of her mental alienation, would she not have availed herself of this manuscript to show that she could still weave the witching spells of fancy, if it had not been condemned to remain in her own closet? We believe that her husband was governed by the purest motives in giving it to the public; yet we cannot but regret that Gaston de Blondenville must hereafter be mingled with our recollections of "the mighty magician of the Mysteries of Udolpho."

The scene of this tale, of which we are now to give some account, is laid at Kenilworth, in the forest of Ardenne, in

the beginning of the thirteenth century. Prefixed to the work is a long and rather tedious introduction, in which two travellers of the present day are represented as visiting the castle, where they meet with an old man, from whom they purchase an ancient illuminated manuscript, "changed out to the Norman tongue," &c. This is found to contain the tale of *Gaston de Blondenville*. This threadbare story has long ceased to deceive any body, and authors are so far from dreaming that the invention will have that effect, that they place their own names in the title-page.

We object also to the antiquated style which Mrs. Radcliffe has adopted. It gives an awkwardness and artificial air to the narrative, which we do not forget in the most interesting and complicated scenes. We have before our eyes, not the fair enchanter, throwing herself into the midst of her own spells, but the practised author, painfully labouring to clothe her brilliant imaginings in the language of "*Grymbald, monk of Sentz Marie Priori*," in the XIIIth century. So careful has the author been to preserve the appearance of antiquity, for her performance, that there is prefixed to each chapter a description of the drawing with which the original manuscript is supposed to have been embellished. This description is, in fact, a sort of shadowing forth of the contents of the section, and serves no other purpose than that of foretelling the reader's curiosity.

The tale opens with an elaborate account of the arrival of King Henry III, with all his court, at the castle of Kenilworth. The initial sentences may be cited as fine instances of the perspicuity and fulness of Mrs. Radcliffe's style:

"It was at the feast of St. Michel, that King Henry, the third of his name, with his queen and a multitude of the nobles of the realm, and a marvellous train of estates and gentils, came to keep court in Ardenne, at his castle of Kenilworth. The day was drawing to an end ere they arrived: and it was a goodly sight to see this noble company coming over the forest, till then so lonesome; and the last light of this day's sun glittering upon the helmets and lances of the king's guard; likewise on the gorgeous apparelling of their horses and trumpets, with their banners unrolled, that went before his grace; also on the litters of the queen, covered with cloth of gold and with tapestry of rich colours, brought from her own land beyond the sea."—p. 119.

Conspicuous in this train is seen *Gaston de Blondenville*, a young Provençal, who has recently been promoted by the king, on account of some daring achievements, to be a knight of the royal household. We need not stop to describe this splendid pageantry, which, no doubt, is vastly creditable to

the antiquarian lore of the author, but which would be almost unintelligible to our readers. The order of the procession is interrupted, by a person, who rushes through the crowd, into the presence of the king, and demands justice on the young favourite, Gaston de Blondville, whom he accuses of robbery and murder. This is the spring upon which all the interest of the tale depends, and the circumstances are well fitted to excite and to sustain curiosity. The accuser is nameless and unknown, the accused is a new favourite with his king, recently elevated to rank for his gallant prowess in the field; the crime is of the deepest hue, and the appeal is made in the first instance to the highest tribunal—to the king himself—in the presence of all the great dignitaries of the realm. When the stranger made his charge, he was overcome by the violence of his emotions, and fell down in strong convulsions. The king ordered that he should be taken care of, and the procession moved on. When he was examined, on the following day, he stated that his name was Woodreeve; that three years before, travelling in company with three others, they were attacked and robbed, in the neighbourhood of Kenilworth, by persons in disguise. In the struggle a kinsman of his was slain by de Blondville, of whose face he caught a glance when his vizor accidentally fell off. The poor merchant, as he is called in the story, is unable to adduce any evidence even that a robbery was actually committed. Two of his companions were dead; the third was in a foreign country; and the prior of the neighbouring convent, who, at his instance, had given burial to his kinsman, was no more. A monk, too, with whom he had consulted on the matter, died on the very evening preceding this examination. The merchant is then committed as a false accuser. But there were some in the court on whom his earnestness had made a strong impression, and the king himself seems to have had some misgivings, which the behaviour of his favourite was not well fitted to dispel. In the midst of his marriage ceremonials, which were solemnized—immediately—to show how little the king regarded the accusation, the new baron wore a sadness on his brow, though his steps in the dance were light and gay. In her former works, Mrs. Radcliffe had only insinuated supernatural agency, which being afterwards explained by natural circumstances, showed her skill in interweaving the miraculous with the probable.—Here, however, she rejects this wand, which she bore with such potency, and introduces a veritable ghost, who plays his part to great admiration. His first appearance

is at the moment when Gaston receives the hand of his bride from the king:

"—as he rose up, Gaston's countenance showed not joy or love.—It showed consternation. His eyes had glanced on the tomb of Geoffrey de Clinton, and were now rivetted where the stranger stood. The stranger, as he still leaned amidst the torches there, seemed, however, unmoved by the dismayed looks of the bridegroom; his gloomy sternness was unshaken. But the emotion of the baron increased: his looks became deadly pale, and he could no longer repeat the words that were necessary in the ceremony."—II., p. 8.

The lady Barbara fell into a swoon—

"but though almost every one in the chapel looked upon her with pity and care, the baron regarded her not, nor seemed to know what had happened to her."—Ibid.

After inflicting this fright upon him, the ghost retired; the baron said that he had seen a likeness of his dead father, and that "he had been subjected to such like delusions from his *young-hood*." The king was satisfied with this explanation, and commanded the ceremonies to proceed. In the evening the ghost walked again, and on this occasion he made himself known to another besides the object of his resentment:

"The king had given back the cup into the hands of the lord Norfolk, and was resting him in his chair, when he saw the curtain drawn back of that window which opened from his own chamber upon the gallery of arms, and a person standing there. While his highness marvelled by what means any one could have admittance into that chamber, the key being in the custody of the lord constable, the window was unfolded, and the person, advancing into the gallery, came forward to the front, and there stood still, and with great seeming confidence, beside the armour of Richard the Lion. Although the light that fell there from the roof was not so strong that his highness at such distance could distinguish the countenance of the person, yet, by the gray gleam reflected there, he seemed to be clothed in steel, with helmet on his head; and so like was he to the form of king Richard, that had not his highness seen him advance, and the real shape of motionless armour standing by, he would have thought this but a figure for show, like the others there. The king, no less surprised by the strangeness of this appearance, than displeased by the boldness which had thus openly defied his command respecting that chamber, ordered an esquire to repair to the lord constable, who was himself in the hall, and learn whom he had admitted there. The baron, who stood by, looking whither the king looked, on a sudden changed countenance; and his highness again observed that stupor and dismay, which he had noticed in the morning, beginning to fix his eyes and to spread over every feature. The king spoke sharply to him, to rouse him, as was supposed, from his trance, but without effect, for he stood fixed and stiffened like to a marble statue, yet with looks bent on the gallery where the stranger stood."

His next appearance was more effective. The king accosted him: "Who art thou, and what is thy errand?" The knight,

for such was the appearance which his ghostship had assumed, pointed with his sword to Gaston de Blondville, who stood, trance-bound by the king's chair. The prior of St. Mary's, who seems very early to have conceived a suspicious sympathy for the baron, stepped forward to arrest the intruder, but he slipped through his fingers, or in some other ghostly manner escaped. Much plotting takes place between the baron and the prior, and divers efforts are made to bring on the trial of the poor merchant before the return of the archbishop, who had suddenly left the court. Failing in other schemes, the prior, who is a demoniacal villain of the true Radcliffe stamp, gains admittance into the cell of the accuser, and offers him his liberty. The attempt to effect this purpose is described in one of the best passages in the book, and it is not the least of its merits that it is in the author's own style, without any of the tedious gothic which the reader has been condemned to wade through. The merchant, we should state, resisted his proffered kindness with much firmness, alleging that regard for his own character, as well as duty to his murdered kinsman required that he should not abandon the charge. The artful monk, however, contrives to shake the confidence under which he had made the accusation, and he completes his triumph by showing with how little chance he can stand before the king, without any friends or testimony, against a wealthy and powerful favourite. We shall now let the author describe a part of their adventures in quitting the prison:

"The merchant followed down a very long flight of steps, ending in a passage, which he supposed might lay under the fosse. Here the air was so changed by an unwholesome vapour, that it was painful to breathe it; and the lamp burned so dimly at times that he feared it would expire. The prior often stopped to nurse the flame, and once, as he lifted the lamp high, and it revived, his garment flew back, and Woodreeve now saw, beyond all possibility of doubt, a dagger at his girdle. His eyes were fixed upon it, till his conductor saw that he observed it; and then, laying his hand upon the hilt, he said: 'In times like these, every one should be somewhat armed.' But now another object had seized the attention of the merchant, and he stood in horror. In drawing forth the dagger, his companion had turned aside his vesture, and behold! a chain of gold hung about his neck, which, from its ponderous but highly-wrought ornaments, Woodreeve instantly thought was the very chain worn by his kinsman at the time of his death, and he doubted not that in the prior he saw one of his assassins. A sort of amulet box was suspended to the chain, but of that he had no recollection. At this conviction, he lost all presence of mind, so that he foresaw not how much he might hasten his peril, and lessen his chance, if there were any, of finally avoiding it, in betraying his thoughts to the prior, whose revenge might be accomplished in such a place, without danger, as it appeared, from any human means of discovery. He seized the lamp, and, holding it close to the chain, cried out, 'It is

the same—there are the very links, that shape—the initials of his name.’ ‘Of whose name?’ said the prior, eagerly; and, as he spoke, Woodreeve recollected the voice of the very robber to whom he had delivered up his own treasure. The prior, still without having changed his voice, repeated the question. ‘Of my unfortunate kinsman,’ answered Woodreeve; ‘I now know you.’ Instantly, the discovered ruffian, without one word, drew the dagger from the imperfect grasp which Woodreeve had of it, and upraised his hand with a fierce and deadly intention; but the blow descended not: the poniard fell from his hand, and his eyes seemed fixed upon some object beyond. The poor merchant, who, for an instant, had been motionless and confounded with terror, seeing this, gathered courage, and turned to discover what held his enemy in this trance; but nothing could he perceive save the dusky avenue. Then, losing not another moment, he fled, with the lamp, along that unknown way; but he had neglected to seize the dagger which had fallen on the ground, and might easily have been made a weapon for himself. He followed the avenue till his breath failed, and he was compelled to stop; but soon thinking he heard steps behind him, he again went on, and flying for very life, hope and fear supplied him with strength. He had now gone a great length of way, without having discovered any thing like an outlet, and he rested again for breath, and to revive his failing lamp. He listened; and, though he heard no footsteps in pursuit, he remembered the soundless steps with which his treacherous conductor had, this night, passed along several chambers, and he was not convinced that he was distant, though unheard. The intenseness with which he listened for any remote or lone sound seemed to sharpen his sense of hearing—like as the seaman’s sight discovers things so small and distant as are unseen of others. Thus now, while Woodreeve listened, he thought he heard—not footsteps, but a little strain of music, so faint and fleeting, it was more like the moonlight shadow of a fleecy cloud that glides along the hills, and fades ere you can say it is, than any certain truth. It served, however, at first, to revive his hopes; he judged it came from without the castle walls; but then, perhaps, from soldiers on their watch, and if so, his deliverance could not be nigh. Still, as his only hope lay that way, he hastened forward, and presently he again thought he heard music. He stopped, and no longer doubted this; the sound was nearer, and he gradually distinguished a faint solemn swell of voices and instruments. As he advanced, they sunk and were lost awhile, and then a high and long continued strain of many mingling voices was heard. Soon after, it sunk away at a distance, and he heard it no more. But now he fancied steps were coming behind him, and quickening his own, he came to a bend of the avenue, and espied a door which seemed to close its dreary length. Three massive bars secured it, but there was also a lock. While he stood before it and looked back on the long, sloping avenue, almost as far as his lifted lamp could throw its blunted rays, he heard no sound of either step or breath from within, or from without that door, nor saw the prior advancing through that dim way behind him. The bolts gave way to Woodreeve’s returned strength, and even the lock did not long resist. Already he thought he felt the fresh air from without the castle walls; but, opening the door, he stepped, not out upon a platform of grass, or under the boughs of the free forest; he stepped upon a little winding stair, that went up a turret, as he verily believed, of another tower—some outpost of the castle. At this, his heart sunk, nigh to fainting; for how should he escape detection from those who guarded it, and whose voices he thought he now heard, singing, in dreary chorus, on their night watch. Having considered a moment, to little purpose, for he had

no choice but to go on, he went up the stair and came to another door. He listened for awhile, but all within was still, and he undrew the bolt that held it, and would have stepped forward, but was baffled by what he thought a curtain that hung before it. In this he deceived himself: it was the tapestry of a chamber. Perceiving this, he stopped again, before he lifted it, to consider how best he might disclose himself, if any one were within; but all being silent, he ventured to lift the arras, and found himself in a great arched chamber. A lamp was burning near a reading desk: but no person appeared, and he looked round with a mixture of terror and curiosity, still holding up the arras with one hand, and with the other his lamp, to survey the limits of the room; and he still kept one foot on the threshold step, as ready to retreat on the first alarm. At length, perceiving that he was indeed alone in this chamber, he let the hangings drop, and ventured forward in search of an outlet through which to escape: but he saw none. The walls were covered with tapestry, which concealed whatsoever doors might be within them, and presented in colours various good deeds. A large oriel window, of fretted stone work, rose in sharp arches, closed with glass, stained in a mosaic of divers rich colours, like unto those in the great church of the city of Cologne, in Germany. This window showed also the emblazoned arms of Geoffrey de Clinton, with many a golden rule in scroll-work and labels on the glass. All this Woodreeve espied, while, with his lamp in hand he searched around for some outlet to depart by. It seemeth not expedient to set down here all the objects he saw in this chamber; suffice it to say it was an oratory, and the histories on the tapestry, and all the garniture, were such as are meet for such a place. On a table lay divers folios well bossed with silver; among them was Matthew of Westminster, and the Golden Legend. An arm-chair with purple cushions stood by the reading desk, on which lay open a copy of the venerable Bede, and a Missal beside it, freshly illuminated. At all he saw, his mind misgave him that this was some chamber, not of the castle, but of the priory; and if so, whither could he turn to flee from destruction? His eye again glancing round the walls, he observed a part of the tapestry enclosed in a kind of frame-work different from any other part of the arras; and hoping there might be a door behind this, he was advancing towards it, when he heard a rustling sound in another part of the chamber, and turning, beheld the arras lifted, and the prior himself standing in the same arch through which he had entered. His countenance was livid and malicious, and he held in his hand the dagger he had dropped in the avenue. Hardly did Woodreeve cast a look behind him, but, rushing towards that frame work, he found it held a door, which opened upon a vaulted passage of the priory, ending in a cloister. As he fled, he turned to see whether his pursuer advanced, and observed him standing at the great door of the chamber, making sign for his return, as if, after having let dagger and that murderer's look be seen, it were possible to lure him back again."

The merchant gets into the priory, and takes refuge at the sanctuary. The prior follows, and is with difficulty restrained by the brothers from violating the sacred spot, by slaying the object of his rage. Here the merchant becomes convinced that the prior was an accomplice of the baron in the robbery. To rebut his charge the prior accuses him of having attempted his life, and of sorcery.

As the plot thickens the author seems to become weary of the tale: and so are we. Incidents are now crowded upon us. A tournament is held in which the baron receives a death-wound. At the same time the prior dies very opportunely, and the king is convinced, by another visit from the ghost, of the guilt of these worthies and the innocence of the merchant. If the reader has not been surfeited with horrors, he may read what passed at this last appearance of the spectre:

"He had risen to discover whether any person was in his chamber, where there had been that appearance of some one passing; he saw a gleam of light, like unto the glistening of Richard's sword, yet neither substance nor shape there. Again and nearer that light appeared, and did not vanish immediately, as before, and before it faded it assumed a form and countenance; the king again perceived before him the stranger knight. Having now lost all power to summon to him those who watched without, his highness only heard these words: 'The worm is my sister!' The king, gasping in breathless terror, said, 'What art thou? wherefore art thou come?' The voice answered, 'Give me rest—the worm is my sister: the mist of death is on me!' The king again said, 'Wherefore dost thou come?' To which the phantom answered, 'Give me rest! 'How may that be?' 'Release an innocent man.' 'How may I know him to be such?' said the king. 'By the sword of justice, that lies before thee. A knight-hospitaller was slain by that sword; it has, this day, slain his slayer, Gaston de Blondville. The prior of St. Mary's was his accomplice. Punish the guilty: release the innocent. Give me rest!' The king, as was said, had now sufficiently recovered from his surprise, to demand proof of the prior's guilt; on which the vision answered, 'I will call up one who may no more deceive.' It is said that the king's courage here failed, and he called out 'Forbear!' 'Recal your warrant, then,' demanded the spectre, solemnly, 'ere it be too late to save an innocent man.' At that moment the matin bell sounded. 'My time is short,' said the vision; 'if he perish for my sake, he shall not fall alone. Be warned!—While these words still vibrated on his ear, the king again heard the chant from the chapel, and knew that they were performing the second requiem. 'I am summoned,' said the vision; 'my bed is in darkness; the worm is my sister; yet my hope—' The king, on looking up, saw only the dim countenance of the knight; his form had disappeared: in the next moment the face too had passed away. But who may speak the horror of the king, when, in its place, he beheld that of the baron, but as in death; an expression of solemnity and suffering overspread his visage, and the king heard the words:—'my guilt was my doom; I shall behold you no more. The prisoner is innocent. The prior of St. Mary's is gone to his account. Be warned!' At these words, cold drops stood on the king's forehead, and his eyes remained fixed on the vacant air where the countenance of the baron had just appeared. At the same instant, these words of the distant requiem rose on his ear: 'I go unto the dark lane that is covered with the mist of death—aland of misery and darkness, where is the shadow of death, and no order. The eye of man may no more behold me.'"

In the conclusion of the tale, by the intervention of supernatural means, we are conducted to the grave of the murdered man, of whom so much inquiry had been made in

vain. When the grave-digger came to the spot where the spectre had appeared, he was surprised that "one so little ancient should have no name nor date, nor inscription of any kind, on his tomb." There were some standing by, we are informed, who could have told that it had not always been thus. On raising the stone, they found a coffin bearing this inscription: "Reginald de Folville, knight-hospitaller of St. John, slain in a wood of Ardenne, rests here!"

If the merchant had pointed out this spot, he would have given some evidence that de Folville was murdered, as he had affirmed, and much trouble might have been saved—but then we should have had no ghosts!

We transcribe one more passage, in order to show what Mrs. Radcliffe could do when she chose to throw off the uncouth style of an ignorant age. Speaking of the bright illusions of youth, she breaks out in the following beautiful strain:

"All in its season, comes the noontide ray, and melts the beauteous visions of the morning; all in its season comes the evening ray, when lengthened shadows fall on the long landscape—when the purple cloud loses its golden edge, and the world below sinks into shade, which leads again to the bright tints of dawn—to the brighter, oh! how much brighter tints of a cloudless and limitless dawn! Are we, who would derange this order, and cast the hue of twilight before the morning or the noontide sun, better sighted than the Wisdom and the Beneficence which have ordained it otherwise? We may watch and regulate—to do this is our duty; and let us neither omit it by careless or total indulgence, nor spare our vigilance by total prescription—gradually we may prepare the mind for the great truths that time will east over the thousand hues of hope and joyance; and gradually a sense of the vanity and nothingness of this fleeting part of an eternal existence, instead of being melancholy, will be a complacent perception, more than reconciling us to the shortness of its imperfect joys, and deeply consoling us for its sorrows."—p. 130.

---

For the Port Folio.

### BENEDICT ARNOLD.

THE very interesting account of the conspiracy of this wretch and major André, which was given in the last number of this journal, has awakened some inquiries as to his career, subsequent to his defection from the cause of his country. For this abortive attempt, it is said that he received 5000*l.*, the rank of a brigadier-general, and the pay of a colonel, in the British service. Something more than this, we apprehend, was stipulated; because in a *list of the places*,

*pensions, and sinecures, payable out of the British Civil List, published in 1820, the following entry appears: "ARNOLD; Edward Shippen, James Robertson, George & Matilda, 5000l."*

General Washington was very anxious to exchange André for his accomplice; and it is to be regretted that general Clinton did not accept this proposition. An amiable and accomplished man, whose only fault arose from a mistaken notion of duty, might have been spared, and the gallows would not have been defrauded of what had long been its due. It is not a little surprising that the British officers should have submitted to serve with a man so notoriously despicable; yet in this instance, their hatred of the Americans overcame the proud feelings which distinguish the military character. They welcomed him to their tents, and under *his* command they carried on a war of destruction through *his* native fields. He was sent into Virginia with 1500 men. He landed at Richmond, where he destroyed all the stores, and thence proceeded to Portsmouth, where he committed further havoc. When lord Cornwallis arrived in that section, he despatched Arnold to New York, and thus this fortunate traitor escaped the capitulation of the British army. He was engaged in an enterprise against New London, where he destroyed several vessels, sixty dwelling houses, and eighty stores. Soon after this, he embarked with his family, on board an armed vessel, for Europe. This ship sprung a-leak, and he was glad to quit her for a merchantman, in which he had the good fortune to escape capture, although most of the crew were taken. The traitor was received at the British court and admitted into some good company. After the peace, he embarked for Nova Scotia, to take up a grant of land. It is said, that his situation here was by no means comfortable, and he at length quitted it, to avoid the consequences of a charge of perjury. He sailed for a port in the West Indies, and was captured on his voyage by the French. He found means to escape in some very extraordinary manner. He is represented as having rendered some important services to sir Charles Grey, when commanding on that station. He returned once more to England, where he was generally despised. It is said that he secured a pension for his wife, and we have seen how far his children profit from the loss of his honour. He died at his house in Gloucester-place, London, June 15th, 1801.

## THE MARCH OF INTELLECT. A NEW SONG.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Tune, "Through all the Employments of life."

Oh! Learning's a very fine thing,  
 As also is wisdom and knowledge,  
 For a man is as great as a king,  
 If he has but the airs of a college.  
 And now-a-days all must admit,  
 In LEARNING we're wondrously favour'd,  
 For you scarce o'er your window can spit,  
 But some learned man is beslaver'd!

Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

We'll all of us shortly be doom'd  
 To part with our plain understanding,  
 For INTELLECT now has assumed  
 An attitude truly commanding!  
 All ranks are so dreadfully wise,  
 Common sense is set quite at defiance,  
 And the child for its porridge that cries,  
 Must cry in the language of SCIENCE.

Sing, tol de rol loh, &c. &c.

The WEAVER it surely becomes,  
 To talk of his web's involution,  
 For doubtless the hero of thrums  
 Is a member of some institution;  
 He speaks of supply and demand,  
 With the airs of a great legislator,  
 And almost can tell you off-hand,  
 That the smaller is less than the greater!

Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The TAILOR, in cutting his cloth,  
 Will speak of the true conic section,  
 And no tailor is now such a Goth  
 But he talks of his trade's genuflection!  
 If you laugh at his bandy-legg'd clan,  
 He calls it unhandsome detraction,  
 And cocks up his chin like a man,  
 Though we know that he's only a fraction!

Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The BLACKSMITH 'midst cinders and smoke,  
 Whose visage is one of the dimmest,  
 His furnace profoundly will poke,  
 With the air of a practical chemist;

Poor Vulcan has recently got  
A lingo that's almost historic,  
And can tell you that iron is hot,  
Because it is fill'd with caloric!  
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The MASON, in book-learned tone,  
Describes in the very best grammar  
The resistance that dwells in the stone,  
And the power that resides in the hammer;  
For the son of the trowel and hod  
Looks as big as the Frog in the Fable,  
While he talks in a jargon as odd  
As his brethren the builders of Babel!  
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The COBBLER who sits at your gate  
Now pensively points his hog's bristle,  
Though the very same cobbler of late  
O'er his work used to sing and to whistle;  
But cobbling's a paltry pursuit  
For a man of polite education—  
His works may be trod under foot,  
Yet he's one of the Lords of Creation!  
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Oh! learning's a very fine thing!  
It almost is treason to doubt it—  
Yet many of whom I could sing,  
Perhaps might be as well without it!  
And without it my days I will pass,  
For to me it was ne'er worth a dollar,  
And I don't wish to look like an Ass  
By trying to talk like a SCHOLAR!  
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Let schoolmasters bother their brains  
In their dry and their musty vocation;  
But what can the rest of us gain  
By meddling with such botheration?  
We cannot be very far wrong,  
If we live like our fathers before us,  
Whose LEARNING went round in the song,  
And whose cares were dispell'd in the CHORUS.  
Singing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

# MYNHEER WERTER'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH CHARLOTTE VERSIFIED.

WERTER LOQUITUR.

HAVING promised to call,  
In my way to the ball,  
For Miss Charlotte, the Bailly of Walheim's fair daughter,  
I went, unawares,  
Down the back-kitchen stairs,  
And 'twas thus the sweet soul was employ'd when I caught her:  
Like cats in a gutter  
For thick bread and butter  
Six children were squeaking around her; while she  
With such grace cut each slice,  
That I found in a trice  
She had cut a large slice from the heart of poor me!

She blush'd with confusion  
(I vow she'd no *rouge* on),  
And swore 'twas a bore in that trim to be found:  
'Twas shocking! 'twas frightful!  
I vow'd 'twas delightful—  
I bow'd, and she curtsied quite down to the ground.  
Such beauty! such grace!  
Such a figure and face!  
Such a tongue too! she chatter'd, nineteen to the dozen,  
About poets and cooks,  
Pictures, housemaids, and books,  
And her uncles and aunts, and her ninety-ninth cousin!

We soon reach'd the ball-room,  
( 'Twas rather a small room)  
But, oh! the orchestra was simple and modest!  
Two fiddles, one life!  
'Twas all spirit and life,  
Though the dancers, Lord help 'em! were some of the oddest.  
"Hands across, ma'am"—"You're out, sir!"  
"Mind what you're about, sire"  
Charlotte whisper'd: "Just wait till we get to the bottom,—  
"We're the best of the party,  
"Then, Werter, my hearty,  
"We'll waltz and astonish the natives, 'od rot 'em."

We waltz! and behold her,  
Her head on my shoulder,

Cheeks meeting, eyes greeting, hearts beating, and thus  
 I twist her and twirl her,  
 And whisk her and whirl her—  
 We whirl round the room till the room whirls round us!  
 Nor seeing, nor hearing,  
 The lights disappearing,  
 Abandon'd to all the soft charms of the waltz, sir!  
 Oh! had you a wife,  
 Let her waltz all her life,  
 But be sure you waltz with her yourself—mind, that's all, sir!  
 How it thunder'd and lightened;  
 The ladies were frighten'd,  
 And thought it a sin to dance jigs in bad weather:  
 Said Charlotte, "I wonder  
 "They're frighten'd at thunder!"  
 "But since they won't dance, we'll play forfeits together."  
 Next, we stole to the casement  
 Where mute with amazement,  
 We stared at the moon a full hour by a stop-clock!  
 But, at length, when she spoke,  
 'Twas the finishing stroke  
 To the great work of love, though she merely said—"Klop-  
 stock!"\* P\*

---

From the Monthly Review.

*Brambletye House; or Cavaliers and Roundheads: a Novel.*  
*By one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses."* 3 Vols.  
 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. London. Colburn. 1826.

THIS is a historical novel, one of those adaptations of real names to fictitious acts which have been made so popular in our day. It would be idle to dispute that a style which has given such obvious evidence of public approval has no right to be approved of. Yet we must be allowed to say, that there is a time for popularity as for all other things; that what is well received from the hands of one individual may be under extremely different circumstances when presented by another;

\* Should any objection be taken to the rhyme, or rather, the no rhyme of *Stopclock* and *Klopstock*, it is requested that it may be overlooked in favour of the reason. *Klopstock* is the identical name pronounced by Charlotte, for which no other could, with propriety, be substituted. Had the name been *Klopstick*, we might have contrived to make it jingle with *mopstick*; but *Klopstock*—the thing is impossible.

AUGUST, 1826.—NO. 286.—15

and that even of excellence men may grow weary in the course of years.

It is our theory that the most difficult form in which fiction can come before the eye, for either interest or instruction, is the historical. Among the many paths in which the mind can be pleasantly beguiled, that most demanding peculiar powers is the one in which we cannot take a step without being reminded that we are treading upon fictitious ground. What is the immediate impression on the reader who finds himself in the midst of a novel hearing the names of Cromwell, Charles, Ireton, Blake, and the whole crowd of personages that have figured in actual existence, and whose habits, and characters, and actions, are already as distinctly and rigidly before us in recollection as their effigies on their tombstones? That some degree of *novel* interest may be wrought out of those strongly shaped and steadily fixed characters, is unquestionable. But it must be by fancying them others than they are, by giving them passions which they never possessed, or never suffered to engross them, by interpolating their actual transactions with unreal episodes, by throwing round them that sort of haze which partially magnifies or conceals the true figure, and enwraps it with a colour of its own. And what is all this operation, but the very one which gives interest to pure romance? Or what is the attempt to combine this shadowy and susceptible covering with the solid and untractable stature of the true historic personage, but a struggle against nature, to be carried through by nothing but distinguished ability? When the imagination is to be the great holder of the mind, why not give it the field open for its enchantment? Why not give it the power of creating the shapes that it is to clothe with splendour and beauty? Why place us where we feel at every step that we are walking between the walls of history, and are roused from some "delicious dream or lofty reverie," by striking against those obstacles of registered names and actions which force us to feel at the moment that we are "walking in a vain shadow and disquieting ourselves in vain?"

Fully desiring to see the historical novel sustained in the eminence to which it has been lately raised, we would have no powers forced into the vineyard which are inadequate to its cultivation. The deserved celebrity of the Scotch novels must not be a lure on this occasion. The animation, various knowledge, and picturesque power of those novels, are undeniable. But even their success was not unassisted by qualities less observable. The author had adopted the honour of

his country for his theme. The clanship, the close connection of Scottish genealogy, the nationality of the most national fragment of society upon earth, were all displayed; and thus naturally enlisted in the service of the national writer, every Campbell, or Macalpine, or Macgregor, the whole host of kinsmanship, whom neither north nor south, east nor west, can separate, who were one at the pole and the line, at Canada and Canton, felt himself honoured by the narrative of his ancestral name, and bound by that not ungenerous tie to the triumph of the narrator. The volumes, buoyant of themselves, were borne down to popularity on a swelling tide of manly and inexhaustible recollections.

The various interests, the more immediate and stirring life, and the broken up recollections of Englishmen, forbid this career in our country. The voice of the minstrel by the way side must be lost in the tumult of politics and war, and the rush of commerce with her thousand wheels.

In Ireland, the crush of all the ancient families, the scattered kindreds, divided through the earth, not, like the prosperous Scotch, always looking to an opulent return, but driven out as rebels, and lingering abroad in endless abandonment and exile, extinguished the national sympathy with the brilliant hazards and desperate sacrifices of the ages past. Where are the names of the great Irish chieftains who fought against the overwhelming power of England from the days of the Second Henry down to those of Charles?—a long succession of heroic minds and sinewy strength, exercised in the fiercest and most unremitting warfare perhaps ever recorded;—a conflict perpetual, or lulled for the moment only to burst out like a checked cataract, with more sweeping and magnificent devastation. In whose veins does the blood of the Tirowen or the Desmond now run; or what more than the name survives in some diminished and reluctant resident in his disturbed country, or in some courtly and glittering appendage to the pomps of England!

The style of those historic novels was *new*; for all of their school had been buried and forgotten years before. There is an intrinsic charm in novelty. Men delight to see a fresh vigour roused out of what they have thought an incapable soil. The Scotch writer was the discoverer of a mine; and the first precious fragment that the discoverer brings up has a higher value in the eye of public curiosity, than all the wealth that all his successors shall draw to the surface by their hardy toil. We wish to see the author of the Waverley novels long adorning the literature of his nation. But we wish to see no

inferior wasting his faculties on a style, in which he must have perpetual obstacles from repulsive fact, or unmanageable and unchangeable opinion.

The novel before us is clever; it has spirit, graceful knowledge, and from time to time vivid conception. But it has the great misfortune of strong resemblance to a model, and that model the one of all others most habitually before the public. In all things imitation is unpopular. It disappoints us in the topic, for it adds nothing to our intellectual riches; it disappoints us in the man, for it at once impeaches his power of producing any thing original, and compels us to regret that if the task were to be done it was not done by the more accustomed mind. It is an acknowledged sign of weakness, and of that most disastrous weakness in which even the writer himself despairs of his own capability. We should have welcomed with more congratulation the humblest original work that "one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses" could produce, than the most dexterous copy that he could mould on the work of another. We must hope, for the honour of romance, that he has not pledged himself to the evil spirit of imitation for all time to come; that having begun with it, he is not to condemn himself to the same inextricable chain; and that we are not to see the authorship of the "Rejected Addresses," at once the letter and the spirit of his performances, until the pen drops from his hand.

The story of *Brambletye House* is protracted to the prescribed length of three volumes, of unusual dimensions. But it is sufficiently distinct for a brief analysis. The scene lies in England and Flanders, and the time reaches from the latter part of Cromwell's reign through a portion of that of Charles the Second. It opens with the preparations of sir John Compton, a gallant and opulent cavalier, for a rising in favour of the exiled family. The plot is discovered, and sir John escapes to Flanders. His boy Jocelyn, the hero of the tale, is taken prisoner, immured in the Gate-House at Westminster, and also escapes to Flanders. They make their way to the court of Charles, where the profligate and pleasant king is seen in full gayety and beggary. Charles is restored, and sir John brings with him a Dutch mistress, whom he marries, and who squanders his money. Jocelyn had fallen in love with a handsome Dutch girl, whom he ceases to love in consequence of meeting with miss Julia Strickland, the mysterious daughter of the earl of Northampton. They are married, the generous Dutch woman giving them a fortune. Sir John's lady is discovered to have

a previous husband living; he is freed of course, and the old confidante in whom the family secrets were deposited blows up Brambletye House, and the tragedy ends like a melo-drame.

We shall now make a few extracts from this novel, less with reference to its continued story than to the more characteristic portions of its description. The mansion from which it takes its name is thus announced:

"Brambletye, or as it is termed in Domesday Book, Branbertie House, the point to which the parliament-troops were directing their march, stands upon the extreme borders of Ashdown Forest, in the county of Sussex. After the Conquest it became the property of the earl of Mortain and Cornwall, forming part of the barony then conferred upon him, and subsequently denominated the Honour of the Eagle. Passing into possession of the Audehams, the Saint Clares, and several others, it came into the occupation of the Comptons towards the beginning of the seventeenth century; and from the arms of that family impaling those of Spencer, still remaining over the principal entrance, with the date 1631, in a lozenge, it is conjectured that the old moated edifice, which had hitherto formed the residence of the proprietors; was abandoned in the reign of James the First, by sir Henry Compton, who built the extensive and solid baronial mansion, commonly known by the name of Brambletye House. This massive structure, owing to one of those freaks of fortune which will be explained in the following pages, is now a mass of ivy-covered ruins, though two centuries have not elapsed since its first stone was laid: while the venerable moated house in its vicinity remains in probably little worse condition than when it was deserted by sir Henry.

"From their undaunted courage and inflexible loyalty to the Stuarts, the Comptons had been heavy sufferers, both in purse and person, during the eventful progress of the civil wars. The earl of Northampton, the head of the family, and nephew to sir Henry, the presumed builder of Brambletye, had four sons, officers under him, whereof three charged in the field at the battle of Hopton Heath, and the eldest, lord Compton, was wounded. The earl himself, refusing to take quarter from the rascally Round-heads, as he indignantly termed them, even when their swords were at his throat, was put to death in the same battle: and the successor to his title, with one of his brothers, finally accompanied the royal family in their exile, as dame Laurence had truly stated."—I, pp. 41—43.

Sir John Compton, the present owner, had been spared by Cromwell's Committee of Confiscation, and now lived in more than the usual opulence of the cavaliers of his time. But that extraordinary and absurd attachment to prejudice, which made the freeborn gentlemen of England, and of those the most independent, partizans of the vacillating and despotic government of the Stuarts, had embarked this jovial personage in a deep conspiracy against the government. His house was made the place of concealment for arms and the rendezvous of the party. The novel opens with some of those preparations, which are well described. But Cromwell was not

a man to sleep while treason was awake, and the conspiracy was, like a hundred others detected. Colonel Lilburne was sent with a troop of horse to arrest sir John, and take possession of the house. This is accomplished without difficulty in part, for sir John, who is absent hunting, escapes. The soldiery now sit down to the "feast of fat things," which has been provided for the knight and his fellow sportsmen; and while they are in the midst of their grim festivity the future hero of the tale appears.

"The whole assemblage having simultaneously risen at this notice, he cried out in a loud voice,—‘His highness the lord protector!’—when the cans were lustily quaffed, and the triple shout that followed was uttered with a stentorian clamour that shook the dust from the rafters of the great hall, and reverberated hollowly from the surrounding chambers of Brambletye.

"Scarcely were the company reseated, when their attention was suddenly drawn to the music balcony that overhung the hall, by the apparition of a beautiful youth, apparently not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, whose whole face reddened, and his dark eyes flashed with an angry surprise, as he gazed down upon the assemblage below him. He was habited in a close green dress, embroidered with black bugles: his cap, of the same hue, was surmounted by a long heron's feather, and being worn on one side, disclosed the black ringlets that hung down to his neck: he had a bow in his hand; and a belt of black leather, studded with brass bosses, supported a small quiver at his back. So sudden and strange was his appearance, that the clatter of the hall was utterly suspended for a few seconds, while the company looked up at him, as if waiting some explanation of his intentions, in thus presenting himself to their notice. This silence the youth was the first to break, by exclaiming in a loud voice, and with some arrogance of manner,—‘Where is my father, and who are ye that make such an uproar in his hall?’

‘And prithee, who are you, my pretty page,’ replied the colonel, ‘and who is the father that owns so dapper a Robin Hood?’

‘My name is Jocelyn,’ resumed the youth, with an indignant air; ‘and I am the only son of sir John Compton.’

‘Why then, my dainty little bowman,’ retorted the colonel, ‘I am sorry to state that you have a malignant and a traitor for your father.’

‘Thou art a liar and a knave to say it!’ exclaimed the boy in a rage, and, quick as thought, fixing an arrow to his bow, he drew it to the bead, and launched it with a twang at the colonel, who luckily drew suddenly back, so that the weapon missed its aim, but stuck quivering in the wall, close behind him. Every thing was uproar in an instant, and a dozen pistols were levelled at the balcony; but the commanding officer, striking them down with his sabre, exclaimed; ‘By heavens! I will cut off the first arm that pulls a trigger! for shame, comrades, for shame! shall we, who fear not the bravest of men, make war upon a child?—Beshrew me!’ he continued, resuming his usual smile, ‘the lad is a good marksman, and a true, and his spirit likes me well. A toward young Dreadnought, I warrant me, and a genuine chip of the old block.’

‘Rather the venomous spawn of the old malignant,’ cried cornet Axtell, ‘who will try his sting again if he escape scot-free from this attempt. The young assassin has slunk away, but let us seek and seize him, and draw his teeth before his bite becomes more dangerous.’—I, pp. 79—82.

From the activity of the conspirators, this boy becomes of importance enough to be taken to London as a sort of hostage. Lilburne, who is described as a rough but good-humoured soldier, and high in the protector's confidence, leads him to Hampton-Court, where Cromwell then kept his state. The *grand levée* of the protector is well described:

"On the day appointed for the reception, colonel Lilburne joined the train, determined to render in person an account of the manner in which he had executed his commission at Brambletye, and demand instructions as to the disposal of his charge, whom he was induced to take with him in the generous hope that his youth, beauty, and spirited demeanour, might influence the protector to give an order for his liberation. With many cautions to Jocelyn to repress his petulance, and preserve silence and respect before his highness, they proceeded together in a carriage to Hampton-court, around whose gates were stationed detachments of the protector's body guard, and of other favourite regiments, both foot and horse; most of them stern looking veterans, whose scarred and war-worn countenances offered a striking contrast to the gorgeous freshness of the iron and scarlet in which they were arrayed, for they had been supplied with new uniforms on the occasion. The band consisted only of twelve trumpets, which were sounded from time to time, when any person of sufficient dignity to merit a salute arrived at the gate. In the courtyard stood the halberdiers, or wardens of the tower, their captain holding a standard exhibiting the protector's arms, surmounted with banners and bannerols. By their side were the domestic servants of the household; those of sir Oliver Fleming, the master of the ceremonies; and the guard of sir Gilbert Pickering, the lord chamberlain, armed with halberts, and liveried in gray coats welted with black velvet. Passing through this file of attendants, the company were ushered up stairs as they arrived, and introduced by the proper officers into the presence-chamber, whose walls were hung with such maps, plans, and printed statistical tables as might befit the residence of an enlightened sovereign and politician. Around the room were standing many of those warriors whose names had been rendered illustrious by their exploits in the late wars, most of whom, in compliment to the fashionable alarm of the moment, were equipped in complete or partial armour, as if rather attending a council of officers in a tent than a peaceful levee in a palace. Some of the junior officers, whose coats of mail covered with buff had not, even in those days, cost less than thirty or forty pounds, and who seemed to think they might assume a little foppery, now that the general himself affected the splendour of a court, had endeavoured to give their military garb a more dressy and drawing room appearance, by fringing the sleeves and collar of their leathern doublets with expensive point lace. Others had gold or plated buckles to their shoulder-belts, and gay sword-knots of silk ribbon; but the far greater part, although so scrupulously complete in their martial appointments as to satisfy the most finical martinet, rejected the smallest decoration, and fully justified the averment of the cavalier song—

'They'll not allow such pride it brings,  
Nor favours in hats, nor no such things,  
They'll convert all ribbons to Bible-strings,  
Which nobody can deny.'

Grave, orderly, and decorous as was their general mien and deportment, they appeared by the rough unpolished hardihood of their aspect, to be

rather qualified for the camp than the court, and to merit the character they have received from a contemporary historian, who designates them as 'Sword grandees, that better became a fray than a feast.'—I, pp. 200—204.

These scenes, which are sufficiently accurate, derive a new and peculiar interest from their connection with the most illustrious of all epic names since Homer. Milton's muse had grown up among such sights; and the grave pomp of the guard chamber, the stern grandeur and solemn courage of those iron troops of the protectorate were not lost upon him who was yet to be the bard of the warring angels. Even Cromwell himself, the most repulsive, yet among the noblest figures of sovereignty that ever ruled a nation, may have largely administered to those splendid and saddened contemplations that make the picture of majesty in the *Paradise Lost*. The faded cheek, the clouded brow, the mind loaded with the care of mighty monarchy, the shape not altogether shorn of its original brightness, the daring and settled spirit, yet not insensible to touches of sudden feeling, "tears such as angels shed;" bring us back powerfully to the great usurper of the English throne. Not that Milton to the last did not feel a republican homage for the vigorous and stately qualities which in Cromwell's early career fixed all eyes upon him as the leading star of freedom; nor that in any period of the poet's life he would have depicted him as bearing any evil similitude to the enemy of man. But the *Paradise Lost* was written at a time Cromwell's sceptre had been trampled under foot, when his glory had vanished like a dream, and all that was left of his character was the troubled life, the inflexible resolve, the blasted ambition, and the magnificent despair.

"It had been expected that his highness would upon this occasion wear the sumptuous robe of purple velvet, and display the Bible, sword, and sceptre, with which he had been invested at his solemn inauguration in Westminster Hall a short time before; but as he had assumed these 'phylacteries and fringes of state,' in conformity with the wishes of others rather than his own, he discarded them the moment they had answered the purposes of their temporary assumption. Few would have judged from his present habiliments that he had so recently refused the title of king, and fewer still that he retained the power of one; for he was attired with an almost fastidious plainness, in a black cloth cloak, doublet, and hose, with velvet facings and buttons. Not a single article of expense or luxury could be detected about his person, unless we may designate as such a pair of black silk high stockings, and satin roses of the same hue in his shoes; nor had he any mark of authority, save that he wore his hat, which was broad brimmed, with a low conical crown. His eyes were spritely blood-shot, and in the projecting veins of his sanguine and swoln, yet somewhat melancholy face, were to be traced the evidences of a fiery and passionate temperament, tamed down by a long course of religious and

moral discipline. There was an inclination to rubicundity in his nose, an inexhaustible subject of ridicule for the lampooners and ballad-writers of the opposite party; and a large wart upon his forehead, which had not been forgotten in the warfare of personal scurrility. His partially grizzled hair hung in slight curls to his shoulders, and his collar, turned down and scoloped at the edges, disclosed the upper part of his throat, which was thick and muscular. From the hardships of many years' service, there was a degree of coarseness in his face, but his head was so shaped as to give him a commanding and intellectual air, while his general appearance was such as to stamp a conviction upon the beholder, that he was truly the master-spirit of his age."—J, pp. 204—206.

We are now brought into contact with two personages who ought not to have been touched upon, unless the author was inclined to indulge us with them on a larger scale; Milton and Andrew Marvel, like two figures on a mantel-piece, the mere furniture of a shelf.

"Following this conductor, they were ushered into a spacious and noble library, whose shelves were closely filled with books. At the upper end, before a desk, on which were several folio volumes, two gentlemen were seated, one of whom was writing from the dictation of his companion. The latter, who was rather below the middle size, wearing his light brown hair parted at the foretop, and hanging down on either side of his singularly comely and majestic countenance, took not the smallest notice of them as they passed, but continued dictating. His amanuensis, a strong-set figure, with a round face, cherry cheeks, hazel eyes, and brown hair, bowed to them with a cheerful smile as they walked through into an inner apartment, but did not speak. These were the immortal Milton, Latin secretary to the protector, and who had now been for some time blind; and the scarcely less illustrious Andrew Marvel, recently appointed his assistant; men worthy to sit enthroned in that costly library, and to be surrounded by the great and kindred intellects of the world: men who have become the certain heirs of never-dying fame, while, with one or two exceptions, the crowd of nobles and grandees that thronged the adjoining saloon, have passed rapidly away into irredeemable oblivion."—I, pp. 213, 214.

Jocelyn, after being confined in the Gate-House, is turned out, through the rather improbable device of personating a tragedy queen, whom the jailor, in his drunken horror of all irregularity, drives, whip in hand, beyond his precincts. Serjeant Whitaker, an old dependant of the family, meets this metamorphosed boy in the streets, and after some additional and trifling adventures, they both arrive at Ostend. There sir John is met, still the jovial cavalier, who leads his son to Bruges, the residence of Charles. In the court of this royal exile, as all the world knows, profligacy and penury existed in very large portions, and Charles is described, with but slight diminution of the colours of history, the handsome, lively, witty, and unprincipled personage that England afterwards found him; signally devoted to his own indulgences,

AUGUST, 1826.—NO. 286.—16

and, like men so devoted, signally careless of the interests and honour of others. But with personal licentiousness in this court, there was extensive and continued treachery. Cromwell, who had his agents in every court, could not be expected to neglect that of his rival king; and the principal traitor is at length discovered to be a captain Manning. Some difficulty arising about the right of execution, causes the traitor to be sent, under a guard of cavaliers, to a castle near Cologne, which the author by a plusquam-poetic labour of fancy, thinks extremely like a colossal figure of "Cybele weeping for the loss of Atys in the midst of the laughing plains of Phrygia." This may possibly be pardoned to a translator of Theocritus, but to him alone.

Sir John and his son remain at the foot of the rock, to investigate the picturesque progress of the escort ascending to the castle on its brow. The catastrophe occurs while they are gazing on this luxuriant Rhenish scene.

"Some of the steep banks, which in this part shelved rapidly down to the river, were planted with vines, others were tufted with variegated flowering shrubs, underwood, and trees; every slope was richly coloured with vegetation, except the causeway beneath the rock; this was strewn with huge naked fragments detached from the cliffs above, some of which had rolled into the river and formed little craggy islands, around whose base the rapid waters were flashing and brawling. Every projecting height of the river's upward course was surmounted by some ancient castle or embowered convent; the walls, towers, and churches of Cologne glittered at a little distance before them; beyond were the fertile plains of Cleves; behind them was the rich champaign of Juliers, and the whole landscape was lighted up and enlivened by a cloudless summer's sun."—I, pp. 372, 373.

Here Manning is slain by one of the escort.

"As the carriage was stayed for a few minutes to relieve the horses, the captive was seen to put out his head and look upwards, as if to ascertain the nature of the prison in which he was to be immured; nor could Jucelyn, with all his abhorrence of his offence, suppress a feeling of sympathetic commiseration, as he saw the wretched man again drawn forward towards his solitary dungeon. The road now becoming impracticable for carriages, he was obliged to alight that he might prosecute the remainder of the way on foot; when two or three cavaliers advanced to a salient crag, and waved their hats to sir John and his son below, who stood up and returned the salute. Renewing their march, they were now seen to pass beneath the arches of two fortified outworks, and at last the whole party gained the narrow parapet at the summit, which fronted the principal entrance to the castle, and around which the rock had been perpendicularly scarped. The massive gates were thrown open, when just as sir John and his son expected to see the procession enter, they saw the flash of a pistol, whose report they almost instantly heard, followed by a dismal shriek. At the same moment the miserable captive, lifting up his manacled hands in the air, was seen to stagger backwards to the edge of the parapet, over

whose precipice he fell, and rolling headlong down the shelving projection at its base, was dashed and tossed from crag to crag, until he fell with an appalling splash into the river below. In a few seconds his mangled remains were whirled along, before the eyes of sir John and Jocelyn, the furious waters seeming to be in fierce pursuit of the prey, with whose blood they were already discoloured. A cry of horror burst from Jocelyn at the sight, and even his father, better used to scenes of death, and little disposed to pity the fate of a traitor and a friend to the Roundheads, could not help being affected by such an awful and unexpected catastrophe."—*I*, pp. 374—376.

Jocelyn is sent to Paris to complete his education, and there is distinguished for the remarkable beauty of his person and his skill in military exercises. Louis XIV, then in the palmy state of his life and throne, gives a tournament in the Place de Carousel, in which Jocelyn appears as the squire of sir Guy Narborough, an English knight and famous tilter. The recollections of *Ivanhoe* are unluckily forced forward here; but the author has given us a showy and spirited scene.

"There were now but two combatants left, whose conflict was therefore anticipated with a deeper and more condensed interest. The Bohemian baron, a man of large stature, and who had shown that he possessed activity commensurate with his strength, wore a dark steel armour, damascened all over with wavy lines of light blue, and enriched with gold bosses; his casque being surrounded with an open-mouthed dragon, but without device or feathers. Sir Guy Narborough was equipped in burnished steel, inlaid with gold, and his glittering helmet, in whose front was emblazoned his family motto, was tipped with a small plume of white feathers. Both had approved themselves proficient in every exercise of chivalry, and opinion seemed equally divided as to the probability of their success; for though the Bohemian had the advantage in personal vigour, his antagonist was considered to have better experience in these rude encounters.

"Attended by their respective squires, both parties had now taken their stations, when, at the sound of the trumpet, which was the signal for the charge, sir Guy's spirited horse reared and leapt forward with such a sudden spring, that he jerked the lance out of its rest, and accidentally striking it to the earth with his hoof, galloped forwards, as he had been accustomed to do in former tiltings. No sooner had Jocelyn perceived the accident, than darting to the spot with a speed scarcely inferior to that of the animal, he snatched up the weapon and ran rapidly after sir Guy, who was at the same time checking his almost ungovernable steed, and looking round with extended hand to receive the lance. Taking an ungenerous advantage of this unguarded and defenceless moment, the Bohemian spurred forward, and tilting at him from the opposite side, just as sir Guy was leaning over towards the squire, easily unhorsed him, and threw him to the ground with considerable violence. Clamour and confusion instantly pervaded the whole assemblage, some calling out that it was a base blow, and ought not to be allowed; others supporting the Bohemian, and crying that it was good and warranted law of battle. Crofts had run up to assist sir Guy, who seemed to be sorely bruised, while Jocelyn, feeling the lance still in his hand, and wound up to one of his passionate impulses by his indignation at such an unmanly attack, ran after the steed, which was still

caracoling wildly round the ring, seized the reins, vaulted into the saddle, placed his face in the rest, wheeled round, and called out to the Bohemian, in a loud and angry voice, to put himself upon his guard.

"At this most unexpected renewal of the contest, silence was instantly restored; many, who were standing up, suddenly reseated themselves, and all awaited the issue with a breathless impatience. Although the baron had already shown that he was by no means a scrupulous antagonist, he would probably have declined the encounter with an opponent only half armed and unprovided with a casque of any sort, but that the impetuosity and hostile demeanour of Jocelyn allowed him no time for parley or compromise. He therefore couched his weapon, and prepared for the onset. Jocelyn urged his horse to its full speed, and lowering his head to the off-side of the animal's neck as he approached, contrived to avoid the Bohemian's lance, at the same time directing his own so fortunately, that it fixed itself in the dragon's mouth of his adversary's helmet, dragging him backwards from his horse by the violence of the concussion, while the casque, wrenched from its fastenings as he fell to the earth, remained transfixed upon the lance."—II, pp. 28—32.

On this memorable triumph, Jocelyn becomes the "observed of all the observers," and falls in love. The object of his passion is rather imperfectly described by 'two large, lustrous, black eyes.' He, however urges his ardour no farther than silent admiration, and returns to England, where, by this time, Cromwell had died, Charles is restored, Sir John gone back to hunting, gout, and Brambletye house, with the sore incumbrance of a dutch skipper's wife, whom he has elevated into Lady Compton. He returns to London, to make interest for some pecuniary relief to the estate, and gains access to the court through the celebrated Rochester, whose mansion is thus sketched:

"At about two o'clock on the day after his arrival, he presented himself at his lordship's house, near the Bowling Alley, in Westminster. He was not yet risen, but as his servants expected every moment to hear his bell, he was invited to sit down in the ante-room. In this apartment, he found a considerable company assembled, by whose conversation he discovered, that the major portion consisted of calling-again duns waiting by appointment, and all in high expectation of touching their money, or receiving a payment on account, for which purpose some of them had been for several hours in attendance. Among them, however, were others of a different character; tradesmen, who considering inordinate profits a compensation for protracted payment, were come to tempt him with specimens of jewelry, plate, sword-handles and belts, rich ornaments, stuffs, hangings, and every description of costly gew-gaw. In an arm-chair a teacher of the guitar had fallen fast asleep, with his instrument in his hand; at his side a French dancing-master was relieving the time by rehearsing the *Bransles*, a Parisian dance, in which he was to give instructions to his lordship; in one corner stood a thread-bare poet, reading over to himself, with prodigious interest, a copy of encomiastic verses, for which he expected some trifling honorarium; and in another was an artist, who, for the consideration of forty shillings, initiated his pupils in the mystery of folding napkins in eighteen different forms for the dinner-table, an accomplishment with

which his lordship had been so much struck, that he had determined to become his scholar in his own person, though it would seem to have been better adapted to some of his numerous servants."—II, pp. 105—107.

Jocelyn gets into a quarrel with one of the officers about the court in vindicating the queen, and finally makes his escape from the king's displeasure to Holland, where he is received by an opulent Rotterdam merchant, whom he discovers to be the father of the lady with the 'large lustrous eyes.' Beverning, the Dutchman, is described with great accuracy, and reminds us of Rubens' potent burgomasters.

"The apartment which he now entered was hung round with cabinet pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools, and opened by a folding window upon the flat-leaded roofs of the counting-houses. At this aperture, in an arm-chair of embroidered velvet, with a small desk and papers before him, sate the Burgomaster, a portly, not to say a somewhat burly-looking, personage, attired in a green cap edged with lace, a flowered damask morning-gown lined with green silk, a tabbnet waistcoat, trunk-hose, and green velvet slippers. His commanding height, his large and rather corpulent figure, his peaked grizzled beard, a certain appearance of richness in his costume, and the sparkling of a magnificent diamond-ring, which he wore upon the little finger of either hand, imparted a degree of grandeur and superiority to his look, which Jocelyn had little expected to contemplate; and which in his estimation did but ill assort with the pipe in his mouth, (although it was a richly embossed meerschau,) the silver spitting dish at his feet, and the burning turf in a little porcelain vase, which was to relume that pipe in case it should be extinguished. Stately, however, as was his appearance, the expression of his countenance was good humoured, and his manner frank, even to familiarity. 'Aha! sir,' he exclaimed, speaking to Jocelyn in perfect good English—'this is what I like in a young man—smorgens vroeg, as the Dutch proverb goes,—to rise early is to double life. You see I have not opened your letter of introduction; the hand-writing and seal of my excellent and wealthy friend Alderman Staunton will ever be a sure passport to Adrian Beverning. I was clerk to his father upon London Bridge as early as the year — but what signifies the date? You may see that time has taken me by the beard, a touch that turns every thing to grey, to show us that the evening of life is coming on. You would have been welcome, Sir, without the Alderman's autograph, if there be truth in Seneca's averment, that personal comeliness is a letter of recommendation. Even merit is enhanced by it: Petronius Arbiter was right.' 'Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus.' You see, Sir, I am giving you credit before-hand, for when I look at you I can never believe you will justify the exclamation applied to Ovid's larva—"O quale caput, at cerebrum nunc habet.'"—II, p. 241—344.

This portraiture is repeated, and in still more *pictorial* style.

"As Jocelyn entered the hall with the Burgomaster, for the purpose of visiting the spice ship, he found several servants waiting in rich liveries, one of whom threw over his master's shoulders a superb Palatine cloak, which fastened across the chest with a broad golden agraffe encased with jewels. As he gazed upon his companion's wide-flapped hat, looped up on one side with a button of black bugles, on his peaked and grizzled beard, his old-fashioned basket-hilted sword, whose handle glittered as it now and

then escaped from beneath his cloak, and the commanding height and portliness of his figure, he might almost have fancied that he beheld some haughty Spanish grandee of the olden time, had not his ideas been instantly recalled to Holland by the meerschaum pipe, from which the worthy Burgomaster seldom parted. When he remembered that this grandeur of appearance was combined with a reputation for immense riches, he was no longer amazed at the reverence, almost amounting to awe, which his presence seemed to inspire; nor at the profound obeisances with which he was every where greeted as he moved along."—II, p. 281, 282.

Jocelyn, who is destined to perpetual locomotion, is driven out of Holland by state suspicion, and is sent by the Dutchman's friendship to the castle of Haelbeck, a solitary mansion in a Netherlands marsh, the place of refuge of Strickland, an English exile. This exile has a "daughter fair," who takes sudden possession of Jocelyn's heart, to the exclusion of the lady of the lustrous eyes. Julia Strickland is drawn as the perfect contrast to the pensive and romantic spirit of Constantia: yet, to our apprehension, Miss Strickland a little exceeds the standard of grace in the following development of her gayety. Let it be observed that she has seen Jocelyn but the evening before. We should call the whole affair downright *courtship*.

" 'And I shall be, of course, as much too giddy and volatile to please you,' cried Julia, 'as my friend is too sedate and contemplative. You must have a creature made on purpose for you: one that shall unite the gravity of Melpomene to the playfulness of Thalia; a tragic-comic monster of conflicting excellencies. You will have much more reason to wonder at my sprightliness, perhaps I should say my levity, than at Constantia's staid and grave deportment. I will not assert with the giddy girl in the play, that 'I could as soon be immortal as be serious;' but I am blessed with constitutional high spirits, and you will please to recollect, that I have to enact all the cheerfulness that is to be performed in the dolorous castle of Haelbeck.' "—II, pp. 361, 362.

The general conduct of this novel is sufficiently ingenious, and but for the resemblance of its characters to the well-known ones of the Scotch romances, it would be entitled to considerable praise.

---

From the Monthly Review.

### LIFE OF ALEXANDER.

Alexander I, emperor of Russia; or a sketch of his life, and of the most important events of his reign. By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 8vo. pp. 315. 15s. Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel Jun. and Richter. 1826.

The history of a man who governed an immense empire for nearly twenty-five years, during which events of the highest importance have occurred, cannot fail to excite great in-

terest. It cannot be contested, even by his enemies, that Alexander was an excellent sovereign for Russia. Perhaps no despot ever swayed so powerful a sceptre with such gentleness and mercy. He was the patron of arts, sciences, and literature, and if, at times, a degree of severity, or of excess in his measures, became evident, we should be inclined to attribute it rather to the influence of his counsellors than to the dictates of his heart. The solicitude which he manifested for the good of his country, and his humanity, deserve the highest encomiums. We should also suppose that some of the plans of Russia originated elsewhere than with his imperial majesty. At the same time it must be allowed, that by some he was accused of considerable illiberality, and as we shall see, not without cause, of unbounded ambition.

As a private character, one of the most serious charges that could be brought against Alexander related to the affairs of gallantry. But when we candidly take into account the extremely corrupt court at which he was educated,—his early marriage to a lovely and amiable princess, but not the object of his choice,—the facilities, nay, the temptations to desert the path of virtue by which the young sovereign was surrounded,—and the extreme jealousy and rigid coldness of the empress, we must at least, think his failings to have been less the results of vicious disposition than of the situation in which he was placed.

We have been assured by high authority, that for a number of years before his death, this monarch deeply regretted the folly and the libertinism of his youth, and showed his compunction by the kindest conduct towards his imperial spouse, to whose society he devoted much time in the evenings; but unhappily for the empress he perceived his errors when too late, and after her heart had sunk under a load of affliction and melancholy. In other respects the simplicity and the mode of life of Alexander were very exemplary and praise-worthy. He slept upon a hard mattress whether in the palace or in the camp; he rose early, lived very moderately, was almost never even merry with wine, employed much time in public affairs, and was indefatigable in his labours.

During the late campaign he was an example to his whole army. His exemplary endurance of privations, cold, hunger, and fatigue, served to animate his troops. His activity and solicitude were equally the theme of praise, while his affability and his conciliatory manners gained him all hearts.

Mr. Lloyd does not pretend in the work before us to give any thing more than a sketch of the principal events of Alex-

ander's reign. From the great expedition with which it has been produced, within a few weeks after the death of the emperor was announced, the book must necessarily be very imperfect. In many respects Mr. Lloyd appears to be sufficiently correct, but in others his volume partakes of the nature of a panegyric. Could Alexander start from his grave, we are persuaded that the love of impartiality, so characteristic of the Tzar, would lead him to blame his biographer for too great a leaning,—however amiable it may be,—to virtue's side. The inestimable qualities, the numerous virtues, and the excellent deeds of Alexander are, with great justice, brought prominently into view; but we scarcely find any allusions to his cunning, his duplicity, his inconsistencies, and his amorous intrigues. Biography ought to contain a faithful record of the "hero of the tale." A volume of memoirs should not be a mere monument erected to the memory of the illustrious dead, but ought impartially to display all the lights and shades of character, so as to prove of use to the living.

"Alexander I, Pavlovitch, born the 23d of December, 1777, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, succeeded his father, Paul I, on the 24th of March, 1801. His father took no part in his education, which was directed by his grand-mother, the empress Catharine II, who gave him Colonel La Harpe, a native of Geneva, for his tutor. His mother, Maria, daughter of Duke Eugene of Wurtemberg, has invariably possessed his love and confidence.—

"His chief tutor, Count Soltikof, received directions from Catharine, according to which the young grand duke was to receive no lessons in poetry or music, because too much time must be spent on them to acquire any proficiency. Professor Kraft instructed the Prince in experimental philosophy, and Professor Pallas, for a short time in botany.

"On the 10th of October, 1793, at the early age of not quite sixteen, Alexander married the Princess Louisa Maria Augusta, of Baden, who, on adopting the Greek religion, as required of foreign princesses marrying into the Imperial family of Russia, received the name of Elizaveta Alexievna, by whom he has left no issue, [the only two children she had having died in infancy.]

"The Prince, from his tender years, had manifested all the germs of those virtues and great qualities by which he has been so eminently distinguished. Though he was supposed by many persons not to be gifted with very superior abilities, there can be little doubt that, in the latter part of the life of the Emperor Paul, the people looked forward with hope, and perhaps with impatience, to the reign of his successor; and the consciousness of this fact, probably encouraged those who had formed the plan of de-throning Paul, and proclaiming the Grand Duke Alexander. It appears, indeed, that ever since September, 1800, several of the favourites of Catherine, whom Paul, at the beginning of his government, had banished and treated with severity, but who had afterwards, by various means, contrived to gain his favour, had been plotting against him. Of all the difficulties that stood in the way of the execution of this project, the greatest

was the aversion of the young prince to sanction any attempt against his father's authority. They endeavoured, therefore, to make the emperor more suspicious and more violent; by artful insinuations they at length induced Paul to look upon his sons as enemies and traitors; and it is nearly certain that it was determined to send the grand dukes Alexander and Constantine to some fortress. The conspirators took advantage of this circumstance, painted the greatness of their personal danger, and, at length, an undertaking, founded on the law of self-preservation, appeared to both of them to be necessary. The plan was to arrest the emperor and declare him insane, and for Alexander to assume the government, but with the express assurance that he would resign all his rights and powers to his beloved father, as soon as it should please Divine Providence to restore him to health and reason."—pp. 1—4.

Mr. Lloyd has given two accounts of the assassination of Paul, which do not materially differ from each other. We agree with him that it is highly improbable that the precise truth will never be known on this subject, and in the absence of strong proof it would be unjust to charge Alexander with a participation in the guilt of the conspirators. At the same time it would be a task of the utmost difficulty, even for his warmest admirers, to convince the world that Alexander was wholly innocent of the blood of his father. We shall take the second account of this tragedy, which Mr. Lloyd gives us, as being the most circumstantial in its details.

"When Paul peaceably ascended the throne which his mother constantly refused to give up to him, he had at first no other partisans than the very small number of persons discontented with the late government. However, some wise ordinances, reiterated proofs of great regard for justice, reasonable views, a conduct generally deserving of praise, and some traits which seemed to indicate a noble and elevated soul, soon acquired the new emperor the attachment of the Russians and the esteem of foreign nations. But this prince, who under the sway of a mother jealous of her authority, had borne the yoke with impatience, as soon as he felt himself at liberty to indulge his own inclinations, which had hitherto been restrained, suffered them to take a wrong direction. Absolute power was in his hands only the faculty of giving way to the extravagances of his caprices, which he displayed in an affected contempt for all the ordinary usages of society.

"All hopes of bringing the emperor to more reasonable sentiments, had long been given up. Count Pahlen, who shared with him the exercise of unlimited power, had an opportunity to be convinced of the necessity of opposing a barrier to the extravagances of a will which manifested itself by acts of violence.

"This nobleman, who was at the head of the foreign department of the police and of the government of St. Petersburg, took at length the resolution of conferring with the grand duke Alexander on the means of preventing the fatal consequences, which seemed inevitable. He explained to this prince all the misfortunes, both at home and abroad, which might ensue from such a state of affairs. He warned him to think of a change, the dangers of which would be completely met by the means that could be commanded.

"Count Pahlen being acquainted, in consequence of the offices which  
AUGUST, 1826.—NO. 286.—17

he held, with all that was passing, was able to act immediately, and proposed to do so without delay. The grand duke is said to have replied to these first overtures, that he could not deny the impropriety of the emperor's conduct, but that he was his father, and that he, as his son, could never resolve to deprive him of his supreme power, whatever evil might result from his continuing to exercise it.

"Some months after this, the disorder in the government constantly increasing, count Pahlen again spoke to the grand duke. It seems that he found the prince less averse on this occasion than on the preceding, to the ideas which he submitted to his consideration; but still disinclined, out of respect to his father, to every attempt which might affect the power of the sovereign.

"However, more than twenty-six persons having disappeared in the beginning of 1801, count Pahlen repeated his proposals more urgently. The grand duke, pressed by the circumstances, at last consented, though with regret, and after having received a formal promise, that the life of the emperor should be saved, and that they would be satisfied with making him prisoner, obtaining from him an act of abdication, and conveying him under a strong escort, to the citadel of St. Petersburg.—

"In spite of the difficulty of giving positive assurances on this subject, Pahlen, however, promised at all events, the life of Paul should not be threatened. The project was to be carried into execution on the 22d of March; but the grand duke insisted that it should be deferred till the next day, because, on that day the guard of the palace was to be confined to the battalion of Semonowski, which the grand duke Constantine commanded in person, and which was devoted to him. Pahlen yielded to the desire of the prince.

"The palace of Michailow, built by Paul on the site of the old summer palace, is a massy edifice, in a bad style, and surrounded with bastions. It was in vain that the emperor daily added to the fortifications, to secure himself against the revenge of those whom he had offended. Pahlen, as well as the other leaders of the conspiracy, was acquainted with every part of it. Some hours before the execution of the plot, count Pahlen augmented the number of the conspirators by adding to them some young men of family, who, on that day, had been degraded, and beaten in a most cruel manner, for faults which scarcely merited a reprimand. Pahlen himself released them from prison, and took them to supper at general Talizin's, colonel of the Presbaschewskoi regiment of guards, who, as well as general Depreradowitsch, colonel of the Semonowski regiment, had drawn into the conspiracy almost all the officers; they did not yet venture to confide in the soldiers, but they reckoned upon their obedience.

"Plato Subow, the last favourite of Catherine II, and general Benning-sen were present at this entertainment. They placed themselves at the head of one part of the conspirators and Pahlen commanded the other; the two troops together amounted to about sixty persons, most of whom were inflamed with wine. Subow and Benning-sen were preceded by the aid-de-camp Arkamakow, who daily made reports to the emperor. This officer conducted them by a staircase, which led directly to an anti chamber, where two hussars of the imperial guard, and two valets slept. In passing through the gallery to which this door opened they were stopped by a sentinel, who cried, 'Who goes there?' Benning-sen replied, 'Silence! you see where we are going.' The soldier understanding what was going forward, knit his brows, crying, 'Patrol, pass!' in order that if the emperor had heard the noise, he might believe that it was made by the patrol. After this, Arkamakew advanced rapidly and knocked softly at the valet de chambre's

door; the latter, without opening, demanded his business.—‘I come to make my report.’—‘Are you mad? it is midnight.’—‘What do you say; it is six o’clock in the morning: open the door quick, or you will make the emperor very angry with me.’ The valet at last opened the door, but seeing seven or eight persons enter the chamber sword in hand, he ran to hide himself in a corner. One of the hussars, who had more courage, attempted to resist, but was immediately cut down with a sabre; the other disappeared.

“In this manner Benningsen and Subow penetrated to the emperor’s chamber. Subow, not seeing the prince in his bed, cried, ‘Good God! he has escaped.’ Benningsen more composed, having made a careful search, discovered the emperor behind a screen. Having approached the prince, he saluted him with his sword, and announced to him that he was a prisoner, by the order of the emperor Alexander; that his life would be respected, but that it was requisite for his safety, that he should make no resistance. Paul made no answer. By the glimmering of a night-lamp, the confusion and terror which were painted at the same time in his countenance, were easily perceived. Benningsen, without loss of time, examined the whole room; one door lead to the apartments of the empress: a second which was that of the wardrobe, afforded no farther issue: two others belonged to recesses, which contained the colours of the regiments of the garrison, as also a great number of swords belonging to officers, who were put under arrest. While Benningsen was shutting these doors, and putting the keys into his pocket; Subow repeated in Russian to the emperor, ‘sire, you are a prisoner by order of the emperor Alexander.’—‘How! a prisoner!’ replied the emperor. A moment afterwards, he added, “What have I done to you?”—‘For these four years past you have tortured us,’ replied one of the conspirators.

“The prince was in his night-cap; he had only thrown over him a flannel jacket, he was standing without shoes or stockings before the conspirators, who had their hats on, and their swords in their hands.”—

“Meantime Benningsen, who had remained in the emperor’s chamber with a small number of the conspirators was greatly embarrassed; he would have been more so, if Paul had taken his sword to defend himself; but this unfortunate prince did not utter a single word, and remained motionless.

“The emperor was found in this state of stupor by some of the conspirators, who, in their intoxication, had missed their way, and tumultuously entered the chamber.

“Prince Tatchwill, major-general of artillery, who had been for some time out of service, first entered at the head of his companions: he furiously attacked the emperor, and throwing him on the ground, overturned at the same time the screen and the lamp: the rest of the scene passed in darkness. Benningsen thinking that Paul wished to fly, or defend himself, cried: ‘For God’s sake, Sire, do not attempt to escape, your life is at stake; you will be killed if you make the least resistance.’ During this time prince Tatchwill, Gardanow, adjutant of the horse guards, Sartarinow, colonel of artillery, who had been long discharged from active service; prince Werenski and Seriatin officer of the guards, also out of active service, were contending with the emperor: he at first succeeded in rising from the ground, but he was thrown down again, and wounded his side and his cheek, by falling against a marble table. General Benningsen was the only one who avoided taking an active part, he repeatedly urged Paul not to defend himself. He had scarcely had time to leave the chamber a moment to fetch a light, when on his return he perceived Paul lying on the ground, strangled with an officer’s sash. Paul had made but a slight resistance, he had

only put his hand between his neck and the saab, and exclaimed in French, 'gentlemen, for heaven's sake, spare me! leave me time to pray to God.' These were his last words."—pp. 7—22.

When intelligence of this catastrophe was conveyed to Alexander, who, during the whole scene, was with his brother Constantine and the two grand duchesses, in his own apartments, *immediately under those of his father*, he is represented to have been quite beside himself, exclaiming, "People will say that I am the assassin of my father; they promised me not to touch his life. I am the most unfortunate man in the world." One thing is obvious, that sufficient precautions were not taken by Alexander to preserve the life of a father against whose authority he conspired. It does not appear from either of the accounts which Mr. Lloyd has given of the assassination, that any one of the conspirators who entered Paul's apartment made the least effort to protect him from violence. No measures seem to have been taken for the removal of his person to a place of confinement: indeed his death seems to have been the only result contemplated by Benning-  
sen and his companions.

"It is a remarkable fact," as Mr. Lloyd observes, "that the scenes of horror which had taken place so near the apartments of the empress had not interrupted her sleep." It is more remarkable that, upon learning the whole state of the case her first care was to assert her own rights, maintaining that, by virtue of her coronation, she was reigning empress. However, she was with some difficulty induced to renounce her pretensions, and to take the oath to the emperor her son. "From that moment every thing went on as if Paul had died a natural death."

"However much we may deprecate assassination," says a late author, "it was for the happiness of Russia that Paul's reign was short, and that his acts had but a transient influence. In him she lost a despotic tyrant, and in his successor she found a mild, benevolent monarch, as great a contrast to his father and predecessor as it is possible to imagine. Alexander came to the throne with strong predilections in his favour. Real personal good qualities had gained the affection of all who approached him; and, as the pupil of La Harpe, expectation was raised high as to his capacity for government. The Telemachus of the North was not then inebriated with power, but, instructed in his duties by a Mentor endowed with intelligence and virtue, he exercised the authority of a despotic sovereign to establish philanthropy as the basis of his throne. An enemy to the costly vanities of some of his pre-

decessors, he regulated the expenses of his palaces with economy, and applied his treasures to the foundation of useful establishments, the promotion of useful public works, the equipment of his arsenals, and the augmentation of his army. Temperate, active, and indefatigable, he transacted the business of government through direct correspondence or personal superintendence; and familiar with the statistics, topography, and interests of the various people inhabiting his extensive empire, he cherished the general prosperity by a polity adapted to the wants of each and all.”\*

Mr. Lloyd gives an account of the wars and public deeds in which Alexander was concerned, from his ascent to the throne till his decease; but as those events are familiar to our readers, we shall pass them over. With equal candour and justice, Mr. Lloyd remarks, that—

“Perhaps there is no instance in history, of such a sudden change, not only in the councils, but apparently even in the personal sentiments of a great sovereign, as was manifested in those of Alexander, at the conclusion of the treaty of Tilsit, and in his subsequent conduct. From being the *most determined enemy* of Napoleon, he became at *once his greatest admirer*, and his *warmest friend*: ready, as it afterwards appeared, to second the plans of the French emperor against his own allies. Indeed, at Tilsit, Alexander appeared desirous of publicly appearing as the friend of Napoleon, of which some remarkable instances have been recorded; though, as they chiefly rest upon French authority, implicit credit ought perhaps not to be given to them. On one occasion he is reported to have addressed Napoleon with the following verse:

“*L’amitie d’un grand homme est un present des dieux.*”

“The two sovereigns conversed with the greatest familiarity on the organization and the administrations of their dominions. Alexander explained to Napoleon the nature of the Russian government. He spoke of the senate, and of the resistance which he experienced in his attempts to do good. Napoleon, grasping his hand, immediately replied, ‘However large an empire may be, it is always too little for two masters.’ The head and the heart of Napoleon are seen at once in these words, which are impressed with the stamp of despotism:—Machiavel himself could not have said better.”

The subsequent detail also possesses high interest.

“Meanwhile the congress at Erfurth separated on the 14th of October, after Napoleon had secured, as he thought, peace with Austria, and agreed with Alexander upon certain arrangements, the contents of which have never been made known though it is supposed that the two emperors *divided the supremacy of Europe between them*; Alexander to rule the north, and Napoleon the south, and determined on the partition of Turkey. They engaged rigorously to maintain the system of the continental blockade in order to compel England to make peace.—pp. 130, 131.

\* A sketch of the military and political power of Russia by Sir Robert Wilson, p. 18.

The efforts of Alexander to improve Russia were ceaseless and most extensive, and he has the highest claims to the gratitude of her natives. He introduced and placed on a solid basis, a system of national education; he improved the internal administration; he encouraged the industry of the nation at home, and raised the foreign commerce of Russia to a degree of prosperity before unknown; he brought the military establishment to a degree of perfection which it had never before attained; he commenced a new system of military colonization which was first made known to the world by Dr. Lyall in 1823, and which has subsequently attracted the eager attention of the politicians of Europe, he encouraged and spread manufactures and commerce among his people; he caused communications both by land and canals to be made in all directions; he made great efforts to improve the language and the literature of the Russians; he founded or reorganized a number of universities; he established numerous gymnasia and seminaries, and above 2000 popular schools upon the Lancasterian system; he devoted two magnificent houses at Petersburg and Moscow to the service of the bible society, where the scriptures were printed in nearly thirty languages, to be afterwards distributed over his immense realms; he was a liberal encourager of the arts, especially of printing, engraving, painting, and sculpture; he was the protector of agricultural societies; he promoted colonization; he was the patron of sciences and the friend of men of genius and talents in every department of knowledge; he was the protector of the poor and the needy; he had the most beneficent views towards the serfs of his country, and began their emancipation, a work in which he wisely proceeded with cautious but sure steps: in a word, though he may have been mistaken in some of his views, and was at times misled, Alexander assuredly was the friend of the human race. But he was mortal and had his public as well as his private failings.

"Alexander," says Lloyd, "governed with moderation, activity, and indefatigable perseverance; and by his unaffected and amiable manners, *he gained the affection and confidence of his people.* His activity embraced with judgment and zeal every thing that concerned the welfare of the empire; he was capable of enlarged views, and the idea of a christian alliance of sovereigns *proceeded from his bosom* which was deeply imbued with religious feelings, and from a mind open to every great idea."

That Alexander was the original author of the Holy Alliance, there can be no doubt; and there seems to be as little doubt, that when he projected it, he comprehended at least some of the consequences to which it was calculated to lead.

As we have seen it in its practical effects upon Naples and Spain, we cannot conceive any alliance more unholy in itself; for it has waged, and, until it be dissolved, it will continue to wage, an unrelenting warfare against the freedom of the continent. In all his political schemes, Alexander showed great duplicity and ambition, under the garb of mildness, contentment, and humility: he conquered provinces and kingdoms chiefly by artful policy, and he slowly but steadily continued a system of aggrandizement at the expense of his neighbours, on all sides. Under his reign the following immense acquisitions of territory were made by the Russian empire, either through treaty or by conquest. 1. The province of Biellostock. 2. The grand duchy of Finland. 3. Bessarabia. 4. The Persian provinces, to the Araxes and the Koor. 5. The kingdom of Poland.

Alexander persuaded his people, and wished to make the world also believe for a time, that Moscow was burned by the French; and afterwards allowed his own aid-de-camp, Boutourlin, to publish that the Russians themselves *were the incendiaries* of their ancient capital. He, with the aid of a clever and cunning mother, Maria, cut off Constantine from the succession to the throne, and then composed documents, in which he alludes to the grand duke's *sublime sentiments, voluntary act*, and renunciation of the imperial purple.

We were much surprised to find that Mr. Lloyd has not noticed the astonishing change of Alexander's conduct shortly before his death. Ever since his ascent to the throne, but more especially for some years after the last peace, that monarch had been a most zealous propagator of knowledge of every kind throughout his vast empire, and was the patron of bible societies and the protector of liberal sentiments. Through the influence of secret reports, of the wily Metternich's alarming letters, and of count Nesselrode's respondent tone of opinion, in the twinkling of an eye, the bible societies were neglected, nay, discouraged; freedom of opinion became dangerous; foreigners were looked upon with suspicion; government regarded the travelled Russians with doubts; all plans for the general advancement, in which there was a spark of freedom, were suspended, and the emperor no longer appeared to be the Alexander of by-gone days. It is a remarkable fact, that one of the first effects of the illumination of a part of the Russian population was an attempt to bring about the extinction of the dynasty of Romanof, and the overthrow of the Russian empire. Death seized his majesty Alexander in time to

prevent his becoming a witness, if not a sufferer, by the conspiracy of his officers and his nobles.

Nicholas the First should look well to himself, ponder well on his plans, and weigh maturely the motives of his advisers, before he adopts important new measures. He should never forget, that two great parties now exist in Russia—the travelled and polished nobles, and the untravelled and rude nobles;—who again may be divided into the civil nobles and the military nobles; the liberals and the anti-liberals; the advocates, and the non-advocates of slavery; the abettors and the opposers of the system of military colonization; the illuminators and the non-illuminators of the peasantry; the propagators and the non-propagators of religion.

It has been remarked by all travellers, that the Russian empire, *in toto*, presents a curious and heterogeneous appearance. It consists of innumerable tribes and nations, who speak a great variety of languages. The two-headed eagle of *Russia proper*, has stretched forth her talons to the north and south, to the east and west,—has pounced upon her prey, and has held it fast in the grasp of despotism. For some hundred years, Russia has never been at rest, except for a period suitable to prepare her future means of attack, and await her projected aggrandizement. She has added province to province, principality to principality, and kingdom to kingdom; while she has, by artful policy and overawing armies, more and more consolidated her political power and the influence of her despotic sway.

But a few centuries ago, the Russian territory formed a *fourth part of the present European Russia, and about a seven-teenth part of the present Russian empire*. In the reign of Ivan Vassilievitch III, this territory was augmented 10,000 square miles, and in the reign of Vassilii Ivanovitch 14,000 square miles. Ivan Vassilievitch IV tripled the extent of his dominions, and Phedor I greatly augmented them. In the reign of Alixei Michailovitch, all the provinces that were taken by the Poles were reconquered, and besides, he added 257,000 square miles to the Russian states. Under the sway of Phedor III, the dreary region of Nova Zembla was acquired. Peter the Great extended his dominions 280,000 square miles. The empress Ann, treading in the same path of augmentation, left behind her a realm of above 324,000 square miles in extent; and while Catherine the second held the sceptre of the north, this territory was increased to 335,600 square miles. In the reign of Paul, and since the late sovereign, Alexander, ascended the throne, the empire

has been enlarged to no less than 345,000 geographic square miles, of which 85,000 belong to Europe, and 260,000 to Asia.\*

The rapidly progressive augmentation of Russian territory, by seizure and conquest,—the incredible increase of her native population, and the introduction of foreign colonies, the astonishing advance of her people in the arts and sciences, in philosophy and literature, general knowledge, and civilization, the deeds of her arms, and her present enormous army, of nearly a million of men, one-third of whom, at least, are chosen troops, in a high state of discipline,—the extraordinary, and we should say, *unnatural* and preponderating political influence she had acquired in the courts of Europe,—her rapid march in the improvement of her arm manufactories, cannon founderies, arsenals, and other appendages of warfare, the institution of various kinds of schools, civil and military, for the instruction of the rising generation,—the self-conceit, and haughty spirit of the higher classes of society, the excessive desire of aggrandisement, characteristic of her sovereigns and her generals, her nobles and clergy, her merchants, and even her slaves,—her intriguing and perfidious policy in every court in which she has representative or employed,—her obdurate perseverance in the overthrow of the liberty and the rights of man in some once powerful nations, while she solemnly professes the wish to emancipate her own serfs,—all these, together with the corruption of her morals, are so many topics for the meditations of politicians, and more especially of the sovereigns of Europe.

Lloyd's Alexander, upon the whole, though evidently a hurried production, contains some valuable materials, and we recommend a perusal of it to our readers. The work is ornamented with a portrait of the emperor, but the likeness is by no means striking; with an excellent plan of Taganrog, copied from Castelnau's "*Nouvelle Russie*;" and with a fac-simile of Alexander's hand-writing.

We recommend the author to correct the following *errata*, which we have remarked in his book should a second edition be demanded;—Laharpe, for La Harpe; Pawlowitsch, for Pávlovitch; Subow, for Zubof; Araktchen, for Araktcheef; Kutujsov, for Kutusof; Presbaschewskoi, for Preobrajerskoi; Romanzoff, for Rumantsov; Czartorinski, for Tchartorinski; Cossacks, for Kozáks; Woronzoff, for Vorontsov; Woronesk, for Voroneje.

\* Vide *Hayall's* account of the military colonies.

For the Port Folio.

## ANTICIPATION—or 1856.

*"Palabras, neighbour Verges."*—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

"Sure, he that made us with such *large discourse*,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason,  
To rust in us unused."—*Hamlet: Act IV. Sc. IV.*

[In his note upon this passage, Dr. Johnson appears to have mistaken the sense of the author. It is evident that Shakspeare meant to put into the mouth of Hamlet an argument in favour of *lengthy* discourses, whether forensic, parliamentary or colloquial. We have, says the prince of Denmark, the capability of speechifying, almost *sans intermission*, and he who gave us this faculty gave it not to rust, but to brighten and sharpen by use. Therefore let us harangue on all occasions, as long as our breath will bear us out, or we can find a single auditor for our speeches. This interpretation of the passage is strengthened by a subsequent line of the same soliloquy, in which he gives it as his opinion, that

"Rightly to be great,  
Is, not to stir without *great argument*,"

which I hold to mean that no one can rightfully be called "a great man," who "stirs" from his seat in a public assembly without making a long "argument."—*New Am. Ed. of Shakspeare. MS.*

Whether the American editor, whose note upon Hamlet's famous soliloquy I have quoted above, be right in his conjectures, it is not the object of this article to discuss. I should incline, however, to *guess*, that if public affairs were debated in the legislature of Denmark with the same copiousness of speech and tardiness of decision that are manifested in certain modern assemblies, the royal Dane would have taken such a surfeit of "large discourses," as to save Hamlet the trouble of sending him to his accompt, by a voluntary abdication of his throne and kingdom. Be that as it may, I have no idea that the interpretation put upon Hamlet's words can be a popular one on this side of the Atlantic. We are beginning to feel so sensibly the pressure of long speeches; the evil comes home so sensibly to men's business and bosoms, that something more than the supposed authority or argument of Hamlet will be necessary to reconcile us to it. The malady has now gained such a height, and is becoming so much of an epidemic among all classes in which any kind of public speaking is necessary, that really unless some remedy is soon devised, the body politic will be in im-

minent jeopardy. Throughout the whole of our municipalities, from the broad circle at Washington to the little round of the village corporation, wherever Providence has vouchsafed the gift of speech, this *magna copia fundi* overflows its limits, and covers, as with a flood, all our public concerns. In the administration of justice the grievance is not less onerous or appalling. The ancients placed a bandage over the eyes of the goddess, in whom the abstract idea of justice was personified and worshipped; and we, who imitate every thing, have copied the bandage in our representations of that divinity, instead of figuring her with due attention to time, place, and circumstance, as halting, *pede claudo*. How, indeed can she be supposed to make much headway when her skirts are hung upon by the learned disciples of Coke and Bacon, who assert and exercise what they consider their privilege of speech, *usque ad nauseam*, in every contest, whether it concern a cabbage or a county, a murder or a misdemeanor.

That we have sadly fallen off from the good old taciturnity of our ancestors, is abundantly evident. They established constitutions and enacted whole codes of laws, and declared INDEPENDENCE in about half the time that we consume in electing a speaker or debating a question of order. During the revolutionary war, and perhaps for some time before and after it, the people of the United States were known among the frontier Indians by the generic name of LONG KNIFE, which formidable appellation I have no doubt had a decided effect in keeping down the propensities of the savages to hostilities and depredation. If they were now to christen us anew, the baptismal name would probably be borrowed, not from our weapons but our words. At least, those of them who have witnessed the debates at the great council-fire, must have carried home with them impressions of singular advantage to the improvement of their system of *pow-waw-ing*.

I believe that this besetting sin of ours is strictly national. In all the researches I have been able to make nothing like it has come under my notice. Our cousins, the English, who are most like us, manage their public speaking in parliament and courts of justice in about one-eighth of the time we consume; or, to speak more exactly, the proportion of time spent by them in debate, is, when compared to that consumed by us, as 45 : 360. The French, who might be supposed to have a greater fund of loquacity than ourselves, let it off in small-spirts, and straight are cool again. These Europeans have no more conception of the length and breadth, and depth

of the stream of eloquence which flows from the mouth of one of our orators “labitur et labetur....volubilio...” than he who has only beheld the Seine and the Thames, can form of our Ohio and Mississippi. There is “extant in very choice Italian,” a story of a Frenchman, who, at a period when English tastes and opinions were popular in France, observed of a “gentlemanlike and melancholy” Englisman, “*Il faut avouer que ce monsieur-là a une grande talent pour la silence.*” [It must be acknowledged that that gentleman has a great talent for silence.] Alas! when will such a compliment be paid to any of our great men! If the present system continues, how we shall come to venerate that *talent*, as it must now be seriously called, by which its gifted possessor is enabled to restrain himself from an overflow of the contents of his brain! How enviable will he come to be considered who can keep upon his mind his thoughts and acquisitions! How fortunate must his constitution be, who has succeeded in withstanding this sort of mental *cholera*!

Such were my reflections, a few evenings since, after reading in the newspapers that a great deliberative body was about to adjourn, after more than five months' debate without passing a certain important law, and that the alleged reason for thus postponing an act of legislation necessary to thousands, was, that *only* three or four weeks of the session remained, and thus only three or four speeches could be made, instead of a hundred that had been prepared. Struck and mortified with this new symptom of one of the most portentous signs of the times, I pictured to myself, in colours, perhaps too sombre, an anticipation of the evils likely to come upon us, and the discredit republican constitutions are likely to sustain from the prevailing propensity. In this state of mind I fell into a sort of reverie, in which I lost all consciousness of existing things, and fancied myself transported to the era of my posterity, the theatre of the next generation. I believed that the year 1856 had arrived, and that a number of the National Intelligencer of that year was spread open before me, with all its rich detail of congressional news and state documents. At first the appearance of the paper struck me with some surprise, since it had discarded the present newspaper shape and assumed that which we now see in a roll of paper hangings, and thus contained about twenty times as much as at present. Its enormous increase of size, however, I soon perceived, was called for by the enlarged dimensions of the speeches and other proceedings of the day. I fell to work upon the contents with the eagerness of a quid-

nunc, to whom news, thirty years a-head, is vouchsafed; but as may be supposed from the size of the roll, the undertaking seemed to be of no easy accomplishment. I thought the mere glancing over the contents, as the paper unrolled itself and spread over the floor, occupied me the greater part of an hour. The articles under the editorial head were, of course, the first objects of attention. Some of them struck me as so extraordinary, and made such an impression on my memory, that I am able to give them *verbatim*. I should premise that the paper bore date the 10th of December, 1856.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

On Wednesday last the annual message from the president to both houses of congress, was conveyed from the executive mansion to the capitol, in a light covered wagon, under the superintendence of his excellency's private secretary. On arriving at the capitol, it was carried upon a handbarrow into the house of representatives by two of the messengers, where, by means of the new patent machine for opening voluminous documents, it was speedily unrolled. The clerk began the reading of it exactly at noon, and continued until 10 P. M., when a motion to adjourn prevailed. At 12 o'clock yesterday the reading was resumed, and the house remained in session until 11 P. M., when it adjourned. We understand that the clerk has got nearly half through this interesting document, and a reasonable belief is entertained, that with a little extra exertion he may be able to finish it on Saturday night. We have been favoured with a brief abstract of its contents, from which, as well as from what we heard in the house of representatives, we are satisfied, that in ability, wisdom, and length, it is at least equal to any of its predecessors. The following is believed to be a correct synopsis of this important state paper:

After the usual felicitations upon the prosperous state of the country and the increasing strength of the confederacy, and a just tribute of gratitude to our ancestors, the founders of the republic, in the course of which the president introduces a sonnet composed by himself for the occasion, the message proceeds to a detailed survey, first, of the union in general, second, of each state in the union, and third of each county in every state, with geographical and statistical tables under each head, showing the number of births, marriages, and deaths, during the past year, and the occupation, trade, or calling of every person in the United States. Passing then, by a happy transition, from facts to philosophy, the president

favours congress with a treatise on political economy, showing the origin, growth, and present theory of that "never-to-be-sufficiently-valued" science; with an attempt to reconcile the conflicting systems of its disciples. This point of the message occupies only about one hundred and fifty pages, and is a fair specimen of the author's talent for condensation. Then comes an essay on codification, in which a general view of the theory of laws is prefixed to a copious account of legislation, from that of the decalogue to the present era, interspersed with sketches of the history of man, and biographical notices of the principal codifiers, in all ages of the world, from Moses down to Jeremy Bentham. After this follows a disquisition on the influence of the moon upon the various currents on earth, showing her effect upon the tides of the ocean, the sap of trees, and the blood of the human frame, causing each to ascend; with some conjectures respecting her influence upon the course of public opinion; concluding with a recommendation to congress to establish a grand thermometrical observatory, at which the heat of the moon may be measured. The next subject of the message is a speculation on the probability of the continuance of peace between this country and Mexico, followed by a pretty elaborate treatise on the modern art of war, and a comparison of it with the ancient system, together with some practical suggestions on the subject of ship-building. This portion of the message is accompanied with eight volumes of documents, containing, among other matters, a translation, by the president, of Cæsar's Commentaries, with notes and plates, the whole executed at the expense of the United States. After which succeeds a sketch of the principal translations of the Bible, with a discussion of the difficult question, Whether the *septuaginta* were actually an assembly of learned men, amounting in number to seventy, or a single individual of that name: the president, we understand, inclines to the latter opinion. The discussion of this branch of the message terminates with the recommendation of a grand national American translation of the Bible, to be executed by a competent number of persons, one to be taken from each state of the Union, and to be appointed by the president, by and with the advice and consent of the senate. His excellency then proceeds to give an account of the commerce of the United States for the last year, with detailed statements of all the articles exported and imported at each port, and their respective prices and the tonnage of the vessels in which they were, carried, together with the names of the officers and sea-

men of such vessels, their ages and places of birth: and likewise a history of the rise and progress of the funded debt of the United States; together with the names of the holders and the amount each receives quarterly. The remaining subjects of the message are, the circulating medium; an examination of the question, Whether agriculture or manufactures be most beneficial to a nation; the militia laws; the Greek drama, with observations on the morality of plays in general; recommendations for the establishment of a national dentist in each principal town, and for a bounty on the cultivation of the improved species of lettuce, &c. &c. The whole concluding with a prayer, in twenty-four pages, for the general welfare of the country, and for the particular prosperity of every individual in it.

The preceding is a very hasty outline of the principal features of this valuable message. We have only time to add that it bears throughout the impress of its excellent author's universal philanthropy, microscopic capacity, and panoramic learning.

In another part of the paper I found the following extract, from a Philadelphia journal, which seemed, from its name, "The Semi-Daily Advertiser," to be published twice a-day:

*Philadelphia, Dec. 11.*

On the first of November last, at the court of Oyer and Terminer for the city and county of Philadelphia, came on the trial of William Wilful, indicted for an assault upon the person of Samuel Simple, on the tenth of December, 1855. The prosecution was conducted by the attorney-general, assisted by Absolom Archer and Benjamin Bellows, esquires, and the prisoner was defended by Ezekiel Drab, Michael Mc Splutter, and Forcible Feeble, esquires. The whole of the first day was occupied in reading the indictment, challenging and swearing the jury. The opening speech of Mr. Bellows for the prosecution, was acknowledged on all hands to be no less clear and logical than brief and compendious. He began his address to the jury at 10 A. M. on the second of November, and finished it at 8 P. M., being the shortest speech pronounced in that court within twenty years. On the morning of the third inst. the examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, four in number, commenced, and continued during that day, and all the fourth, and fifth, and sixth. We subjoin a part of the testimony of the principal witness for the prosecution:

*Question.* (By counsellor Bellows.) You have said that you saw the defendant approach the prosecutor with his finger raised. I wish you to state which finger it was.

*A.* I am not positive: but if my memory serves me I incline to think it was either the fore-finger of the right hand, or one of the other fingers: but I can't swear precisely.

*Q.* How was his other hand occupied at the time?

*A.* If I don't misremember I judge his other hand was hanging down at his side, or else in the pocket of his clothes.

*Q.* State, what was the colour of Wilful's clothes; and whether his coat was buttoned: and also what manner of clothes the prosecutor had on, and how his cravat was tied.

*A.* At this distance of time I can't recollect exactly all that they wore; but I reckon that William Wilful had on a coat, pantaloons, and waistcoat: but as near as I can remember I won't go to say whether his coat was buttoned or not. As for Samuel Simple, I'm not the man to say what I don't know: and so I won't swear that his coat was on or off; but I judge he had on his other clothes, and it is likely they might have been a sort of drab colour; and, for all I know, his cravat might have been tied in front; but of this I'm not clear.

(Here the defendant's counsel, with one voice, declared that if the witness continued to speak with so much rapidity, it would be impossible for them to take down his testimony *verbatim*. The witness then repeated his last answer, which was carefully written down by each of the six counsel and the four judges.)

*Q.* I wish you to tell the court and jury what the prosecutor did with his pocket handkerchief, when he had wiped his eyes with it, as you say he did, after the defendant committed this cruel assault upon him.

*A.* Why, I can't speak positive as to that matter; but if I don't misremember, this William Wilful, after he had shook his finger at Samuel Simple, why, this Samuel Simple he either puts his handkerchief into his pocket, or he holds it still in his hand; but of that I'm not clear.

*Specimen of the cross examination.*

*Q.* You have said, in your examination in chief, that when the defendant approached the prosecutor his finger was somewhat bent. Now, I ask you upon your oath what kind of buttons you had on at the time?

*A.* I can't be positive; but, if I don't misremember, I had buttons on my coat and buttons on my waistcoat; and I con-

clude the buttons on my waistcoat were covered, and on my coat gilt.

Q. We don't want any of your conclusions. Upon your oath, were they or were they not covered buttons?

A. Why, as this accident took place more than a year ago, I can't say, I expect, I know exactly, whether they were covered or not: though I reckon they were.

Q. You have said that the prosecutor was standing near a table when the occurrence took place. Now I ask you upon your oath what that table was made of?

A. I disremember exactly.

Q. Was it mahogany, walnut, pine, or what?

A. If my memory serves me, I reckon it was white pine, painted of a marble colour.

Q. Upon your oath, was it painted marble colour or red?

A. I conclude it was marble, but can't swear.

Q. In the course of your examination in chief you swore, that, to the best of your knowledge and belief, the defendant put his right foot forward, when he approached the prosecutor. Now I ask you, and I beg you will endeavour to understand my question, and speak out, that the jury may hear you distinctly, how many legs had that table?

A. I calculate it had four; but I won't swear to it, seeing it is such a long time since this affair happened.

Q. Now, as you have answered this question, I want to know whether you drank whiskey or beer that day at dinner?

Here the attorney general interposed, and insisted that the witness was not bound to answer the question; inasmuch as the reply might tend to involve him in a criminal prosecution, or at least bring reproach or ridicule upon him. In an able speech of two hours and a half, he laid down the grounds of his objection, and read through the first and fourth volumes of the late learned judge Longcase's treatise on this point. He was followed by counsellor Drab, on the other side, who, in a speech of seven hours' length, maintained that the witness was bound to answer. The court then adjourned. On the next day, Mr. Mc Fustian maintained the same ground, in a speech which occupied the whole morning and afternoon. They cited the following books: 49th Sergeant & Rawle, *Holdfast v. Tunno*: 53d Pennsylvania Abridgment, 323; 84th do. 101, &c. &c. and also a manuscript in five quarto volumes, containing the opinion of the supreme court in the case of *Doubtless v. Damper*, delivered by judge Longpen in 1850, but not yet reached by the reporter. In reply counsellor Archer, for the prosecution, occupied the greater part of

AUGUST, 1826.—NO. 286.—19

the next day. On the eighth of November the opinion of the court was delivered by the judges, *seriatim*, in written arguments, the reading of which consumed that day. Two of the judges were of opinion, that the question might be put, and two thought otherwise. The court being thus equally divided, a doubt arose whether the question could be put, which point was argued with great ability and learning on each side; but remained undecided, the court being still divided. Finally the question was withdrawn.

We have no room for further extracts from the examination of the witnesses. On the ninth of November, the defendant's case was opened by counsellor Feeble, in a speech of fifteen hours' length, occupying that and the succeeding day. The examination of the defendant's witnesses consumed the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fifteenth. Mr. Archer, for the prosecution, then made an ingenious speech of two days. He was followed by Mr. Mc Fustian and Mr. Drab, for the defendant, each of whom spoke three days. We are not in the habit of bestowing indiscriminate or overweening praise, and exceedingly dislike the practise which obtains with some of our cotemporaries, of lauding without measure or stint, and therefore shall only say, that of all speeches that have been delivered in public assemblies, whether deliberative, didactic, or judicial, since man learned the art of speech, none that we ever heard, read of, or can imagine ever to have been delivered, could possibly have come within any conceivable distance of the speeches of either of these gentlemen. Their learning, eloquence, genius, wit, fancy, acuteness, patriotism, humour, &c., would have put to the blush Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Erskine, Curran, Henry, and Pindney, and drew to the court house such crowds of admiring auditors, that it was with the greatest difficulty admission could be obtained into the temple of justice. Such was the pathos of Mr. Drab especially, when describing the sufferings of the defendant's wife and eleven children, under a recent attack of the prevailing influenza, that nine journeymen tailors, who were among the audience, are said to have fainted at a particular passage; and we understand that Samuel Peter Simkins, esquire, an English gentleman in the hardware line who has lately arrived from Birmingham, declares, that he has seldom heard much finer speeches at the court of requests in London. This voluntary tribute from an enlightened foreigner, is conclusive. We must return, however, to our brief narrative of the trial. The defendant's counsel were followed by the attorney general in a speech of four

days. On the morning of the thirtieth, the presiding judge delivered his sentiments to the jury, in favour of the prosecution; in the afternoon the second judge charged in favour of the defendant. The whole of the first of December was occupied by the third and fourth judges, the first of whom was in favour of the defendant, and the latter agreed with the presiding judge, in expressing his opinion favourably to the prosecution. The jury then retired, but previously to leaving the court gave it as their opinion that they should not be able to agree for a week at least, and requested to be furnished with comfortable board and lodging, which the court directed the officers to attend to, and then adjourned for a week. This morning, December ninth, the jury came into court and stated that so far from agreeing in sentiment, they were at a much greater distance from that than ever; that the diversity of sentiment had occasioned so much excitement as to produce four assaults and batteries and two challenges; and that if they were not separated there was no saying what mischief might happen. Whereupon the court, after a suitable admonition upon the shocking diversity of sentiment prevailing in juries, ordered them to be discharged. We understand that the case will be again tried in about eighteen months.

Here ended the extract from the Philadelphia paper. I remember no more passages in that number of the *Intelligencer*. I thought, however, that I had before me another roll of the same journal, dated the fifteenth of May, 1837, in which among other matters I observed the following:

## PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

*Tuesday, May 14.*

### SENATE.

The Senate did not sit this day.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Two messages were received from the president.

The first, in answer to a resolution of the house on the 10th ultimo, conveyed voluminous reports from the different secretaries, communicating the names, places of birth, and ages of all the clerks in the several offices under the government, the number, names, and ages of their children, the number of loaves of bread and joints of meat consumed weekly by the family of each clerk, and the exact number of minutes spent by each at his respective desk, and at his own residence.

The second message communicated a report from the secretary of state, in compliance with another resolution of the house, adopted a few days since, requesting to be furnished with a particular statement of the most recent conversations of our ambassadors abroad, with foreign ministers. Accompanying the report were copies of letters from our ministers in England, France, and Russia, detailing, with laudable minuteness, the number of public and private dinners at which they had been present since their last communications, and the whole conversation at each, together with the particulars of the confidential interviews they had had with different eminent foreigners.

On motion of Mr. Poortype ten thousand copies of each of these messages were ordered to be printed.

The house then proceeded to the order of the day, on the general appropriation bill; the question being, on the motion of general Sharpe of Tennessee (which our readers may remember was made on the twentieth of December last and supported by a speech of two weeks) to strike out the appropriation for lighting a third lamp in front of the president's house, the effect of which, if successful, would be to reduce the number of lamps to two. Mr. Spinner of Massachusetts continued his speech against the motion, and, among other matters, argued, with his usual vigour and vivacity, that the question was intimately connected with those great national interests the whale fishery and the growth of cotton, and happily alluded to the first emblem of the union of the states presented by that common article, an oil lamp. This was the fourth day of Mr. Spinner's speech, and the fifty-seventh day of the debate, the close of which, however, is still at a distance, as we learn that forty-three speeches are yet to be delivered.

Under the New York head was the following:

*New York, May 12.*

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

Yesterday the mayor sent a message, in two thick folio volumes, to the common council, recommending the passage of an ordinance authorising the removal of the dirt from the principal streets. On motion of Mr. Quickinbush the message was ordered to be read that day six months.

The council then proceeded to the further consideration of the resolution offered on the tenth ultimo, by Mr. Pallet, providing for taking the portrait, in oil, of each person in the city of New York, when doctor Van Bloom continued

his remarks for four hours, but was interrupted by the intelligence that a quorum was not present.

Here my reverie was interrupted by a slight noise in my apartment. The year 1856, with its interminable newspapers, its long speeches and messages, faded from my eyes, and I found myself once more in 1826, and a younger man by thirty years. The impression, however, which my mind received from the strange passages I had witnessed, were not so easily effaced. I still shudder to think of the great roll which I mistook for paper hangings, and even now feel a sensation of nausea when I remember the eloquent speeches of Messrs. Drab and Mc Fustian.

It is more easy to decry the prevailing fashion of speechifying to the top of a man's bent, than it is to suggest the means of putting a stop to it. I have sometimes thought of an amendment to the constitution, providing that all members of the national and state legislatures shall be taken from the respective asylums for the deaf and dumb; but besides that this will embrace only one class of speech makers, it is liable to the objection that speeches may be made with the fingers as well as the tongue, and unhappily this philanthropic age has made them expert in this kind of manual exercise. It has struck me, however, that, as the expression of public opinion, in the shape of resolutions, was found serviceable in a former crisis, that, namely, of the revolution, something of the same kind may be of use now. Suppose, for instance, that the lawyers were to meet and adopt some such vote as the following:

*Whereas* the practice of making long speeches in all sorts of cases serves only to prove the corporal strength of the speaker, and has come to signify nothing concerning his mental capacity, but in point of fact operates prejudicially on the interests of the bar by lengthening trials and wearying jurors; therefore,

*Resolved*, that from and after the first day of January, 1827, whoever shall presume to address the court or jury for a longer period than one hour, on the trial of any cause, shall be considered an enemy to his profession, and shall be struck off the roll of attorneys.

In like manner when an election is approaching, and, as in these piping times of party peace, no political theory is to be supported or impugned, I would suggest something like the following for the consideration of town meetings:

*Whereas*, Martin Monosyllable, esquire, is distinguished for his taciturnity and the laudable brevity of his speeches; therefore,

*Resolved*, That he be recommended to the electors of the — congressional district, as a suitable person to represent them in the next congress.

Finally, I recommend to the study of all presidents, governors, mayors, and other message-sending officers, the following model of a gubernatorial address, which I can assure them is copied literally from Smith's History of New Jersey, p. 370, and was sent by governor Hunter to the assembly of that state, in December, 1710:

"Gentlemen—I am little used to make speeches, so you shall not be troubled with a long one; if honesty be the best policy, plainness must be the best oratory; so to deal plainly with you, so long as these unchristian divisions reign amongst you, I shall have small hopes of a happy issue to our meeting.

This is an evil which every body complains of, but few take the right method to remedy it; let every man begin at home, and weed the rancour out of his own mind, and the work is done at once.

Leave disputes of property to the laws, and injuries to the avenger of them; and like good subjects and good christians, join hearts and hands for the common good.

I hope you all agree in the necessity of supporting the government, and will not differ about the means; that it may better deserve your support, I shall endeavour to square it by the best rule that I know, that is the power from which it is derived; which all the world must own to be justice and goodness itself.

There are several matters recommended to you by her majesty to be passed into laws, which I shall lay before you at proper seasons; and shall heartily concur with you in enacting whatsoever may be requisite for the public peace and welfare, the curbing of vice, and the encouraging of virtue.

If what I have said, or what I can do, may have the happy effect I wish for, I shall bless the hour that brought me hither; if I am disappointed, I shall pray for that which is to call me back, for all power except that of doing good, is but a burthen."

For the Port Folio.

## THE ADVERSARIA.

THE ladies of the twelfth century did not merely thread pearls, and amuse themselves with employments equally delicate and elegant. The sword, and not merely the tongue, decided their disputes. The love of "brave gestes" was the passion of the ladies, as well as of the knights of chivalry. When poets wished to mark the degeneracy of the times in which they lived, the decline of the ardour for martial fame in women was always stated as one sign. Thus Spencer:

Where is the antique glory now become,  
That whilom wont in wemen to appere?  
Where be the brave achievements doen by some,  
Where be the batailles, where the shield and speare,  
And all the conquests which them high did reare,  
That matter made for famous poets' verse,  
And boastful men so oft abasht to heare?  
Been they all dead, and laide in doleful heerse?  
Or doen they onely sleepe and shall againe reverse?

*Fairy Queen*, iii, 4. 1.

The following lines by Thomas Randolph, an old but neglected poet, will show, perhaps, the origin of many a gallant compliment of modern times:

Thou art my all; the SPRING remains  
In the fair violets of thy veins;  
And that it is a SUMMER's day,  
Ripe cherries in thy lips display.  
And when for AUTUMN I would seek,  
'Tis in the apples of thy cheek.  
But that which only moves my smart  
Is to see WINTER in thy heart.

### LOVE—BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Chaucer has a droll similitude in contrasting the character of the lover and the husband:

WHILOM he loved her—but when tied  
By holy church, he could not her abide.  
Like unto dog which lighteth on a bone,  
His tail he waggeth, glad therefore is grown.  
But this same bone, if to his tail thou tie,  
Pardie! the cur in fear away doth fly.

## REMINISCENCE.

AMONG the "Poems on Sacred Subjects," by Richard Ryan, which have recently been published, we find the following:

Sweet as the calm which o'er the sea,  
At twilight hour steals silently;  
Are those loved minutes men may steal  
From this sad world of wo and care,  
To search their hearts and blissful feel  
Some early recollection there;  
Some little hymn, to which the knee  
Oft bends in earliest infancy.

Some short prayer which the memory  
Can call forth just as easily  
As when a child—or when, perhaps,  
Maternal eyes would gaze and weep,  
While, sinking in our sisters' laps,  
They lulled us with this prayer to sleep.  
Oh! thought divine! e'en life's rough sea  
That hour would gild most lovelily.

---

During the crusades, robbers and pirates quitted their iniquitous pursuits, and declared that they would wash away their sins in the blood of the infidels:—"a lamentable case," exclaims honest old Fuller, "that the devil's blackguards should be God's soldiers."

---

In this age of puffing, some useful hints may be derived from the following complimentary address to sir John Harrington, on his translation of Ariosto, about two hundred years ago:

I spent some years, and months, and weeks, and days,  
In Englishing the Italian Ariost;  
And strait some offered epigrams in praise  
Of that my fruitless pains and thankless cost.  
But while this offer did my spirits raise,  
And that I told my friend thereof in post,  
He disapproved the purpose many ways,  
And with this proverb proved it labour lost:  
Good ale doth need no sign, good wine no bush;  
Good verse of praisers needs not pass a rush.

[From the Monthly Review.]

**Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France, during the Revolution; with original and authentic Anecdotes of contemporary Sovereigns, and distinguished Persons of that eventful period, now first published from the journal, letters, and conversations of the princess Lamballe. By a Lady of Rank, in the confidential service of that unfortunate princess. In 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. London. Treuttel and Wurtz. 1826.**

THIS is unquestionably one of the most affecting and most valuable contributions to the history of the French revolution, which we have yet seen. In point of interest and copiousness of detail it is, we think, superior to the memoirs of madam Campan; it corrects several of her statements, and supplies many curious and important facts with which even that faithful attendant was wholly unacquainted. It is occupied chiefly in the personal history of Marie Antoinette, and proves beyond all doubt that that unfortunate queen exercised a much more active and disastrous influence on the events which ultimately led to the downfall of her throne, than impartial historians, at least, could have been hitherto induced to believe. Throughout the journal of the princess Lamballe, though it glows with constant and warm affection for her illustrious mistress, and holds her up to the admiration of posterity as the most injured and irreproachable woman that ever wore a crown, there is quite enough to show that when she found the storm approaching she took the helm into her own hands, and, by her determination to keep the vessel in its former course, urged it upon those breakers by which it was at last overwhelmed. The king was, from habit, and from the weakness of his capacity, so much under the control of his consort, that though he made concessions at different stages of the revolution, without her consent, it was easy to see, that for that very reason they were not to be depended upon. She maintained, to the time of her death, the true Austrian pride of dominion, and amongst her confidential friends never exhibited the least disposition to accommodate the interests of the throne to the just wants and rights of the people. Every measure to which she may have acceded, which had any tendency in that direction, appears to have been nothing more than an expedient, for the purpose of averting the dangers that impended over her family.

AUGUST, 1826;—NO. 286.—20

mily; but in secret she clung to every hold that might enable her, at a more favourable opportunity, to recover to its utmost extent the ancient, absolute authority, so dear to her own recollections, and so essential to her wishes for the future splendour of her son.

“Oh, sire!” she exclaimed to the king, when a riotous mob was shouting to him at Versailles to return to Paris.—“Oh, sire! why am I not animated with the courage of Marie Theresa? Let me go, with my children, to the national assembly, as she did to the Hungarian senate, with my imperial brother, Joseph, in her arms, and Leopold in her womb, when Charles the Seventh of Bavaria had deprived her of all her German dominions, and she had already written to the duchess of Lorraine to prepare her an assylum, not knowing where she should be delivered of the precious charge she was then bearing! But I, like the mother of the Gracchi, like Cornelia, more esteemed for my birth than for my marriage, am the wife of the king of France, and I see we shall be murdered in our beds for the want of our exertions!”

What a beautiful spirit of disdain flashes through this majestic reproach! It portrays, within a small compass, the character of Marie Antoinette, and betrays that fatal adherence to the pride of birth, and to habits of supremacy, which no misfortunes could eradicate from her bosom. Yet was she too much of a woman to assume the vigour and steadiness which her secret course of policy demanded. She had none of those high and overpowering talents, which would have been necessary to carry her victorious through such a crisis as that by which she was destroyed. She was too conscientious to incur even the imputation of crime; her religious, as well as her natural feelings, forbade her to be sanguinary; the empire of her personal fascination once departed, the sceptre fell from her hand, and she remained an anxious, agitated wife, an agonized parent, catching at every resource that was offered her without looking to consequences, listening to every counsel that held out a glimpse of safety, without being able to contemplate the real perils that were before her, or to provide adequately against them. Many circumstances conspired to bring about the French revolution; but it is only necessary to read the journal of the princess Lamballe, in order to be convinced, that if Marie Antoinette had not been the queen of Louis XVI, there would have been no Phillippe Egalité, no guillotine, no republic.

We own that we were not prepared for the enlarged and—we may add—statesmanlike views, which characterize not only the journal itself, but the comments and additions of the ‘Lady of rank’ to whom we are indebted for this valuable publication. The princess, who was the daughter of

prince Carignan, was appointed superintendent of Marie Antoinette's household soon after she became queen of France, and from that time to the period of her death she continued, with some few intervals of absence, in daily, and, during the alarms of the revolution, in almost hourly attendance upon her royal mistress. They lived together upon terms of the most tender friendship, a circumstance that reflects the highest honour upon both parties; the princess, who appears to have been endowed with a sound judgment, with talents of a superior order, and with one of the purest and noblest hearts that ever animated a woman, obtained a marked influence over the queen from the very origin of their connexion. But until the worst of times, Lamballe was a favourite of the people, because it was known that she was no mere courtier who flattered the credulous ear of royalty, but always gave her advice for the public good, and had firmness and dignity of character, which conspired with her high birth and virtuous manners to elevate her motives beyond the reach of suspicion.

The account given of herself by the fair editor (madam Solalle) is extraordinary, if not indeed romantic. She informs us, rather mysteriously, that 'from her birth and those who were the cause of it (had it not been, from political motives, kept from her knowledge,) in point of interest, she ought to have been very independent,' and that she was indebted for her resources in early life 'to his grace the late duke of Norfolk, and lady Mary Duncan.' She was placed for her education in a convent at Paris, where her musical talents accidentally attracted the attention of the princess Lamballe, who took her under her patronage. The young protégée was found skilled in the Italian, German, French, and English languages, the latter being her native tongue, and during the progress of the revolution she was employed on several confidential missions. Her sex afforded her many facilities for the execution of those missions; but when occasion rendered it necessary, she did not hesitate to assume male attire; and she seems, from some motive or another, to have had a particular preference for the costume of a drummer. In such a disguise she sometimes attended the debates of the national assembly, and took notes of them for the information of the royal family. Sometimes she wandered as a forlorn lover in the gardens of the Tuilleries, with a book in her hand, waiting for a signal from Lamballe's window to enter the palace and prepare for a secret service; often she appeared there with all the paraphernalia of a milliner; and it

is a remarkable proof of her talent for intrigue—if indeed her missions do not deserve a higher and more meritorious character—that notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, and the more jealous espionage of the jacobins, she was never discovered or impeded in any of her numerous journeys. Much of the correspondence which Marie Antoinette carried on with her relatives in Austria, Piedmont, and Italy, and with her friends in England, was entrusted to the young Englishwoman, who seems to have loved that ill-starred sovereign almost to idolatry. The journal now before us she says she received from the princess Lamballe, shortly before the death of that amiable person in 1792; and though the assertion comes to us without the sanction of the editor's name, yet it is impossible, from the whole tenor of the work, to feel the least doubt as to its authenticity. She was induced to prepare it for publication upon perusing madam Campan's Memoirs, which she considers as in many respects inaccurate and defective, though not intentionally so, as she nowhere questions that lady's fidelity in the relation of events which came under her special observation. As to the facts added by the editor to Lamballe's journal, they seem to have been carefully collected from the conversations of that princess, and from other equally satisfactory sources of information.

The reader is aware that the marriage of Marie Antoinette to the dauphin of France arose entirely from political motives. It was the object of the empress mother, Maria Theresa, to ally herself with France, for the purpose of inducing Louis XV to assist her in recovering the provinces which the king of Prussia had violently wrested from her ancient dominions; and at the same time to support her against the rising power of the North, vested as it then was in the daring hands of Catharine the Second. The dauphin was never even thought of; the beauty of Marie Antoinette was intended to influence the king, and the plan was warmly supported by Choiseul, then minister, and by madam de Pompadour. It was however looked upon with great jealousy by the king's daughters, by the court, the cabinet, and the nation at large; and that jealousy rather increased than diminished, after the accession of the dauphiness to the throne. Her education had been limited; she was free and lively in her manners, and, like most German princesses of her time, was extremely fond of private theatricals, in which she frequently performed, and which became the source of much calumny against her. Her predilection for simplicity

in her attire, and her hostility to the pompous decorum of French etiquette, procured her a host of enemies among the beaux and ladies of the *vieille cour*. "Thank heaven," she used to say, when she flung off her state robes and ornaments, "I am out of harness!" She one day in merriment called the precise, antiquated, and systematic, madame de Noailles, madame Etiquette. The title followed her to the grave; the satire never was forgiven. A considerable time elapsed before the dauphin consummated his marriage; and it is a curious fact that, during that interval, many cabals were at work for the purpose of sending the Austrian princess back to Vienna, and that they were chiefly frustrated by Louis XV, who entertained a secret passion for her, and took some steps with the view of making her his own consort. It was also during this period that the king gave orders to Bœhmer the jeweller, for the famous diamond necklace, which he originally intended as a present for Marie Antoinette, though he subsequently resolved to give it to his low mistress, Du Barry. He died, however, before he completed the bargain for it; and it is well known that it afterwards became one of the most venomous ingredients which were mixed together in the infernal cauldron of the revolution.

Notwithstanding the unpopularity of Marie Antoinette, while she was dauphiness, no sooner were she and her royal consort seated on the throne (May 10, 1774,) than the Parisians hastened in crowds to pay the new sovereigns the most enthusiastic homage. The charms of the queen fascinated every body, and, for the first time they touched the bosom of her husband. The particulars of the early part of their reign are well known. The princess Lamballe attributes many important consequences to the queen's partiality for the countess Julie Polignac, and contends that her majesty's attachment to that lady was violently disapproved, not only by the old nobility but by the nation in general. She was to a certain extent correct in her opinion, though she seems to have thought more of the matter than it really deserved. In truth, the princess was naturally enough jealous of "a rival near the throne," and it is not to be wondered at if she enumerates the ascendancy enjoyed by the Polignacs (a provincial family newly raised to the nobility,) at court, among the leading causes of the defection both of the old nobility and the people.

Among the persons about the court, whom the queen most deeply offended, was the celebrated cardinal de Rohan. He had been disgraced through the influence of Marie Antoi-

nette, before the accession of Louis XVI to the throne, and failed in all his subsequent attempts to recover the favour of the queen. His last effort for that purpose made him the dupe of a young, but artful and necessitous woman, of the name of Lamotte, who seems to have been the chief contriver of that abominable plot of the necklace. It may be said that the revolution commenced with the cardinal's trial for his connection with that affair, of which we shall extract the particulars, as they are recapitulated by the editor.

'The necklace which has been already spoken of, and which was originally destined by Louis XV, for Marie Antoinette—had her hand, by divorce, been transferred to him, but which, though afterwards intended by Louis XV for his mistress, Du Barry, never came to her in consequence of his death—this fatal necklace was still in existence, and in the possession of the crown jewellers, Böhmer and Bassange. It was valued at eighteen hundred thousand livres. The jewellers had often pressed it upon the queen, and even the king himself had enforced its acceptance. But the queen dreaded the expense, especially at an epoch of pecuniary difficulty in the state, much more than she coveted the jewels, and uniformly and resolutely declined them, although they had been proposed to her on very easy terms of payment, as she really did not like ornaments.

'It was made to appear at the parliamentary investigation, that the artful Lamotte had impelled the cardinal to believe, that she herself was in communication with the queen; that she had interested her majesty in favour of the long slighted cardinal; that she had fabricated a correspondence, in which professions of penitence on the part of Rohan were answered by assurances of forgiveness from the queen. The result of this correspondence, was represented to be the engagement of the cardinal to negotiate the purchase of the necklace, secretly, by a contract for periodical payments. To the forgery of papers were added, it was declared, the substitution of the queen's person, by dressing up a girl of the palais royal to represent her majesty, whom she in some degree resembled, in a secret and rapid interview with Rohan in a dark grove of the gardens of Versailles, where she was to give the cardinal a rose, in token of her royal approbation, and then hastily disappear. The inopportunity of the jewellers, on the failure of the stipulated payment, disclosed the plot. A direct appeal of theirs to the queen, to save them from ruin, was the immediate source of detection. The cardinal was arrested, and all the parties tried. But the cardinal was acquitted, and Lamotte and a subordinate agent alone punished. The quack Cagliostro was also in the plot, but he too escaped, like his confederate the cardinal, who was made to appear as the dupe of Lamotte.

'The queen never got over the effect of this affair. Her friends well knew the danger of severe measures towards one capable of collecting around him strong support against a power, already so much weakened by faction and discord. But the indignation of conscious innocence insulted, prevailed, though to its ruin!'—Vol. i, pp. 285—287.

The prosecution of the cardinal set in array against the queen the first families of France, with whom he was connected. The sums lavished by them, in order to obtain his acquittal, are almost incredible. It cost the families of Ro-

han and Condé more than a million of livres. In order to fix the guilt of the transaction upon the queen, libels of the most malignant description were circulated through France and Europe, and the acquittal of the cardinal gave a triumph to her enemies, the effect of which, as the editor remarks, she never got over. From this time, (1785—6,) she truly observes, crimes and misfortunes trod closely on each other's heels in the history of the ill-starred queen; and one calamity only disappeared to make way for a greater.

It is unnecessary to refer to the riots caused by Necker's dismissal from the ministry, the destruction of the Bastile, the recal of the popular minister, the schemes of the Orleans' faction, and the crowd of important events which thickened with the progress of the revolution. We must, however, present the reader with a few of the most striking scenes which occurred at Versailles. As they are detailed by the princess Lamballe, they exhibit many striking circumstances which have been hitherto unknown to the historians of that stormy period. As matters were approaching to a crisis, Dumourier, who had been leagued with the Orleans' party, suddenly appeared at Versailles in disguise, and had an interview with the queen in the presence of the princess. He informed her of the plot which was in agitation for proclaiming the duke of Orleans the constitutional king, and entreating her majesty's pardon for his connection with the duke's faction, he declared that he had for ever abandoned it, and offered his services in order to save the royal family from the violence which was meditated against them. The queen's reception of this man was perfectly characteristic.

'She was deaf and inexorable. She treated all he had said as the effusion of an overheated imagination, and told him she had no faith in traitors. Dumourier remained upon his knees while she was replying, as if stupified; but at the word *traitor*, he started, and roused himself; and then, in a state almost of madness, seized the queen's dress, exclaiming, "Allow yourself to be persuaded before it is too late! Let not your misguided prejudice against me hurry you to your own and your children's destruction: let it not get the better, madam, of your good sense and reason: the fatal moment is near—it is at hand!" Upon this, turning, he addressed himself to me.

' "Oh princess," he cried, "be her guardian angel, as you have hitherto been her only friend, and use your never-failing influence. I take God once more to witness, that I am sincere in all I have said; that all I have disclosed is true. This will be the last time I shall have it in my power to be of any essential service to you, madam, and my sovereign. The National Assembly will put it out of my power for the future, without becoming a traitor to my country."

' "Rise, sir," said the queen, "and serve your country better than you have served your king!"

' "Madam, I obey."

"When he was about to leave the room, I again, with tears, besought her majesty not to let him depart thus, but to give him some hope that, after reflection, she might perhaps endeavour to soothe the king's anger. But in vain. He withdrew, very much affected.\* I even ventured, after his departure, to intercede for his recall.

"He has pledged himself," said I, "to save you, madam."

"My dear princess," replied the queen, "the goodness of your own heart will not allow you to have sinister ideas of others. This man is like all of the same stamp. They are all traitors; and will only hurry us the sooner, if we suffer ourselves to be deceived by them, to an ignominious death! I seek no safety for myself."

"But he offered to serve the king, also, madam."

"I am not," answered her majesty, "Henrietta of France. I will never stoop to ask a pension of the murderers of my husband; nor will I leave the king, my son, or my adopted country, or ever meanly owe my existence to wretches, who have destroyed the dignity of the crown, and trampled under foot the most ancient monarchy in Europe! Under its ruins they will bury their king and myself. To owe our safety to them would be more hateful than any death they can prepare for us."—Vol. ii. pp. 52—55.

The reception which the queen, almost immediately after this scene, gave to the officers of the Flanders regiment, deserves also to be noticed as characteristic of her hopes and her purposes at that time.

"While the queen was in this state of agitation, a note was presented to me with a list of the names of the officers of the Flanders regiment requesting the honour of an audience of the queen.

"The very idea of seeing the Flanders officers flushed her majesty's countenance with an ecstasy of joy.

"She said she would retire to compose herself, and receive them in two hours.

"The queen saw the officers in her private cabinet, and in my presence. They were presented to her by me. They told her majesty that, though they had changed their paymaster, they had not changed their allegiance to their sovereign or herself, but were ready to defend both with their lives. They placed one hand on the hilt of their swords, and solemnly lifting the other up to heaven, swore, that the weapons should never be wielded but for the defence of the king and queen, against all foes, whether foreign or domestic.

"This unexpected loyalty burst on us like the beauteous rainbow after a tempest, by the dawn of which we are taught to believe the world is saved from a second deluge.

"The countenance of her majesty brightened over the gloom which had oppressed her, like the heavenly sun dispersing threatening clouds, and making the heart of the poor mariner bound with joy. Her eye spoke her secret rapture. It was evident she felt even unusual dignity in the

\* "I saw him as he left the apartment, but had no idea at the time who he was. He was a little, thin man. He wore a high, quaker-like, round slouched hat. He was covered down to the very shoes by a great-coat. This, I imagine, was for the sake of disguise. I saw him put a handkerchief to his eyes. I met him some time after at Hamburg, and I am confident, that all his intended operations in the royal cause were given up in consequence of the exasperation he felt at the queen's rejection of his services, though he continued to correspond with the princess for a considerable time subsequently to this interview."—*Note by the Editor.*

presence of these noble hearted warriors, when comparing them with him whom she had just dismissed. She graciously condescended to speak to every one of them, and one and all were enchanted with her affability.

"She said she was no longer the queen who could compensate loyalty and valour; but the brave soldier found his reward in the fidelity of his service, which formed the glory of his immortality. She assured them she had ever been attached to the army, and would make it her study to recommend every individual, meriting attention, to the king.

Loud bursts of repeated acclamations and shouts of "*Vive la reine!*" instantly followed her remarks. She thanked the officers most graciously; and fearing to commit herself, by saying more, took her leave, attended by me; but immediately sent me back, to thank them again in her name." Vol. ii, pp. 55—58.

Little did the queen foresee the effects of this interview. It alarmed the regicide faction, and greatly accelerated their measures. The fraternisation of the Flanders regiment with the body guard, and the fatal dinner given by the latter to the former, are generally supposed to have led directly to the massacres of the 5th and 6th of October. The temporary presence of the king at that dinner was also a most unfortunate step, taken without the least deliberation, and, as it now appears, merely to humour a childish wish of the dauphin! The princess Lamballe happened to remark,

"What a beautiful sight it must be, to behold, in these troublesome times, the happy union of such a meeting!"

"It must indeed!" replied the king; "and the pleasure I feel in knowing it, would be redoubled, had I the privilege of entertaining the Flanders regiment, as the body guards are doing."

"Heaven forbid!" cried her majesty; "Heaven forbid, that you should think of such a thing! The assembly would never forgive us!"

"After we had dined, the queen sent to the marchioness Tourzel for the dauphin. When he came, the queen told him about her having seen the brave officers on their arrival; and how gayly those good officers had left the palace, declaring they would die rather than suffer any harm to come to him, or his papa and mamma; and that at that very time they were all dining at the theatre.

"Dining in the theatre, mamma? said the young prince: 'I never heard of people dining in a theatre!'

"No, my dear child," replied her majesty, "it is not generally allowed; but they are doing so, because the body guards are giving a dinner to this good Flanders regiment; and the Flanders regiment are so brave, that the guards chose the finest place they could think of to entertain them in, to show how much they like them: that is the reason why they are dining in the gay, painted theatre."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the dauphin, whom the queen adored, "Oh, papa!" cried he, looking at the king, "how I should like to see them!"

"Let us go and satisfy the child," said the king, instantly starting up from his seat.

"The queen took the dauphin by the hand, and they proceeded to the theatre. It was all done in a moment. There was no premeditation on the part of the king or queen; no invitation on the part of the officers. —Vol. ii. pp. 59—62

AUGUST, 1826.—NO. 286.—21

The reception of the royal family at the theatre is well known. The military, already heated by wine, were intoxicated with joy. The excitement of the scene was indescribable, but when it was over, even the queen felt that such decided marks of enthusiasm on the part of the two regiments could not be looked upon with indifference by the national assembly. Then followed the scenes of massacre; the tumultuous indignation of the people, who were reduced to a state of famine, as they were led to believe by the queen's agents, who bought up immense quantities of corn and sent it out of the country—whereas this measure, deeply contrived for her destruction, was the work of her enemies—the Orleans' faction. We pass over the march of the Poissardes to Versailles, the attempt made to assassinate the queen, the return of the royal family to the Thuilleries, and their state of suffering, humiliation, and imprisonment there, until their removal to the Temple. These unhappy events have been too often related to need repetition here, though we may observe that the princess Lamballe adds many circumstances concerning them, which have been hitherto either not generally known, or at least inaccurately understood. The editor mentions also some curious facts relating to an extensive correspondence which was carried on with the queen through the princess, by Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Sheridan. These eminent statesmen appear to have made several suggestions to her majesty, for the purpose of upholding the monarchy in France. The principal plan, which originated with Mr. Burke, was one for purging the kingdom of all the troops which had been corrupted from their allegiance by the revolutionists. 'He proposed, that they should sail at the same time, or nearly so, to be colonised in the different French islands, and Madagascar, and be replaced by a new national guard, who should be bound to the state by having the waste crown lands divided amongst them. With all due deference for that distinguished statesman, we apprehend that such a measure as this, if the king had attempted to carry it into execution, instead of stopping the torrent of the revolution, would have contributed only to accelerate its progress. The insurrection would have certainly begun with the military, as it subsequently did in Spain under similar circumstances, and prepared as the people were for crimes of every description, there is no possibility of calculating the consequences. The scheme, however, was frustrated at once from the want of transports, for procuring which, much secret negotiation was carried on with the Bri-

tish government. The princess Lamballe was the confidential negotiator employed by the queen on this occasion; in the meantime the unfortunate attempt of the royal family to escape had been foiled at Varennes, and such was the anguish which this affair caused to Marie Antoinette, that when the princess returned to France, she received a ring from her majesty, 'set with her own hair, which had whitened like that of a person of eighty,' and bearing the pathetic inscription, "Bleached by sorrow!"

In the midst of the perilous scenes in which she was engaged, the princess Lamballe was earnestly entreated by her relative, the king of Sardinia, by all her family and her friends abroad, to provide for her personal safety by quitting France. Her answer to the king at Turin is a specimen of sublime and disinterested devotion, such as has few parallels in history.

"Sire, and most august cousin,—I do not recollect that any of our illustrious ancestors of the house of Savoy, before or since the great hero Charles Emanuel, of immortal memory, ever dishonoured or tarnished their illustrious names with cowardice. In leaving the court of France at this awful crisis, I should be the first. Can your majesty pardon my presumption in differing from your royal counsel? The king, queen, and every member of the royal family of France, both from the ties of blood and policy of states, demand our united efforts in their defence. I cannot swerve from my determination, of never quitting them, especially at a moment when they are abandoned by every one of their former attendants, except myself. In happier days your majesty may command my obedience; but, in the present instance, and given up as is the court of France to their most atrocious persecutors, I must humbly insist on being guided by my own decision. During the most brilliant period of the reign of Maria Antoinette, I was distinguished by the royal favour and bounty. To abandon her in adversity, sire, would stain my character, and that of my illustrious family, for ages to come, with infamy and cowardice, much more to be dreaded than the most cruel death.' Vol. ii. pp. 281, 232.

We regret that our space prevents us from following this truly princely woman through those parts of her journal which communicate the details of the dreadful sufferings that were endured by the royal family from the time of the affair of Varennes, until the death, we may almost designate it the martyrdom, of the princess herself. For these agonizing details, we must refer to her journal; and we shall conclude with the editor's account of the tragic close of the princess's life, which no person of feeling can read without shuddering with horror. After the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple, the princess was separated from them, and transferred to La Force, where she was confined in Septem-

ber, 1792, when the Marseillois commenced the massacres in the prisons of Paris.

"The fiends had been some hours busy in the work of death. The piercing shrieks of the dying victims brought the princess and her remaining companion upon their knees, in fervent prayer for the souls of the departed. The messengers of the tribunal now appeared. The princess was compelled to attend the summons. She went, accompanied by her faithful female attendant.

"A glance at the seas of blood, of which she caught a glimpse upon her way to the court, had nearly shocked her even to sudden death. Would it had!—She staggered, but was sustained by her companion. Her courage triumphed. She appeared before the gore-stained tribunals.

"After some questions of mere form, her highness was commanded to swear, to be faithful to the new order of government, and to hate the king, the queen, and royalty.

"'To the first,' replied her highness, 'I willingly submit. To the second how can I accede? There is nothing of which I can accuse the royal family. To hate them is against my nature. They are my sovereigns. They are my friends and relations. I have served them for many years, and never have found reason for the slightest complaint.'

"The princess could no longer articulate. She fell into the arms of her attendant. The fatal signal was pronounced. She recovered, and, crossing the court of the prison, which was bathed with the blood of mutilated victims, involuntarily exclaimed, 'Gracious heaven! What a sight is this!' and fell into a fit.

"Nearest to her in the mob stood a mulatto, whom she had caused to be baptized, educated, and maintained; but whom, for ill conduct, she had latterly excluded from her presence. This miscreant struck at her with his halbert. The blow removed her cap. Her luxuriant hair (as if to hide her angelic beauty from the sight of the murderers, pressing tiger-like around to pollute that form, the virtues of which equalled its physical perfection,) her luxuriant hair fell around and veiled her a moment from view. An individual, to whom I was nearly allied, seeing the miscreants somewhat staggered, sprang forward to the rescue; but the mulatto wounded him. The princess was lost to all feeling, from the moment the monster first struck at her. But the demons would not quit their prey. She expired gashed with wounds." Vol. ii. pp. 340—341.

We can go no farther. The remainder of the scene is too dreadful to be transferred to these pages. The manner in which her head was carried about Paris, the pollution of her body, and the cruelty which left it to perish by putrefaction, amid a heap of other carcasses, betray the rage not of men, not even of savages, but of demons; and the person who records these foul deeds, must have been more than woman to have held the pen while it traced such a climax as this of iniquity, atrocity, and madness!

We trust that in this, and in some other parts of her labour, madame Solalle has made use of some other hand than her own, for many expressions, and not a few anecdotes, startled us, as coming from a 'lady of rank,' which delicacy

forbids us to specify more particularly. They are the more remarkable, as they form so decided a contrast with the tone of purity and elegance, which pervades the whole of the princess Lamballe's journal. Some of the editor's remarks on madame Campan are harsh and flippant, to say the least of them. In the next edition we would recommend her to disencumber her volumes of these unseemly passages. She also speaks very strongly against madame de Genlis, without adducing a single fact to sustain her invective. In other respects she has, however, discharged her pious duty to her patroness with fidelity. The Journal, which was originally written in Italian, she has translated so well, that it is difficult to trace in it a single idiom foreign to our own language. She takes her 'rank,' we understand, from her union with an Italian marquis.

---

#### OBITUARY.

IN THE occurrences of July, the contemporaneous deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson may certainly be accounted the most memorable. Among the most active in the establishment of our government, and afterwards prominent as leaders of the two great parties, into which the people were divided, they enjoyed, in a period of perilous conjuncture, a career of uninterrupted success. Each attained the highest pinnacle of honour which his country presented, and they lived long enough to behold the practical results of the political labours of their earlier days.

Mr. Adams was educated at Cambridge, and to the profession of the law. So eminent was his standing in that profession, that at an early age he was appointed chief justice of the state, but he declined this office. Amid the force of excitement produced by the Boston massacre, he dared to undertake the defence of the British troops. His success in this trial was complete. It evinced his talents and his strong sense of justice and official duty. A less intrepid spirit would not have ventured to stem the current of popular indignation, by engaging in such a cause. He soon sacrificed his profession and every thing to the liberties of his fellow citizens and the independence of his native country. In 1770 he was elected a representative from Boston, and in 1774 a member of the council, but was negatived by governor Gage, from the part he took in politics. From 1770, and previous, and until 1776, he was constantly engaged, and took a leading part in all the measures which were adopted to defend the colonies from the unjust attacks of the British parliament. He was one of the

earliest that contemplated the independence of the country, and her separation from the mother country. No man in the congress of 1776 did more to procure the declaration of independence. By the committee, who were appointed on the subject of a separation from the mother country, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams were appointed a sub-committee to frame a declaration of independence. The draft reported was that of Mr. Jefferson, and he has deservedly received great credit for it. But Mr. Jefferson never spoke in public, and John Adams was the bold and daring spirit of the congress of 1776, and the eloquent advocate of its boldest measures.

From the declaration of independence until the peace, Mr. Adams was employed in the same glorious cause. While Washington, at the head of our armies, was fighting the battles of liberty, and defending our country from the ravages of the enemy, Adams was employed in a service less brilliant, but scarcely less important. Through the whole war he was exerting his talents at the various courts of Europe, to obtain loans and alliances, and every succour to sustain our armies and the cause of liberty and our independence. Nor did his labours cease until he had accomplished every object for which he was sent abroad, and he had sealed our independence by a treaty of peace, which he signed, with Great Britain.

Immediately after the treaty of peace, he was appointed ambassador to Great Britain. On the adoption of the constitution he was elected first vice president of the United States. During the whole period of the presidency of Washington Mr. Adams was vice president. He was as uniformly consulted by Washington as though he had been a member of his cabinet, on all important questions. On the death of Washington Mr. Adams was elected his successor.

At the expiration of the first term, Mr. Jefferson, the candidate of the republican party and his successful competitor, received four votes more than Mr. Adams, who then retired to private life, at his seat in Quincy.

He was subsequently selected by the republicans of Massachusetts, as their candidate for governor, on the death of governor Sullivan, but he declined entering again into public life. He was one of the electors and president of the electoral college, when Mr. Monroe was elected president of the United States. Having been the principal draftsman of the constitution of Massachusetts, when the convention was called to amend it, in 1820, he was unanimously elected their president. On his declining this honour, unanimous

resolutions were passed by this great assembly of five hundred, selected from all parties, expressive of their exalted sense of his merits and public services.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born on the second of April, 1743, at Shadwell, in the county of Albemarle, Va., within a short distance of Monticello, and within half a mile of his Rivanna mills. He received the highest honors at the college of William and Mary, and studied law under the celebrated George Wythe, late chancellor of Virginia. Before he had attained his twenty-fifth year he was a distinguished member of the Virginia legislature, and took an active part in all the measures which they adopted in opposition to the usurpations of Great Britain. In 1775 he is said to have been the author of the protest against the propositions of lord North. He was subsequently transferred to the general congress of Philadelphia, where he distinguished himself by the firmness of his sentiments and the energy of his compositions.

From 1777 to '79, (for certain portions of those years) he was occupied with Wythe and Pendleton in revising the laws of Virginia. In 1779 he succeeded Patrick Henry, as governor of the state. In 1781 he composed his "Notes on Virginia." In the summer of 1782 he was in congress at the moment when the Virginia legislature were framing a state constitution. The draft of the instrument, which he transmitted on that occasion, was not received till the day when the committee were to report the result of their labours. They were so much pleased with his preamble that they adopted it as a part of their report; so that, as it is now well understood, this bill of rights and the constitution were from the pen of George Mason; the preamble was Thomas Jefferson's. In 1784 he left the United States, being associated in a plenipotentiary commission with Franklin and Adams, addressed to the several powers of Europe, for the purpose of concluding treaties of commerce. In October, 1789 he obtained leave to return home; and on his arrival was made the first secretary of state under general Washington. His reports on money, and on weights and measures, on the fisheries, and on the restrictions of commerce, are ample attestations of the enlarged views of the philosopher and the financier.

In 1797 he was elected vice president, and four years after president of the United States.

What is deficient in the preceding narrative must be made up from a curious and authentic memoir, in the hand writing of Mr. Jefferson. He was called on by a particular occasion

to state some of the circumstances and services" of his life—and from this document we make the following extract:

" I came of age in 1764, and was soon put into the nomination of justices of the county in which I live, and at the first election following I became one of its representatives in the legislature.

" I was thence sent to the old congress.

" Then employed two years with Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Wythe, on the revisal and reduction to a single code of the whole body of the British statutes, the acts of our assembly, and certain parts of the common law.

" Then elected governor.

" Next to the legislature, and to congress again.

" Sent to Europe as minister plenipotentiary.

" Appointed secretary of state to the new government.

" Elected vice president, and president.

" And lastly a visiter and rector of the university.

" In these different offices, with scarcely any interval between them, I have been in the public service now sixty-one years; and during the far greater part of the time in foreign countries, or in other states.

" If legislative services are worth mentioning, and the stamp of liberality and equality, which was necessary to be impressed on our laws, in the first crisis of our birth as a nation, was of any value, they will find that many of the leading and important laws of that day were prepared by myself, and carried chiefly by my efforts, supported indeed by able and faithful coadjutors.

" The prohibition of the further importation of slaves was the first of these measures in time.

" This was followed by the abolition of entails, which broke up hereditary and high handed aristocracy, which by accumulating immense masses of property in single lines of family, had divided our country into two distinct orders of nobles and plebeians.

" But, further to complete the equality among our citizens, so essential to the maintenance of republican government, it was necessary to abolish the principle of primogeniture. I drew the law of descents, giving equal inheritance to sons and daughters, which made a part of the Revised Code.

" The attack on the establishment of a dominant religion was first made by myself. It could be carried at first only by a suspension of salaries for one year; by battling it again at the next session or another year, and so from year to year, until the public mind was ripened for the bill for establishing

religious freedom, which I had prepared for the Revised Code also. This was at length established permanently; and by the efforts chiefly of Mr. Madison, being myself in Europe at the time, that work was brought forward.

"I think I might add the establishment of our university. My residence in the vicinity threw of course on me the chief burthen of the enterprise, as well of the buildings as of the general organization and care of the whole. The effect of this institution on the future fame, fortune, and prosperity of our country, can as yet be seen but at a distance. But a hundred well educated youths, which it will turn out annually, and ere long, will fill all its offices with men of superior qualifications and raise it from its humbled state to an eminence among its associates, which it has never yet known, no, not in its brightest days. Those now on the theatre of affairs will enjoy the ineffable happiness of seeing themselves succeeded by sons of a grade of science beyond their own ken. Our sister states will also be repairing to the same fountains of instruction, will bring hither their genius to be kindled at our fire, and will carry back the fraternal affections, which, nourished by the same Alma Mater, will knit us to them by the indissoluble bonds of early personal friendships. The good Old Dominion, the blessed mother of us all, will then raise her head with pride among the nations, will present to them that splendour of genius which she has ever possessed, but has too long suffered to rest uncultivated and unknown, and will become a centre of reliance to the states, whose youths she has instructed, and as it were adopted.

"I claim some share in the merit of this great work of regeneration. My whole labours, now for many years, have been devoted to it, and I stand pledged to follow it up through the remnant of life remaining to me."

---

THE LATE PAUL ALLEN was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on the fifteenth of February, 1775. His father, who bore the same name, was one of the representatives from that town in the general assembly, at the close of the revolutionary war. His mother was a daughter of the honourable Nicholas Cook, who was governor of the state at the time of the declaration of independence. Mr. Allen was educated in Rhode Island College, and graduated in 1796. He entered as a law student in the office of judge Howell, and was regularly admitted as a practitioner at the bar. But this was not the sphere in which his talents were to be developed, or in which he was destined to arrive at his proper station of emi-

AUGUST, 1826.—NO. 286.—22

nence. His taste for poetry appeared when he was a boy in the Latin school, and his effusions were praised by his friends and often appeared in the gazettes. When he held the office of justice of the peace as well as attorney, his penchant for poetry still continued, and when he had published a volume of fugitive pieces, those who were immediately interested in his welfare and prosperity, expressed their fears that he would be nothing but a poet, and have a poet's fate.

Shortly after the death of Mr. Dennie the proprietor and conductor of the Port Folio invited Mr. Allen to Philadelphia, to assist in writing for that celebrated work. He accordingly repaired to that city, where his talents were duly appreciated; and his character as an elegant writer and classical scholar was justly established. He afterwards removed to Baltimore, where he conducted several public papers, with various success.

If his prudence or discretion should be questioned, from the circumstance that he never calculated on the acquisition of property, his friends will not attempt his vindication from this charge. The whole strength of his faculties was absorbed in the objects to which they were devoted: those of a pecuniary character did not occupy his mind till the printer or the paper maker presented their claims.

---

For the Port Folio.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ON the publication of the Port Folio for December, 1825, it was determined to suspend the work, until some portion of our delinquent subscribers should liquidate the demands existing against them. Many persons had received this journal for several years, without contributing a cent towards the support of it. Such patrons do not reflect that every article required in the mechanical execution of this work must be paid for in CASH, and nothing but a corresponding punctuality on the part of subscribers, will enable us to proceed in our course.

During the first six months of this year no number was published; but a NEW SERIES was commenced in the month of July. All the drones upon our list, who take care to forget that *the labourer is worthy of his hire*, will be excluded from it henceforth, and the journal will be sent only to those who, we have some reason to know, are able, and therefore ought to be willing, to discharge our claims with promptness. In London several thousand copies of a monthly magazine are paid for before the sheets are dry from the press. Here, the

publisher of a periodical work rarely realizes a moiety of what he has earned.

We hope that each patron of the new series will consider it a duty to remove this stigma from our national literature, so far as he is concerned. To an individual the annual stipend is a small consideration; but the whole amount of the subscription list forms an aggregate of much moment to the publisher. *Payment in advance* ought not therefore to be considered an unreasonable exaction. This has always been our stipulation, and as every subscriber becomes *voluntarily* our debtor, he has no right to object to it.

We announced, some months ago, that we waited only for adequate patronage, to commence the publication in our pages of a HISTORY OF THE NORTH WESTERN TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by a gentleman of high station, who is eminently qualified for the undertaking. This narrative will include all the campaigns against the French and the Indians in those sections of the United States which are now known under the denominations of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. It will describe the just and pacific policy of the government towards the aborigines, as exemplified in their mutual treaties, and record the achievements of George Rogers Clark, Harmar, St. Clair, Wayne, Shelby, Scot, Wilkinson, and Harrison, who were successively engaged in military operations against the warriors of the forest. With such details might be interwoven much curious information respecting the desultory efforts of enterprise and gallantry, exhibited by Daniel Boon and other pioneers in the western wilds. The work would develop the conquest and settlement of a country of vast extent and incalculable importance.

We have long cherished the wish—nor is it yet abandoned—of being able to embellish our journal with portraits of

### AMERICAN BIRDS,

reduced from *Wilson's Ornithology* to the size of our page, and coloured in the same manner. The descriptions should accompany each plate. The whole could be embraced in two of our volumes.

To accomplish these designs would require a much more extensive patronage than the Port Folio receives. Politics, and plans of practical utility now engross the public mind almost to the exclusion of native literature. Yet there is room for the luxuries as well as the necessities of life. Cultivation and refinement are not incompatible with industry and enterprize.

From the Remains of the reverend C. Wolfe.

### THE FRAILTY OF BEAUTY.

I must tune up my heart's broken string,  
 For the fair has commanded the strain;  
 But yet such a theme will I sing,  
 That I think she'll not ask me again.  
 For I'll tell her Youth's blossom is blown,  
 And that beauty, the flower, must fade;  
 (And sure, if a lady can frown,  
 She'll frown at the words I have said.)  
 The smiles of the rose bud how fleet!  
 They come—and as quickly they fly:  
 The violet how modest and sweet!  
 Yet the spring sees it open and die.  
 How snow white the lily appears!  
 Yet the life of a lily's a day;  
 And the snow, that it equals in tears,  
 To-morrow must vanish away.  
 Ah, Beauty! of all things on earth,  
 How many thy charms most desire!  
 Yet Beauty and Youth has its birth—  
 And Beauty and Youth must expire.  
 Ah, fair ones! so sad is the tale;  
 That my song in my sorrow I steep:  
 And where I intended to rail,  
 I must lay down my harp and must weep.  
 But Virtue indignantly seized  
 The harp as it fell from my hand:  
 Serene was her look, though displeased,  
 As she uttered her awful command:  
 "Thy tears and thy pity employ,  
 For the thoughtless, the giddy, the vain—  
 But those who my blessings enjoy,  
 Thy tears and thy pity disdain.  
 "For Beauty alone ne'er bestowed  
 Such a charm as Religion has lent;  
 And the cheek of a belle never glowed  
 With a smile like the smile of content.  
 "Time's hand, and the pestilence-rage,  
 No hue, no complexion can brave;  
 For Beauty must yield to old age,  
 But I will not yield to the grave."

## SONG—From the Same.

Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue,  
 Yet it was not that which won me;  
 But a little bright drop from her soul was there,  
 'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have passed that lovely cheek,  
 Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;  
 But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,  
 Of my heart it forever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip;  
 Yet how from the thoughts to sever?  
 But there was a smile from the sunshine within,  
 And that smile I'll remember forever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,  
 The elegant form that haunts me—  
 'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that moves  
 In every step, that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,  
 Though I once in its notes delighted—  
 The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth  
 Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame, had I loved that face,  
 Ere my eye could twice explore her?  
 Yet it was for the fairy intelligence there,  
 And the warm—warm heart I adore her.

---

“Beware a speedy friend,” the Arabian said,  
 And wisely was it he advised distrust.  
 The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first.  
 Look on yon oak that lifts its stately head,  
 And dallies with th' autumnal storm, whose rage  
 Tempests the ocean waves; slowly it rose,  
 Slowly its strength increased through many an age,  
 And timidly did its light leaves uncloze,  
 As doubtful of the spring, their palest green.  
 They to the summer cautiously expand,  
 And by the warmer sun and season bland  
 Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,  
 When the bare forest by the wintry blast  
 Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.

For the Port Folio.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

July, 1826.

**Maine.**—Between sixty and seventy of the students of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, have associated as a boarding club, and are thus enabled to diminish their expenses to one dollar twenty-five cents per week for each student.

A part of the national jubilee in Portland, consisted in the distribution of medals by the Maine Charitable Mechanic Association, to apprentices in most of the branches of the mechanic arts.

The survey of the route for the Androscoggin canal has been begun at the village of Gardiner.

**New Hampshire.**—The warden of the state prison reports that there has been a gain of five thousand six hundred and forty dollars, from the labour of the prisoners during the last year.

The books for subscription to the stock of the Winnipiscogee canal were opened this month. The report of the directors shows that this canal is the cheapest and most direct of all the routes by which it is proposed to unite the waters of Lake Champlain and of the Connecticut, with that portion of the Atlantic which washes the sea coast of the centre of New England.

This state possesses \$122,988 in bank stock on interest. Independently of this stock, the receipts of the last year amounted to \$53,489, 55, and the expenditures to \$34, 464.

**Massachusetts.**—The Messrs. Perkins, of Boston, have subscribed each \$8000 towards the erection of an Athenæum. The whole amount of subscriptions available is \$40,000, besides which the Medical library is valued at \$4,500, all of which has been added to the institution in this year. The annual income from subscribers is \$2,800.

Oliver Putnam who died lately at Hamstead, bequeathed to the town of Newburyport \$50,000 for the endowment of a seminary of practical learning.

**Rhode Island.**—At the yearly meeting of friends at Newport, \$1000 was subscribed to aid in colonizing the slaves who have fallen by inheritance into the hands of members of the society in North Carolina, where manumission is prohibited unless the slaves are sent out of the state.

In the town of Nantucket there were in 1820, five hundred persons of the name of Coffin, all, probably, descendants of Tristram Coffin who settled there about 1644, and who was the first of that race who visited America. The British admiral Coffin, on his recent visit to New England, is said to have endowed an academy for the education of the descendants of the early adventurer. Its preceptor and five of the trustees are to bear the name of Coffin.

Nicholas Cambel now living, in his ninety-fourth year, in the town of Warren, was one of the famous tea party in Boston harbour. The expedition was led by Messrs. Suel and Brown. The party, consisting of about forty, armed, and a few disguised, marched to the wharf, where they halted. The leaders then repaired on board and represented to the captains that as the tea was not wanted there they had better proceed to another port. This being declined, the captains and consignee were bound and confined; and the tea was then thrown overboard. The party then quietly retired to Brown's, where a pipe of wine was broached for them.

**Connecticut.**—The sum of fifty dollars has been placed in the hands of the American Tract Society, to

be given to the writer of the best essay on the disastrous consequences of gambling.

At the commencement at Yale this year there were one hundred graduates.

*Vermont*.—The population of this state, in 1800, was 150,000; it is now above 260,000. Formerly the Vermontese cultivated nothing more than was necessary to supply their own wants. They are now busily engaged in manufactures to an extensive amount, particularly in wool, cotton and copperas. A bonnet, in imitation of the Leghorn, made by Miss Smith, of Wakefield, was lately exhibited and valued at fifteen dollars.

*New York*.—The port of New York paid last year nearly one-third of the revenue of 1825, viz. above fifteen millions of dollars. The average number of arrivals from foreign places for the last three years was 1340 vessels yearly.

*New Jersey*.—On the Morris canal, it is computed there will be passing through Newark twenty-eight aloops to New York, making two trips each weekly, and that there will be forty daily arrivals of canal boats, during the season of forty-two weeks. It is said that one hundred additional houses will be required for depositories for coal, &c. conveyed through this canal. The first experiment was made on the inclined plane, at Rockaway, on the 6th inst. in a fall of fifty-two feet, the plane six hundred and thirty feet long. The time required in ascending and descending, was from eight to nine minutes, with less than half the head of water that could have been put upon the wheel. This difference of level, would, in the ordinary mode, require six locks, in passing each of which at least eight minutes would be consumed.

*Pennsylvania*.—The tolls collected by the Schuylkill Navigation Company, have amounted to \$7000 in a single month this season.

A boat laden with marble, from the quarries in Vermont, has arriv-

ed at Pittsburgh. The marble was brought from the quarries near the northern shores of lake Champlain, through the Champlain and Erie canals to Buffalo, thence by the schr. packet to Dunkirk, a port on lake Erie, thence by a portage of about eighteen miles to the Cassadoga lake, one of the sources of the Alleghany, to Pittsburgh, making a distance of eight hundred miles. The portage might be reduced to seven or eight miles, thus opening a water communication, with only this interruption, from lake Champlain and all the intervening country, to Pittsburgh, and, consequently, all the country westward.—It appears by the census of Pittsburg, Penn. taken this year, that that city contains 10,515 inhabitants, of whom 2303 were born in foreign countries. In 1820, the population was 7248. The city contains 1,873 buildings, comprising 2365 tenements, of which 433 were shops, factories, mills, &c.

The manufacture of maple sugar and molasses, from the trees, has been pursued with no little success in the interior of Pennsylvania. A paper printed in Tioga county, states that 36,000 lbs. of sugar and 1700 gallons of molasses have been obtained this season by families residing within a circle of five miles.

A body of iron ore has been discovered near the Schuylkill canal, about six miles from Reading, excellent in quality, and inexhaustible in quantity.

*Maryland*.—The quantity of wheat flour which arrived in Baltimore for the quarter ending 1st July, was about 189,000 barrels; and within the last six months about 335,000 barrels. During the last year, 5,274 large casks and 41,444 small casks of whiskey, containing upwards of two millions of gallons, were inspected in Baltimore.

*North Carolina*.—The Sally Ann lately sailed from Beaufort for Africa with 119 negroes, who have been liberated by the friends.

Angus Chisholm, near the Yad-

kin river has found this year about \$4000 worth of gold.

*South Carolina.*—A sheephead weighing twelve pounds was caught with a small fishing hook, at one of the Charleston wharves.

*Georgia.*—Robert Evans arraigned before the supreme court in Twiggs county on a charge of perjury in having sworn upon the holy gospel, &c. was acquitted because the magistrate could not recollect whether he swore upon the book or with uplifted hand.

*Kentucky.*—Mr. A. L. Tarascon has just returned from an exploring expedition on the Mississippi, as far up as steam boats can navigate that river. He writes thus on the subject; "the way is marked out by nature. From the falls of the Ohio, by steam boats you reach the mouth of St. Peters in twelve or fifteen days. By the Hudson, the New York canal, lake Erie, Green bay, Fox river, Ouisconsin, Mississippi, you arrive with goods from New York to the same point in twenty-seven or thirty days. By the St. Peters you reach lake Travers, from thence, in carriages, or hereafter, by water, you cross to the mouth of the Chayenne: you ascend that river; you take the Big Horn: you are at the southern gap of the Rocky Mountains, in 42: you descend either Lewis's river or the Multnomak, or cross the country: you are in the bay. Will it be a miracle, if, ten years hence, we have a line of mails along that way? or if the American flag from the bay of Columbia has the full command of the Pacific and the Indian seas?"

*Tennessee.*—Sampson David, late of Jackborough, provided in his will, for the manumission of his slaves, twenty-two in number, and mostly young, in the year 1840, or at his wife's death, should that happen sooner. He has left means also for their removal to a foreign country or to a free state at their option.

*Ohio.*—The first settlement in this state was made by general Rufus Putnam in 1788. It now contains

about 800,000 souls. Cincinnati was a wilderness in 1789, and it now has 14,000 inhabitants. Upwards of 2,000 hands and 300 teams are employed on the section of the Ohio canal between Cleaveland and Kendal, and work to the amount of between 40 and 50,000 dollars is performed in a month.

*Louisiana.*—A person at New Orleans has invented a coach for travelling through the air. He avers that it is perfectly safe, and that he can carry the mail and one or two passengers; that he can manage his vehicle in a severe gale of wind, and alight at his pleasure.

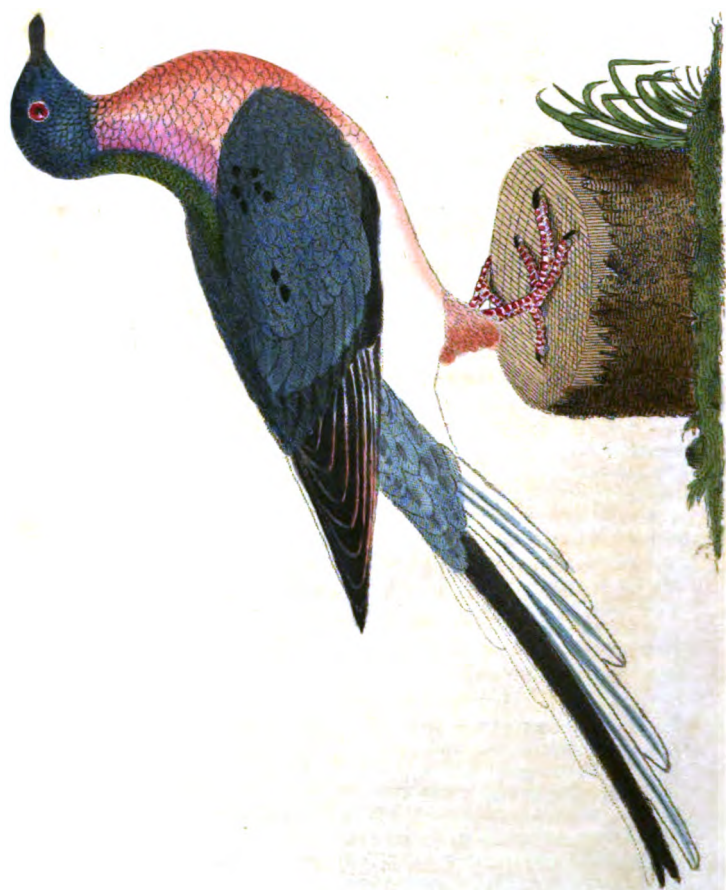
*Indiana.*—Mr. Owen's establishment at Harmony has received a library and philosophical apparatus said to be worth \$20,000. He has promulgated his declaration of independence, as he calls it: an epitome of absurd and pernicious doctrines which have long since been scouted by the good sense of mankind.

*Illinois.*—The U. S. district court at Vandalia adjourned because the court was of opinion that it had no power to issue either original or final process at common law. To this dilemma, it is said, the court was reduced in consequence of the H. of R. not having passed an act which was sent down from the senate, extending to the new states the acts of congress regulating the process of the U. S. courts.

*Missouri.*—The bur mill-stone of the very best quality has been discovered on the Osage river. It can be obtained of almost any size, presenting a surface of from ten inches to five feet in diameter, and is entirely free from those ferruginous appearances which lessen the value of the racoon bur.

In 1824 the lead mines of Missouri paid no rent to the United States. In 1825, the tithes received by the government amounted to about \$7000. The receipts of the present year will double those of the last year.





PASSENGER PIGEON

# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

---

For the Port Folio.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON—COLUMBA MIGRATORIA.

[With a Coloured Engraving.]

CATESB. I, 23.—LINN. SYST. 285.—TURTON, 479.—*Arct.*  
Zool. p. 322, No. 187.—BRISSON, I, 100.—BUFF. II, 527.  
PEALE'S *Museum*, No. 5084.

FROM WILSON'S ORNITHOLOGY.

THIS remarkable bird merits a distinguished place in the annals of our feathered tribes; a claim to which I shall endeavour to do justice; and though it would be impossible, in the bounds allotted to this account to relate all that I have seen and heard of this species, yet no circumstance shall be omitted with which I am acquainted, however extraordinary some of these may appear, that may tend to illustrate its history.

The Wild Pigeon of the United States, inhabits a wide and extensive region of North America, on this side of the Great Stony Mountains, beyond which, to the westward, I have not heard of one being seen. According to Mr. Hutchins, they abound in the country round Hudson's Bay, where they usually remain as late as December, feeding, when the ground is covered with snow, on the buds of juniper. They are spread over the whole of Canada, were seen by captain Lewis and his party near the Great Falls of the Missouri, upwards of 2500 miles from its mouth, reckoning the meanderings of the river—were also met with in the interior of Louisiana, by Col. Pike, and extend their range as far South as the gulf of Mexico; occasionally visiting or breeding in almost every quarter of the United States.

SEPTEMBER, 1826.—NO. 287.—23

But the most remarkable characteristic of these birds is their associating together, both in their migrations and also during the period of incubation, in such prodigious numbers as almost to pass belief: a circumstance which has no parallel among any other of the feathered tribes, on the face of the earth, with which naturalists are acquainted.

These migrations appear to be undertaken rather in quest of food, than merely to avoid the cold of the climate; because we find them lingering in the northern regions around Hudson's Bay so late as December; and because their appearance is so casual and irregular, sometimes not visiting certain districts for several years in any considerable numbers, while at other times they are innumerable. I have witnessed these migrations in the Genessee country—often in Pennsylvania, and also in various parts of Virginia, with amazement; but all that I had then seen of them were mere straggling parties, when compared with the congregated millions which I have since beheld in our western forests, in the states of Ohio, Kentucky, and the Indiana territory. These fertile and extensive regions abound with the nutritious beech nut, which constitutes the chief food of the Wild Pigeon. In seasons when these nuts are abundant, corresponding multitudes of Pigeons may be confidently expected. It sometime happens that having consumed the whole produce of the beech trees in an extensive district, they discover another at the distance, perhaps, of sixty or eighty miles, to which they regularly repair every morning, and return as regularly in the course of the day, or in the evening, to their place of general rendezvous, or, as it is usually called, *the roosting place*. These roosting places are always in the woods, and sometimes occupy a large extent of forest. When they have frequented one of these places for some time the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their excrement; all the tender grass and underwood is destroyed; the surface strewn with large limbs of trees broken off by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; and the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely, as if girdled with an axe. The marks of this desolation remain for many years on the spot; and numerous places could be pointed out where, for several years after, scarce a single vegetable made its appearance.

When these roosts are first discovered, the inhabitants from considerable distances visit them in the night, with guns, clubs, long poles, pots of sulphur, and various other engines of destruction. In a few hours they fill many sacks

and load their horses with them. By the Indians a Pigeon roost, or breeding place, is considered an important source of national profit and dependence for that season; and all their active ingenuity is exercised on the occasion. The *breeding place* differs from the former in its greater extent. In the western countries above mentioned, these are generally in beechwoods, and often extend in nearly a straight line, across the country for a great way. Not far from Shelbyville, in the state of Kentucky, about five years ago,\* there was one of these breeding places, which stretched through the woods in nearly a north and south direction; was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in extent! In this tract almost every tree was furnished with nests wherever the branches could accommodate them. The Pigeons made their first appearance there about the tenth of April, and left it altogether, with their young, before the twenty-fifth of May.

As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left their nests, large parties of the inhabitants, from all parts of the adjacent country, came with wagons, axes, beds, and cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me, that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewed with limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab Pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, Buzzards, and Eagles, were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet upwards to the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder; mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber; for now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contriving to fell them in such a manner, that in their descent they might bring down several others. By this means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some single trees upwards of one hundred nests were found, each containing *one* young

\* The Author's preface is dated February, 1812. Ed. P. F.

only, a circumstance in the history of this bird not generally known to naturalists. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions, from the frequent fall of large branches, broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which, in their descent, often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves; while the clothes of those engaged in traversing the woods were completely covered with the excrement of the Pigeons.

These circumstances were related to me by many of the most respectable persons in that quarter; and confirmed in part by what I myself witnessed. I passed for several miles through this same breeding place, where every tree was spotted with nests, the remains of those above described.— In many instances I counted upwards of ninety nests on a single tree; but the Pigeons had abandoned this place for another, sixty or eighty miles off, towards Green river, where they were said at that time to be equally numerous. From the great numbers that were constantly passing over head to or from that quarter, I had no doubt of the truth of this statement. The mast had been chiefly consumed in Kentucky, and the Pigeons, every morning, a little before sunrise, set out for the Indiana territory, the nearest part of which was about sixty miles distant. Many of these returned before ten o'clock, and the great body generally appeared on their return a little after noon.

I had left the public road to visit the remains of the breeding place near Shelbyville, and was traversing the woods with my gun, on my way to Frankfort, when, about one o'clock, the Pigeons, which I had observed flying the greater part of the morning, northernly, began to return in such numbers as I never before had witnessed. Coming to an opening by the side of a creek, called the Benson, where I had a more uninterrupted view, I was astonished at their appearance. They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height beyond gunshot, in several strata deep, and so close together that could shot have reached them, one discharge could not have failed to bring down several individuals. From right to left as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended; seeming every where equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I took out my watch to note the time, and sat down to observe them. It was then half past one. I sate for more than an hour, but instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase, both in numbers and rapidity; and being anxious

to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon I crossed the Kentucky river, at the town of Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head appeared as numerous and as extensive as ever. Long after this I observed them, in large bodies, that continued to pass for six or eight minutes; and these again were followed by other detached bodies, all moving in the same south east direction till after six in the evening.— The great breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding place, which, by several gentlemen who had lately passed through part of it, was stated to me at *several miles*. It was said to be in Green county, and that the young began to fly about the middle of March. On the 17th of April, forty-nine miles beyond Danville, and not far from Green river, I crossed this same breeding place, where the nests, for more than three miles, spotted every tree; the leaves not being yet out I had a fair prospect of them, and was really astonished at their numbers. A few bodies of Pigeons lingered yet in different parts of the woods, the roaring of whose wings were heard in various quarters around me.

All accounts agree in stating, that each nest contains only one young squab. These are so extremely fat, that the Indians, and many of the whites, are accustomed to melt down the fat for domestic purposes as a substitute for butter and lard. At the time they leave the nest they are nearly as heavy as the old ones; but become much leaner after they are turned out to shift for themselves.

It is universally asserted in the western countries that the Pigeons, though they have only one young at a time, breed thrice and sometimes four times in the same season. The circumstances already mentioned render this highly probable. It is also worthy of observation, that this takes place during the period when acorns, beech nuts, &c. are scattered about in the greatest abundance and mellowed by the frost. But they are not confined to these alone; buckwheat, hempseed, Indian corn, holly berries, hack berries, whortle berries, and many others furnish them with abundance at almost all seasons. The acorns of the live-oak are also eagerly sought after by these birds, and rice has been frequently found in individuals killed, many hundred miles to the northward of the nearest rice plantation. The vast quantity of mast which these multitudes consume is a serious loss to the bears, pigs, squirrels, and other dependents on the fruits of the forest.

I have taken from the crop of a single Wild Pigeon, a good handful of the kernels of beech nuts, intermixed with acorns, and chestnuts. To form a rough estimate of the daily consumption of one of these immense flocks, let us first attempt to calculate the numbers of that above mentioned as seen in passing between Frankfort and the Indiana territory. If we suppose this column to have been one mile in breadth,—and I believe it to have been much more,—and that it moved at the rate of one mile in a minute,—four hours,—the time it continued passing would make its whole length two hundred and forty miles. Again, supposing that each square yard of this moving body comprehended three Pigeons, the square yards in the whole space multiplied by three, would give two thousand two hundred and thirty millions, two hundred and seventy-two thousand pigeons! an almost inconceivable multitude, and yet probably far below the actual amount.—Computing each of these to consume half a pint of mast daily, the whole quantity, at this rate, would equal seventeen millions, four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels per day! Heaven has wisely and graciously given to these birds rapidity of flight and a disposition to range over vast uncultivated tracts of the earth, otherwise they must have perished in the district where they resided, or devoured the whole productions of agriculture as well as those of the forest.

A few observations on the mode of flight of these birds must not be omitted. The appearance of large bodies of them in the air, and the various evolutions which they display, are strikingly picturesque and interesting. In descending the Ohio by myself, in the month of February, I often rested on my oars, to contemplate their aerial manœuvres. A column, eight or ten miles in length, would appear from Kentucky, high in air, steering across to Indiana. The leaders of this great body would sometimes gradually vary their course, until it formed a large bend of more than a mile in diameter, those behind tracing the exact route of their predecessors. This would continue sometimes long after both extremities were beyond the reach of sight; so that the whole with its glittery undulations, marked a space in the face of the heavens resembling the windings of a vast and majestic river. When this bend became very great, the birds, as if sensible of the unnecessarily circuitous course they were taking, suddenly changed their direction, so that what was in column before became an immense front, straightening all its indentures, until it swept the heavens in one vast and infinitely extended line. Other lesser bodies also united

with each other, as they happened to approach, with such ease and elegance of evolutions, forming new figures, and varying these, as they united or separated, that I was never tired of contemplating them. Sometimes a hawk would make a sweep on a particular part of the column, from a great height, when, almost as quick as lightning, that part shot downwards out of the common track; but soon rising again, continued advancing at the same height as before; this inflection was continued by those behind, who, on arriving at this point, dived down, almost perpendicularly, to a great depth, and, rising, followed the exact path of those that went before. As these vast bodies passed over the river near me, the surface of the water, which before was smooth as glass, appeared marked with innumerable dimples, occasioned by the dropping of their dirt, resembling the commencement of a shower of large drops of rain or hail.

Happening to go ashore one charming afternoon, to purchase some milk at a house that stood near the river, and while talking with the people within doors, I was suddenly struck with astonishment by a loud rushing roar, succeeded by instant darkness, which, at the first moment, I took for a tornado about to overwhelm the house and every thing around in destruction. The people, observing my surprise, said, coolly, "it is only the pigeons," and on running out, I beheld a flock, thirty or forty yards in width, sweeping along very low, between the house and the mountain or height that formed the second bank of the river. These continued passing for more than a quarter of an hour, and at length varied their bearing so as to pass over the mountain, behind which they disappeared before the rear came up.

In the Atlantic States, though they never appear in such unparalleled multitudes, they are sometimes very numerous; and great havoc is then made amongst them with the gun, the clap-net, and various other implements of destruction. As soon as it is ascertained in a town that the Pigeons are flying numerously in the neighbourhood, the gunners rise *en masse*; the clap-nets are spread out on suitable situations, commonly on an open height in an old buckwheat field; four or five live Pigeons, with their eyelids sewed up, are fastened on a moveable stick; a small hut of branches is fitted up for the Fowler at the distance of forty or fifty yards; by the pulling of a string, the stick on which the pigeons rest is alternately elevated or depressed, which produces a fluttering of their wings similar to that of birds just alighting; this being perceived by the passing flocks, they descend with great

rapidity, and finding corn, buckwheat, &c. strewed about, they begin to feed, and are instantly, by the pulling of a cord, covered by the net. In this manner ten, twenty, and even thirty dozen have been caught at one swoop. Meantime the air is darkened with large bodies of them moving in various directions; the woods also swarm with them in search of acorns; and the thundering of musketry is continual on all sides, from morning to night. Wagon loads of them are poured into market, where they sell from fifty, to twenty-five and even twelve and a half cents per dozen; and pigeons become the order of the day, at dinner, breakfast, and supper, until the very name becomes sickening. When they have been kept alive, and fed sometime on corn and buckwheat, their flesh acquires great superiority: but in their common state they are dry and blackish, and far inferior to the full grown young ones, or squabs.

The nest of the Wild Pigeon is formed of a few dry slender twigs, carelessly put together, and with so little concavity, that the young ones, when half grown, can easily be seen from below. The eggs are pure white. Great numbers of Hawks, and sometimes the Bald Eagle himself, hover about those breeding places and seize the old or the young from the nest amidst the rising multitudes, and with the most daring effrontery. The young, when beginning to fly, confine themselves to the under part of the tall woods where there is no brush, and where nuts and acorns are abundant, searching among the leaves for mast, and appearing like a prodigious torrent rolling along through the woods, every one striving to be in front. Vast numbers of them are shot while in this situation. A person told me he once rode furiously into one of these rolling multitudes, and picked up thirteen pigeons which had been trampled to death by his horse's feet. In a few minutes they will beat all the nuts from a tree with their wings, while all is a scramble, above and below, for the same food. They have the same cooing notes common to domestic pigeons; but much less of their gesticulations. In some flocks you will find nothing but young ones, which are easily distinguishable by their motley dress. In others, they will be mostly females; and again, great multitudes of males, with few or no females. I cannot account for this in any other way than that during the time of incubation the males are exclusively engaged in procuring food, both for themselves and their mates; and the young being unable yet to undertake these extensive excursions, associate together accordingly. But even in winter I know of several species of birds which

separate in this manner, particularly the Red-winged Starling, among whom thousands of old males may be found with few or no young or females along with them.

Stragglers from these immense armies settle in almost every part of the country, particularly among the beech woods, and in the pine and hemlock woods of the eastern and northern parts of the continent. Pennant informs us that they breed near Moose fort at Hudson's bay, in N. lat. 51°, and I myself have seen the remains of a large breeding place as far south as the country of the Choctaws, in lat. 32°. In the former of these places they are said to remain until December; from which circumstance it is evident that they are not regular in their migrations like many other species, but rove about, as scarcity of food urges them. Every spring, however, as well as autumn, more or less of them are seen in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia; but it is only once in several years that they appear in such formidable bodies, as have been described; and this commonly when the snows are heavy to the north, the winter here more than usually mild, and acorns, &c. abundant.

The Passenger Pigeon is sixteen inches long, and twenty-four inches in extent; bill, black; nostril covered by a high rounding protuberance; eye, brilliant, fiery orange; orbit, or space surrounding it, purplish flesh coloured skin; head, upper part of the neck, and chin, a fine slate blue, lightest on the chin; throat, breast, and sides, as far as the thighs, a reddish hazel; lower part of the neck and sides of the same resplendent changeable gold, green and purple crimson, the last most predominant; the ground colour, slate; the plumage of this part is of a peculiar structure, ragged at the ends; belly and vent, white; lower part of the breast fading into a pale vinaceous red; thighs, the same; legs and feet, lake, scamed with white; back, rump, and tail coverts, dark slate spotted on the shoulders with a few scattered marks of black; the scapulars tinged with brown; greater coverts, light slate, primaries and secondaries, dull black, the former tipped and edged with brownish white; tail, long, and greatly cuneiform, all the feathers tapering towards the point, the two middle ones plain deep black, the other five, on each side, hoary white, lightest near the tips, deepening into bluish near the bases, where each is crossed on the inner vane with a broad spot of black, and nearer the root with another of ferruginous; primaries, edged with white; bastard wing, black.

The female is about half an inch shorter, and an inch less in extent; breast, cinerous brown; upper part of the neck in-

SEPTEMBER, 1826.—NO. 287.—24

clining to ash; the spot of changeable gold green and carmine, much less, and not so brilliant; tail coverts, brownish slate; naked orbits slate coloured; in all other respects like the male in colour, but less vivid, and more tinged with brown; the eye not so brilliant an orange. In both, the tail has only twelve feathers.

---

## THE BARBER OF GOTTINGEN.

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

ONE night about ten o'clock, as the barber of Gottingen college was preparing to go to rest, after having scraped the chins of upwards of a dozen of students, the door of his shop opened briskly, and a short, burly, thick set man made his appearance. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. In stature he did not rise above five feet, but this was amply compensated by a paunch which would have done honour to a burgomaster. His face, his legs, and, in truth, his whole frame gave equal tokens of *enbonpoint*; and spoke in eloquent terms of good living and freedom from care. This worthy personage had on a broad brimmed glazed hat, a brown frock coat, and brown small clothes, with copper buckles at the knees. His hair, which was curly, and as black as pitch, descended behind and at each side, underneath the rim of his hat. His whiskers were thick and bushy; and his beard appeared to be of at least four days' growth.

The salutation which he made on entering the *sanctum sanctorum* of the barber, was more remarkable for freedom than for politeness. He pushed the door roughly aside, and strutted into the middle of the room, placing his hands jockey-wise into his coat pockets, and whistling aloud.

"Can you shave me, I say?" was his first address to the astonished tonsor.

"Sir?" said the latter, with a stare of surprise, as he turned round and encountered the eye of this new arriver.

"I say, can you shave me?" thundered out the latter with increased loudness.

The barber was a tall, meagre, spindle shanked figure of a man, somewhat up in years, and not remarkable for an extraordinary share of courage. He had, however, too high an opinion of himself—being no less than peruke maker to the professors of Gottingen—to stand tamely by, and be bearded in his own house. His indignation got the better of a feeling

of dread, which in spite of himself, began to creep over him; and he heard the demand of his visiter with rather an unusual share of resolution.

"You ask me if I can shave you, sir," said he, ceasing from the operation of strapping a razor, in which he was engaged, "I can shave any man that ever wore a beard; and I see no reason why you should be more difficult to shave than other people, unless, peradventure, your chin is stuck over with bristles like a hedge hog, or some such animal."

"Well, then, why don't you shave me?" returned the other, throwing himself upon a chair, pitching his hat carelessly to one side, and stretching out his short plump legs as far as they would go. "Come along, my old boy; now I am ready for you." So saying, he unloosed his neck cloth, laid it down, and grasped and rubbed his neck and chin with both hands with an appearance of peculiar satisfaction. But the college barber was in no mood of mind to relish such freedoms. He stuck his Dutch spectacles upon the tip of his long skinny nose, projected forward his peering chin in a sarcastic, sneering manner, and eyed the stranger with a look any thing but favourable. At last he broke silence—

"I said, sir, that I could shave any man but —."

"But what?" said the other, aroused by the gravity of his tone, and turning around upon him.

"But it is not my pleasure to shave *you*."—And he commenced strapping his razor as before, without taking any farther notice of his neighbour. The latter seemed astounded at what he heard. He, in fact, doubted the evidence of his ears, and gazed upon the Barber with a look of curious astonishment. His curiosity, however, soon gave way to anger; and this was indicated by a most portentous heaving about the chest, and an increased flushing of his rubicund face. His cheeks were at length blown out and distended with genuine rage, till they acquired something of the rotundity and proportions of a good large pumpkin.

"Not shave *me*!" ejaculated he, emptying his lungs and cheeks at once of the volume of air accumulated within them. The rushing out of this hurricane of wrath was tremendous. —The barber trembled from top to toe when he heard it; but he uttered not a word.

"Not shave *me*!" He was silent as before.

"Not shave *me*!" repeated the little man a third time, louder than ever, and starting from his seat with a bound perfectly remarkable for his corpulency. The shaver got alarmed, and well he might; for the other stood fronting him

—his arms a kimbo—his eyes flashing fire; and all his attitudes indicative of some hostility. The strap was dropped, and the razor quietly deposited upon the mantelpiece.

“Do you mean to do me an injury in my own house?” said the barber, with all the courage he could muster.

“Donner and Blitzen! Who talks of injuring you? I wish you to scrape my beard. Is there any thing extraordinary in that?”

“I can shave no man after ten o’clock,” replied the barber. “Besides, my business is solely confined to the professors and students of the university. I am strictly forbidden to operate on the face or head of any other person, by the most learned Dr. Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus.

“Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead!” observed the other with a contemptuous sneer. “And who the devil may he be?”

“He is the Provost of the University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy thereunto,” answered the barber; not a little scandalized at hearing that learned man spoken of in such terms.

“Ay—and a pretty dunderheaded fellow he must be to give any such orders. However, I am not going to waste my time here all night. All that I have got to tell you is this, that if you wont shave me, I shall shave you.” And, suiting the action to the word, he reached up his hand, got hold of the barber by the nose, and placed him, by sheer force, upon the chair which he himself had just left. The suddenness of this action deprived the other for a moment of his senses. He sat gazing, with a mixture of rage and amazement, at the author of the audacious deed; nor was it till he felt the brush, loaded with cold soap suds, thumping upon his cheeks, and heard the stranger laughing aloud, that he reflected upon his situation. His first impulse was to start up, but he was instantly pushed down by the brawny arm of the little man. He then turned his head from side to side to avoid the assaults, but this did not mend the matter: his face was reached by the brush, and brow, nose, cheeks, and ears besplattered with saponaceous effusion. Nor when he attempted to bawl out, were his efforts more successful: the indefatigable operator filled his mouth with lather, and laid on with greater energy than ever. With one hand grasping him by the throat, and the other armed with the shaving brush, the fat man continued at his occupation, laughing heartily, and enjoying, with the most turbulent mirth, the scene before him. At last the barber managed with great difficulty to get out some words,

and cried strenuously for mercy, promising, by heaven and earth, to shave his oppressor when and where he thought proper, whatever Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus might say to the contrary.

This declaration procured him a release. He rose up trembling from the grasp of the stranger, and having his face more thoroughly bedizened with his own peculiar liquid, than any face, handsome or ugly, which ever came under his hands. His first care was to free it of those ignominious marks of good will by means of a towel, while the author of this outrage threw himself upon the chair, almost convulsed with laughter.

As the astonished shaver prepared his utensils for the operation about to be performed, though in a different manner, upon his opponent, he had some leisure to recover from the shock into which he was thrown. Indignation was still a prominent feeling in his mind; but this was subordinate to other emotions; and the dread of his sufferings being repeated, together with the appearance of the stranger, who had now resumed his seat, and was whistling impatiently, made him hasten his preparations with unusual speed. Having arranged every thing, that is to say, having prepared a razor, mixed up a quantity of foaming lather, and stuck a towel under the chin of his customer, he was about to commence, when the latter thundered out, "*avaunt!*" The barber gave way like a scared poacher, retreated some steps, and gazed at the other with ill suppressed alarm.

"Perhaps you mean to cut my throat!" said the stranger, in a loud voice.

"My business is to shave beards, and not to cut throats," rejoined the affrighted shaver, with all humility.

"Very like!—very like; but I don't choose to take you at your word: so have a care. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains out, that's all." And placing his hand in one of the large pockets of his frock-coat, he brought out a horse-man's pistol, cocked it deliberately, and placed it on a chair which stood beside him. "Now proceed," continued he, "and remember, if you so much as scratch a pimple on my chin, or leave a single hair unshorn, I shall send a bullet through your numscull."

The appearance of this terrible weapon augmented, as may well be supposed, the barber's alarm. His hand shook like an aspen leaf, and he kept laying on the suds ten times longer than he ever did on any former occasion. He was terrified to lay his razor on the chin of so dangerous a subject, and re-

solved to keep brushing to the very last moment, rather than run the risk of having a pistol discharged at his head. The delay indeed, was useful to him, as it gave his hand time to recover its wonted steadiness. Nor did the stranger take it ill, on the contrary, his good humour appeared to return with the agreeable titillation of the shaving brush; and he whistled aloud, thereby blowing the soap from his lips upon the barber's face with a look of apparent satisfaction.

Half an hour had now passed away since the latter commenced laying on the soap, and he was still employed in this preliminary operation. The fat man relished it mightily; and, far from complaining of its tediousness, kept whistling away and humming snatches of old songs, to the no small annoyance of the operator, who found the utmost difficulty in making the brush move smoothly over features so diversified in motion and expression. Notwithstanding all this gayety, however, the shaver did not like his new acquaintance. There was something odd about him; and, even though there had been nothing remarkable, he could not, at once forget the egregious insult offered to his own person only a short time before. Instead, therefore, of laughing at his strange sallies of broad humour, he felt his heart burning with a wrath which nothing but genuine fear prevented from bursting forth. The whistling and singing of the stranger only produced disgust; his witticisms drew forth nothing but a grin. Every moment his outrageous mirth became more intolerable. His whole aim seemed to be to stultify and ridicule the unfortunate barber, who continued to apply the brush with a feeling of agony which dyed his pale cheeks to a dingy hue, and lengthened his gaunt physiognomy fully a couple of inches.

It will be asked, why did he not get through with his operation, and rid himself of so troublesome a customer? This, as we have said, proceeded from his dread of applying the razor to the chin of so irritable a personage. But time quiets all things, and his dread at last wore off. His hand became steadier, and he thought he might now venture to finish a business, commenced under such extraordinary auspices. His attempt was in vain. No sooner had he ceased applying the soap, and was in the act of moving off for his razor, when the loud voice of his customer fell, like thunder, upon his ear.—“Brush away, my old boy—nothing like it.” And he continued humming these words for a quarter of an hour longer, during which time the barber was compelled to soap his chin without the least interval of repose. It was now eleven, as was indicated by the striking of the college clock.

Three quarters of an hour had he scrubbed away at the chin of this strange character, and as yet he saw no more chance of his labour terminating than when he began. The same toilsome, never ending task was still before him, and he was kept working at it as by some supernatural agency. It was in vain for him to get into a passion; the fat man laughed in his face. It was in vain to attempt a cessation of his labour;—the eternal “Brush away,” from the mouth of his tormentor, kept him at the work. Still more vain was it for him to refuse; he remembered the punishment inflicted upon himself for such an act, and had, moreover, an eye to the pistol hard by, with which, doubtless its owner would have enforced compliance.

Never was any human being so completely wretched. He felt as if in the charmed ring of some enchanter, from whose precincts it was impossible to escape. He had no power of his own. His will was useless; every movement of his body was in direct opposition to its dictates. What could he do? If he stopped one moment, that cursed sound of “Brush away,” was thundered into his ears. If he moved for his razor, he was brought back by the same invoking spell. If he refused to shave, he ran the risk of being shaved himself. Nay, even though he had the razor in his hand, what security had he that he might not scratch the chin of such a talkative and unsteady being, and thereby get as a reward a pistol bullet through his brain?—Such was the deplorable condition of the barber of Gottingen University.

“Brush away,” cried the stentorian voice of the stranger, as he plunged his fingers among his immense mass of black curly hair, and showed, while he laughed, a mouth which might well nigh have swallowed the full moon.

“I can brush no longer,” said the barber, dropping his hands with absolute fatigue. “I have brushed for more than an hour to no purpose, and am exhausted beyond endurance.”

“Exhausted, say you, my old boy? I shall cure you of that. Here, swallow a little of this glorious stuff—the Elixir Diaboli of Doctor Faustus.” So saying, he drew a bottle of red liquid from his pocket, uncorked it in an instant, and before the barber was aware, forced one half of it down his throat. “Now brush away,” continued he, “nothing like it.”

Confounded by the suddenness of this action, the operator had no time to reflect. Again did he begin his eternal labour—again was the brush loaded with a supply of suds, and laid on as before. Inspired by what he had swallowed, he felt new vigour diffuse itself throughout his body. His arms, for-

getting their fatigue, worked with refreshed energy, while the fat man continued to bawl out "brush away," and laughed, and grinned alternately in his face.

But although his body was strengthened, let it not be supposed that the least glimmer of satisfaction was communicated to his mind. On the contrary, he became every moment more overwhelmed with amazement and wretchedness. Body and mind seemed to have dissolved their natural connexion. The former was a mere puppet over which the latter had no control. The unhappy man felt his misery. He knew the utter absurdity of his conduct—he knew that he was acting the part of an idiot—madman—a laughing stock. Yet with all this knowledge he could not check himself in his nonsensical career; but, as if by some infernal influence, he continued to lather the face of his obstreperous customer, notwithstanding all that inclination and common sense could say to the contrary.

We have said that the College clock struck eleven. Another half hour passed by, and midnight was approaching. The apartment in which this strange scene was carried on began to get obscure, from the untrimmed lamp, and fading glow of the fire. A dim twilight from these sources lit it up, aided by the rays of the young moon peering through a small window, which opened into the college court. Every moment the place was becoming darker; and at last, the barber's blocks, capped in their corresponding wigs, and ranged at intervals along the wall, were so obscure, that they might have been mistaken for the heads of so many human beings stuck upon poles: nothing but their dark outlines were discernible. On the expiring embers of the fire stood the kettle, still singing audibly, and pouring forth streams of vapour from its spout.

This scene of gloom was no impediment to the operations of the barber. He still continued his incessant toil, and the strange man as unceasingly his vociferations. "Brush away, my old boy," came perpetually from his lips, and was succeeded invariably by a long drawn despairing sigh from the bosom of the shaver. The darkness at length became so great, that the latter could with difficulty, perceive his own brush and soap-box. The lamp flickered some score of times like a dying meteor, and then went out; while nothing remained of the fire but a few red embers which communicated a local glow of warmth, but scarcely emitted the slightest ray of light. The room was illuminated solely by the faint beams of the moon, and was so dark that nothing but the out-

lines of the largest objects, such as the chairs and tables, were visible. The blocks, long ere this time, had hid themselves in darkness.

As the gloom became deeper, the barber's terror increased. His hand could scarcely hold the brush, with which he worked at random, like a blind man—sometimes hitting, and sometimes missing the physiognomy of the stranger. But though the darkness thickened around, though the college clock had struck the twelfth hour, the latter showed no signs of exhaustion. His eternal cry continued the same. "Brush away, brush away, brush away,"—that incessant sound rung like a knell of misery in the ears of the wretched shaver. He even thought that he heard the accursed notes taken up by every object around: his blocks—his kettle, seemed instinct with sound.—They all re-echoed it; the former with low and sepulchral notes from their wooden sconces: the latter with a hissing sound like that of a serpent endowed with speech.

Another half hour now passed by, and at length the horrid and unearthly tones of the fat man became less loud. He seemed to drop asleep, and 'Brush away,' was repeated at longer intervals, and in a deep hollow voice. It never ceased, however, but was uttered with much less rapidity than at first. He began to snore; and between each, a long deeply drawn 'Br-u-sh a-way' was heard to proceed from his bosom, as from the bottom of a tomb: the blocks and the kettle also murmured the tones with kindred slowness. In all this there was something inexpressibly frightful; and a cloud passing before the moon, and thereby leaving the chamber in profound darkness, the barber found himself overwhelmed with unutterable dread.

There was not a soul present but himself and his fearful companion. His house opened into the College churchyard, which was a dismal place, surrounded by high walls, and regularly locked in each evening. Every circumstance, therefore, contributed to render his situation more appalling. There was no one at hand to relieve him in his distress: no one to hear him should he invoke their aid. There was even no way of escape should he be so fortunate as to get out: the lofty wall of the cemetery rendered that a hopeless undertaking.

Meanwhile, he continued to ply at his endless task: The least pause brought on increased exclamations from the stranger. While he lathered him with rapidity, he was comparatively silent: but on any occasional pause from fatigue, the cries became redoubled in loudness and rapidity. Times without

number was he obliged to shift the brush from one hand to the other from actual exhaustion. It was in vain: there seemed to be no termination to his efforts. If he relaxed a moment he was sure to be recalled by the incessant 'Brush away' of the mysterious man.

Such intolerable misery could not endure. Human nature, in the person of the barber, was taxed to its utmost efforts, and refused to do more. The anguish he sustained gave him courage, and, stepping aside all at once, he made to the door, intending to effect his escape. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a yard towards the threshold, than a 'Brush away,' louder than any he had yet heard, fell upon him like a thunder-bolt, and froze the very spirit within him. He returned to his task, and commenced brushing the beard of the fat man as before. The cries of this personage now became more loud than they had been for the last half hour. His slumbers seemed to be broken, and he resumed with unabated vigour, his old system of singing and whistling, and laughing fearfully.

'Brush away,' continued he with his intolerable laugh. 'An't fatigued, I hope, my old boy? Will you have another taste of my elixir, eh?'

"We are more in need of lights than of elixirs," ejaculated the barber, with an effort which it cost him all his skill to accomplish.

"Brush away, then, and we shall not want lights. There's a brace of them for you. Did you ever see any thing finer, old boy?"

The barber started back a fathom with amazement; and well he might, for in the midst of the darkness he beheld two horrid luminous eyes glaring upon him. They were those of the fat man, and seemed lighted up with that hideous spectral glow which is to be seen floating in cemeteries and other places of corruption. The unnatural glare made his whole head visible.—His face, so far as the soap permitted its tint to be seen, was flushed to the colour of deep crimson. His dark hair appeared to be converted into sable snakes; and when he laughed, the whole inside of his mouth and throat resembled red-hot iron, and looked like the entrance to a furnace within his entrails. Nor was the breath which emanated from this source endurable: it was hot, suffocating, and sulphureous, as if concocted in the bottom of hell. Such a hideous spectacle was more than the barber could endure. It gave speed to his feet; and, dashing down his brush and soap-box, he rushed out at the door, in an agony of desperation.

Away he ran through the churchyard, into which, as we

have said, his door opened. Nothing was capable of impeding his progress. He leaped over the hillocks, tombstones, ditches, and every thing that stood in his way. Never was terror so thoroughly implanted in the heart of a human being. He had not been half a minute out, however, when his ears were saluted with one of the stranger's horrible laughs, and with his still more horrible "Brush away." In another moment he heard footsteps coming after him, which made him accelerate his speed. It was to no purpose; the steps behind gained upon him, and, on looking back he beheld, to his horror, the fat man—his face covered with soapsuds—the towel tucked under his chin, his hat off, and the horseman's pistol in his hand. He laughed, and roared out 'Brush away,' as he pursued the wretched shaver, with a speed miraculous for a man of his unwieldy size. The moon, which shone brightly at this time, rendered every object tolerably distinct.

Pushed to desperation, the barber turned his footsteps to the tower of the steeple, the door of which stood wide open. He entered, and attempted to close it behind him. It was too late; the other was close at his heels, and forced himself in. There was no time to be lost. Our fugitive mounted the stair of the tower, and ascended with the rapidity of lightning. There was a door nine stories up, which opened on an outside terrace upon the top. Could he only gain this, all would be well, as he could lock the door outwardly, and exclude his pursuer from coming farther. His exertions to achieve this were tremendous, but without much success, for, about a yard behind him, he heard the steps and unnatural laugh, and "Brush away," of the stranger. He even saw the light of his phosphorescent eye, glaring upon the dark stair of the tower, as he came behind him. Every effort was in vain. The barber mounted the topmost step and pushed through the door; the fat man did the same.

They were now on the terrace—above them rose the church spire to a hundred and thirty feet—below them yawned a gulf of as many more! The first salutation of the stranger to his companion was a hideous laugh, followed by "Brush away! nothing like shaving!" The barber, meanwhile, stood as far removed from him as he could; the monument of pale despair. His teeth chattered, his knees knocked together, and he knelt down with the agony of terror.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed his tormentor; "what dost thou think now, old boy? Brush away; come, give me a scrubbing till six in the morning—only five hours more—nothing like a lit-

the wholesome exercise." He concluded with one of his intolerable laughs.

"Brush away," continued he, holding his sides and laughing at the mortal fear of the barber. "Out with thy lather-box and thy brush, man; where are they, old beard-scraper?"

"I have thrown them away," muttered the terrified shaver.

"Thrown them away! Dunder and Blixum, then I have a good mind to throw thee away also! A toss from the tower would be a mighty pretty thing to look at in such a fine moonlight morning."

So saying he took hold of the barber by the nose, as he knelt for mercy, lifted him up with perfect ease, and held him at arm's length over the terrace. The poor man's alarm at being poised by the beak over such a tremendous gulf may be better conceived than described. He kicked, and threw out his long arms to and fro, like a spider on the rack. He roared aloud for mercy as well as his pinched nose would admit of—promised to shave his honour to the last moment of his life—mentioned the destitute condition in which his wife and family would be left by his death, and made use of every tender argument to soften the heart. It was in vain—the fat man was not to be moved; for, in the midst of one of the most eloquent appeals, he opened his thumb and fore finger by which the barber was held. The nose slipped down from between them, and its owner, body and soul, tumbled headlong through the abyss of a space, a descent of one hundred and thirty feet. Down, down, down he went, whirling round about like a shuttlecock, sometimes his feet being upwards, sometimes his head. During these multiplied circumgyrations, he had occasional glimpses of his adversary above him. There he beheld him leaning over the terrace, with his soapy face and the towel before him, holding his sides and laughing with inconceivable vigour—while every now and then he could hear the hated "Brush away," coming from his lips. But the most dreadful of all the scenes which greeted him was the glare of his ghastly eyes, which shot down spectral glances, and seemed like sepulchral lights to illuminate him on his descent. Dreadful were the feelings of the barber as he approached the ground. His frame shuddered convulsively—his breath came fast he felt almost suffocated, and drew himself into the smallest possible dimensions, like a snail within his shell.

The fatal moment came at last when he was to be dashed in pieces, but, contrary to the laws of gravitation, the nearer he approached the earth the more slow his descent became.

At last it was so gentle, that he seemed to be sustained in air. Some good angel had caught him in his fall, and, instead of being shivered to atoms, he was borne, as on the wings of light and music to the ground. On turning round he felt some gentle one reposing beside him. It was his wife.—Worthy couple! they were snug in bed together; and the barber found, to his inexpressible satisfaction, that he had been dreaming!

---

For the Port Folio.

ON THE WRITINGS AND CONVERSATION OF DR. JOHNSON.

Few authors, in modern times, have been more liberally honoured with the applause of the public than Dr. Johnson. He has gained full credit for all the learning, and all the merit which he ever possessed. The authority of his name has given a sanction and a currency to his opinions, which cannot be obtained by a less fortunate or a less popular writer. Hence many of his readers and admirers receive his opinions, and admit his assertions, without due examination; nay, even with implicit confidence in their truth. But we shall find that he has advanced opinions, in his writings, which are not infallible; and has even sometimes defended them by sophistical arguments. Nor are these fallacious opinions always innocent. Indeed error is seldom harmless in its consequences, however trifling and insignificant it may at first appear. History informs us that the most important events have often arisen from very small causes. We know that, in conversation, Johnson often defended a bad cause, either to display his ingenuity in debate, or to hear what arguments his opponent was able to adduce on the side of truth.

"We know that Cicero and Johnson," says D'Israeli, "considered their eloquence as a deceptive art. It was indifferent to them which side of a subject they adopted. In reading their elaborate works, our ear is more frequently gratified by the magnificence of their diction than our heart penetrated by the pathetic enthusiasm of their sentiments.—The sophistry of Johnson, in conversation, seems to have been his favourite amusement. But Cicero is more censurable, since in the most solemn acts of life, and before the tribunal of justice, he confesses to have protected and saved the life of many a criminal by the power of his eloquence."

*D'Israeli's Miscellanies.*

"Johnson seems to have been addicted to the silly egotism

of exulting in his intellectual strength, and contended, in most of his extemporary conflicts, more for victory than truth.”

*Life of W. Melmoth.*

Johnson was not a man of general knowledge, and therefore we may reasonably suppose that he would sometimes err either through ignorance or prejudice. But we should hardly suspect that a man so famous for morality and love of truth, would attempt to establish a false position by means of delusive argument. It will be difficult, however, to exculpate him from the charge of artifice and deception in some instances. Haley, and other writers, have exposed several false sentiments in Johnson's writings; and many more might be detected by an acute observer, whose curiosity should lead him to examine them with close attention. I will examine the following passage in Johnson's *Life of Milton*, because it has deceived some readers, and has been quoted as authority by scholars, who deem literature more useful and advantageous to mankind than philosophy.

“But the truth is,” says Johnson, “that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which their knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right or wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples, which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions.—Prudence and justice are virtues and excellencies of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostaticks or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.”

*Johnson's Life of Milton.*

It will be difficult to find a passage of equal length so obscure, so erroneous, or so incorrectly expressed. It is clear that the writer did not understand the whole of his subject. I suspect some typographical error in the first sentence, for it is so obscure, that I am doubtful whether I understand the author's meaning as it stands in the above quotation. I suppose Johnson intended to convey the sentiment which may be intelligibly expressed as follows. “The knowledge of external nature, and the sciences by which external nature may be explained, are

not the great or the frequent business of the human mind." If this be his meaning, nothing but common observation is required to demonstrate his mistake. The knowledge of external nature constitutes the great and daily business of most part of mankind. The principal arts of life, those by which we procure food, clothing, and shelter, depend upon our knowledge of external nature. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce are the foundation of civilized society. But these depend upon our knowledge of external nature. "All," says one of the greatest and best men of the age, "all that tends to the security and comfort of mankind is derived from the arts, and these depend upon the knowledge of the powers of nature, with which we are conversant." By the assistance of chemistry, mathematics, and physics we obtain our knowledge of natural objects, and apply this knowledge to the practical use of life.

I recommend to the reader the charming address to Philosophy, at the conclusion of "Summer," in Thomson's Seasons, which affords a complete refutation of Johnson's silly sophism. Thomson was a philosopher as well as a poet.

"Without thee what were unenlightened man?  
A savage, roaming through the woods and wilds  
In quest of prey; and with the unfashioned fur,  
Rough clad; devoid of every finer art  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
Domestic, mixed of tenderness and care,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
Mechanic."

F. N.

(To be continued.)

#### AMERICAN CANALS.

THE following table, which has been prepared from official documents, for the New York Observer, contains a brief view of the routes, dimensions, and cost, of all the important canals, whether completed, in progress, or contemplated, in the United States, and the adjacent British North American provinces. They show that there are now actually completed within the limits of the United States, exclusive of improved river navigation, 690 miles of canal, with 2645 feet of lockage, constructed at an expense of 14,500,000 dollars; and there are now in progress, and to a considerable extent, under contract, 828 miles of canal, with 3,611 feet of lockage, to be completed in a few years, at an estimated expense of 10,250,000 dollars; making in all, completed and in progress, 1518 miles of canal, with 6256 feet of lockage, at an expense of 24,750,000 dollars. If to these we should add the canals seriously contemplated, and which will probably be completed in ten years, the whole length of canal line would be extended to at least 3000 miles. In England there are more than one hundred canals, extending 2680 miles, constructed at an expense of 132,000,000 dollars, and yielding an average income of ten per cent on the capital invested. England has been more than fifty years completing this extensive line of inland navigation. The people of the United States, will probably have completed a line equally extensive in less than 20 years from the time they commenced.



STATES.	Name, or Points	ROUTE.	Length.		Width.	Depth.	Am't of Lockage.	Cost.	
			Miles.	Feet.				Feet.	Dollars.
Massachusetts	Cape Cod.	1st. From mouth of Back river in Buzzard's bay to mouth of Scusset river in Barnstable bay, - - -	7	60	8	80			
	Boston harbour & Narraganset bay.	2d. From Barnstable harbour to Hyannus harbour, - - -	4½	60	8	160			
	Boston harbour & Hudson river.	From Weymouth to Taunton, - - -	26	60	8	260			1,250,000
	Hampshire & Hampden.	From Boston through Ashburnham and the valleys of Miller's, Deerfield, and Hoosack rivers, to the Hudson near Troy, - - -	178	43	5	328			16,023,172
N. Hamp. & Massachusetts	Merrimac river canals.	From Northampton through Westfield to Southwick, - - -	28	41	6	298			206,000
	Connecticut river canals.	Around the different falls from Concord to the entrance of the Middlesex canal, - - -	8			181			
	Mass. & Con.	Around the different falls between Hartford, Connecticut, and Barnet in Vermont, - - -	17			420			1,439,827
	R. Island.	From Worcester down the valley of the Blackstone to Providence, - - -							
Connecticut	Farmington.	From Southwick, Mass., through Farmington to New Haven, - - -	58	36	4	218			350,000
	L. Erie & Hudson river.	From Albany to Buffalo, - - -	360	40	4	6608			248,000
New York.	L. Champlain & Hudson river.	From Whitehall to Troy, - - -	64	40	4	197			875,000
	Hudson & Delaware.	From near Kingston, N. Y., through the valleys of the Rondout, Neversink, Delaware, and Lackawaxen, - - -	124	36	4	1332			1,600,000
	Oswego R. & Erie canal.	Through the valleys of Oswego and Seneca rivers and Onondaga lake, - - -	40			160			

STATES.	Name, or Points connected.	ROUTE.	Length.	Width.	Depth.	Am't of Lockage.	Cost.
			Miles.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Dollars.
New York.	St. Lawrence R. & L. Champlain.	From near Ogdensburgh through St. Lawrence, Franklin, and Clinton counties,	130			1650	
	Seneca L. & the Erie canal.	From Geneva by Waterloo to Montezuma.					90,000
	Niagara canal.	Around the falls of Niagara.	8	60	8	317	
	Erie canal & St. Lawrence R.	1. From Herkimer by the valleys of Black R. to Ogdensburgh, 2. From Rome by Boonville to Ogdensburgh, 3. From Rome by Camden to Ogdensburgh,	114 129			1831 1587 635	931,014 855,630
	Chenango R. & Erie canal.	From Chenango point by the valley of Chenango to Whitesborough,	96			1032	715,478
	Port Watson.	From Syracuse up the valley of Onondaga creek.	47			865	432,000
	Chataouque.	From Portland on lake Erie to the head of Chataouque lake,	10½			724	398,685
	Genesee.	From Rochester by the valleys of the Genesee, Black creek, and Oil creek to Olean,	111			1059	875,588
	Buffalo & Allegany river.	From Buffalo through the valley of the Conewango to Allegany river,	89			856	503,312
	Cayuga lake & Susquehanna R.	Through Ithaca, along Mud creek and the valley of the Owego,	31			760	320,090
New Jersey.	L. Island canals.	From Southampton to Gravesend bay,	85½				212,218
	Chemung.	From Seneca lake to Susquehanna river,	18			520	239,118
	Morris.	From the Delaware opposite Easton to the tide waters of the Passaic river,	80	32	4	1627	1,000,000
	Delaware & Raritan.	From Lambertton through the valleys of the Assanpink and Millstone to the Raritan,	84	60	8	213	

STATES.	Name, or Points connected.	ROUTE.		Length.	Width.	Depth.	Amt of Lockage.	Cost.	
		Miles.	Feet.					Dollar.	Feet.
Pennsylvania.	Lehigh river.	45	347						
	Schuylkill river.	111	588					1,500,000	
	Union canal.								
	Pennsylvania.								
	Lancaster.								
Maryland.	Baltimore & Potomac river.	78	36			4	466	1,200,000	
	Baltimore & Susquehanna R.	18					63	53,240	
Pennsylvania & Maryland.	Susquehanna R. canals.	36						841,243	
	Delaware & Chesapeake.								
	Potomac R. canals.								
	James R. canals.								
	James R. & Ohio road and canal.								
Virginia.	Dismal Swamp, or Chesapeake & Albemarle.								
	Roanoke river.								
N. Carolina.	Cape Fear river.								
	Yadkin river.								
S. Carolina.	Santee.								
	From Easton to the mouth of Mauch-chunk creek, From Philadelphia to the coal mines in Schuylkill county, From Reading by the valleys of the Tulpehocken and Swatara to the Susquehanna, From the termination of Union canal to Pittsburg, From Lancaster to Susquehanna river, Around the falls in the river, From the Delaware 6 miles S. of New Castle, to Back creek 5 miles S. of Frenchtown, Around falls in the river, Around falls in the river, From Richmond to Point Pleasant, From Elizabeth R. to Pasquotank R. Around falls, From Santee river in a south-east direction, through Charleston district, to Cooper river,	13½	60	10	16	1,200,000			
		7	25	3	163	444,000			
		30			114	not ascer.			
		433			1346	1,945,416			
		22½	38	5½	32	450,000			
		22	35	4	108	650,667			

STATES.	Name, or Points connected.	ROUTE.				Length.	Width.	Depth.	Am't of Locks &c.	Cost.
						Miles.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Dollars.
S. Carolina.	Ashley & Edisto. Bays on the coast.	-	-	-	-	12				
Georgia.	Savannah, Ogeechee, & Altamaha rivers.	-	-	-	-	15				
Florida.	Atlantic & Gulf of Mexico.	1. By the Suwaney and St. Mary's,	-	-	-	18				
Louisiana & Florida.	Mississippi R. & Appalachicola.	2. By the Suwaney and St. John's,	-	-	-	12				
Alabama.	Tennessee & Mobile.	Through lakes and bays near the coast,				12			00	
Louisiana.	Carondelet.	By the Hiwassee, Okeoa, Conasauga, and Coosa rivers,				9			51	126,420
Kentucky.	Louisville & Portland.	From lake Pontchartrain to Orleans,	-	-	-	1½	30	4	00	
Ohio.	Ohio & Erie. Ohio & Mad. river.	Around the falls of the Ohio,	-	-	-	2	68	16	22	370,000
Maryland & Ohio.	Chesapeake & Erie.	From the mouth of the Scioto to Cleveland, From Dayton by Middletown and Hamilton, to Cincinnati,				308	40	4	1185	3,081,979
Indiana.	Maumee & Wabash.	Up the Potomac valley and by Pittsburg to lake Erie,				67	40	4	308	623,520
Illinois.	Michigan & Illinois.	-	-	-	-	500				
Ohio & Michigan.	Michigan & Erie.	From the Chicago to the lower rapids of Illinois, By the valleys of St. Joseph's and Maumee rivers,				20			30	300,000
						90	40	4	70	1,000,000

## NOVA SCOTIA.

*Nova Scotia canal*.—At a meeting held in Halifax, on the 18th of Feb, 1826, resolutions were adopted for making a sloop canal from Halifax harbour to Shubenacadie river, which discharges itself into the Basin of Minas, the eastern arm of the bay of Fundy. A subscription for shares was opened and 112,000 subscribed.

## CANADA.

*Lachine canal*.—This canal was completed last fall. It connects Montreal with the village of Lachine, (which is situated on Montreal Island, 7 miles above the city) and opens an easy passage for boats around the rapids, bars and shoals, which obstruct the navigation of the St. Lawrence between these two places.

*Welland canal*.—The route of the Welland canal commences on the shore of lake Ontario, at the mouth of Twelve Mile creek, and proceeds in a northerly direction up the valley of that stream for 21 and a half miles, ascending in this distance 334 feet by 35 locks. It then enters the river Welland on its surface, 8 miles from its junction with the Niagara, and proceeds up this stream which is deep and sluggish, for 9 and a half miles, at the end of which distance it leaves the river, and continues in a S. W. direction to the mouth of Grand river, where a harbour is to be constructed. Lake Erie will be the feeder of the canal through its whole extent, and will also furnish water for mills, &c. to any extent. The width and depth of the canal, are to be sufficient for sloop navigation.

## MAINE.

*Oxford and Cumberland canal*.—We have not been able to ascertain the route of this canal, or the points which are to be connected by it. We learn, however, from the Boston papers, that an efficient Board of Directors was elected by the Stockholders in January; that the ground has been minutely surveyed; that the whole expense is estimated at only 145,000 dollars, and that the work will, without doubt, soon be completed.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*Winnipissee and Piscataqua canal*.—A company was incorporated in 1811, to cut a canal from the mouth of Merry-meeting river, at the southern extremity of Winnipissee lake to the Cocheco branch of the Piscataqua river below

the landing in Dover, and the charter has recently been renewed. In the summer of 1825, Mr. James F. Baldwin was employed to survey the route. Mr. B. ascertained that the waters of the lake are 501 feet above the level of the Piscataqua; the fall will require 60 locks, each of which he proposes should be of stone, 82 feet long and 12 and a half wide in the clear. Mr. B. proposes that the canal should be fed through its whole length from the lake itself. This will require that the waters of the lake should be raised two feet, by a dam at the present outlet, and a deep cut averaging 17 feet for 7 miles. The expense of the canal is estimated at \$590,982, and a subscription has been opened within a few months for stock to this amount. When this canal is completed, it is the opinion of the best informed persons, that it will be continued in a N. W. direction from the lake to Connecticut river, and thence north to lake Memphremagog; thus securing to Portsmouth and Boston a valuable trade, which would otherwise pass down the Connecticut to New-York. Mr. Baldwin estimates the expense of continuing the canal from Winnipiseogee lake, through Squam lake to the Pemigewasset or Merrimack at Holderness, four miles below Plymouth Court house, at \$74,000.

*Merrimack and Connecticut canal.*—The route of a canal from the Merrimack to the Connecticut through Sunapee lake, was surveyed in 1816 and found to be impracticable, at a less expense than \$2,000,000. The descent from the lake, each way to the rivers, was found to be more than 800 feet, making the amount of lockage at least 1600 feet, which is more than that of any canal in Europe.

The route by the valley of Baker's river [which discharges itself into the Pemigewasset or Merrimack at Plymouth,] and that of the Oliverian river which falls into the Connecticut at Haverhill, has never been accurately surveyed. It is the opinion, however, of Mr. M'Duffee, a well known and excellent surveyor, who not long since went over the ground with several other respectable gentlemen, to examine it with a view to a future admeasurement, that the summit level is not much over 300 feet above the Pemigewasset at Plymouth. The descent from the summit level to the Connecticut, it is presumed, is much less than this, as Mr. M. says that a cut can be made from the Connecticut above Haverhill to Baker's river, to feed the canal, in case the Orford and Piermont ponds should be insufficient for the purpose.

## VERMONT.

*Champlain and Connecticut canal.*—At a meeting of Delegates from the counties of Chittenden, Washington, Orange, and Caledonia, convened at Montpelier in June last, commissioners were appointed to ascertain the practicability of a canal from lake Champlain to the Connecticut, through the valley of Onion river. From the report of the Commissioners, made a few weeks since, it appears not only that a canal is practicable on any one of several routes, examined by them, but that the expense will be far less than would at first be supposed. The commissioners propose that the canal should commence on the shore of Lake Champlain, at the village of Burlington, and proceed up the valley of Onion river to Montpelier. At the very commencement of the work in Burlington village, there will be a rise of 220 feet, which must be overcome by locks, after which the canal will proceed through Williston and Richmond to Bolton falls, a distance of *twenty-one miles on a perfect level!* From Bolton Falls to Montpelier, 16 miles, the level of the canal will uniformly ascend, and the whole rise in this distance is 174 feet.

From Montpelier to Connecticut river three routes have been examined; 1st, The *northern* route through Plainfield and Marshfield to Onion river pond in Peacham, and thence through Groton, and down the valley of Wells river to the Connecticut, which it meets in Newbury. From Montpelier to Onion river pond, 21 miles, the level of the canal will uniformly ascend, and the whole ascent in this distance is 877 feet. From Onion river pond to the Connecticut, 19 miles, the level uniformly descends and the whole descent in this distance is 918 feet; 2dly. the *middle* route, through Barré and Williamstown, to the summit height at Cutter's pond, and thence in a southerly direction to the Connecticut at the mouth of White river, From Montpelier to Cutter's pond the ascent is 363 feet, and from Cutter's pond to the Connecticut, the descent is 486 feet. 3dly. The *southern* or rather the *western* route proceeds up the valley of Dog river, through Berlin, and Northfield, to the summit height in Roxbury and thence to the Connecticut at the mouth of White river. From Montpelier to the summit height, 16 miles, the ascent is 484 feet, and from the summit height to the mouth of White river the descent is 590 feet.

On all these routes there is an ample supply of water on the summit level, particularly on the third and first. On the third or Dog river route, there appear to be no serious difficulties to encounter, and this route passes through a

fine section of country, which is traversed in its whole extent by the main road from Burlington to Boston. The commissioners did not attempt to form any estimate of the expense; their survey being merely for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of a canal. Having determined this, the legislature have since taken measures to form an accurate and complete survey.

*Memphremagog and Connecticut canal.*—The surveys on the different routes proposed for this canal were made last summer, by De Witt Clinton, Jun. (son of Gov. Clinton) under the authority of Congress. The *first route*, which presents fewer obstructions than either of the others, is from lake Memphremagog up the valley of Clyde river, nearly to the source of that stream, and thence, down the valley of Nulhegan river to the Connecticut. The principal feeder on this route is Knowlton lake, in the town of Random, which is very easily accessible. The summit level is 495 feet above lake Memphremagog, and 296 above the mouth of Nulhegan river. The *second route* commences on lake Memphremagog, and passes up the valley of Barton river to the height of land which divides its waters from those of the Passumpsic, and thence down the valley of the Passumpsic to the Connecticut. The feeder on this route is Willoughby lake, in the town of Westmore. The summit level is 523 feet above lake Memphremagog, and 755 above the Connecticut at the mouth of the Passumpsic. It will require a deep cut to connect Willoughby lake with the line of the canal, but the supply of water will be ample. The *third route* proceeds from lake Memphremagog up the valley of Black river, and thence across to Joe's brook, which rises in Walden, and passing through Danville, falls into the Passumpsic in Barnet, within a few miles of the Connecticut. The summit level on this route is 1011 feet above lake Memphremagog, and 1243 above the Connecticut at the mouth of the Passumpsic; and it is, therefore, certain that it will not be adopted. We have seen no estimate of the expense of a canal on either of these routes.

The Memphremagog and Connecticut canal is only a part of a long line of canals, designed to connect Boston harbour with the river St. Lawrence. The links in this grand chain of inland communication, are 1. Middlesex canal in Massachusetts; 2. The canals around the falls in Merrimack river; 3. The Merrimack and Connecticut canal, by the route of Baker's and Oliverian rivers; 4. The Connecticut and Memphremagog canal; and fifthly, a few short canals and

locks necessary to overcome the rapids between lake Memphremagog and the river St. Lawrence.

*Otter creek and Champlain canal.*—This canal will be partly in Vermont and partly in New York. A company was incorporated at the late session of the Vermont legislature, to cut it as far as the line of that State, and measures have been taken to obtain the consent of New York to continue it to Whitehall, at the entrance of the Champlain canal. When completed, this work will open a boat navigation by canal and creek of about 75 miles into one of the finest portions of Vermont. No important impediments stand in the way of its execution. The excavation will be easy, and the passage of Sutherland falls, which present an elevation of about 75 feet, is the only part of the route which will require locks. The summit level will be at the junction of the canal and Otter creek, and the supply of water will be abundant.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

*Middlesex canal.*—This canal is wholly supplied with water from Concord river, which crosses it on the summit level, 22 miles from Boston harbour, and 5 miles from the junction of the canal with the Merrimack. From Boston harbour to the summit level, is an ascent of 104 feet, and thence to the Merrimack is a descent of 32 feet. There are in all 20 locks of different lifts, of which the highest is 12 feet. These locks are 75 feet long, and 11 feet wide. Boats for the transportation of produce carry 14 tons, and are drawn by one horse, 3 miles an hour. Packet-boats pass the whole length in 5 hours going down, and 7 hours going up. From the summit level down the canal there is a current, which exceeds in no place half a mile per hour, there being a fall or descent in the canal of one inch per mile.

The canal was commenced in 1790 by an incorporated company, and was opened for use in 1804. The principal articles brought down the canal are timber, and lumber of all kinds, pot and pearl ashes, rye, oats, and provisions, and building stone. The income of the company in 1808 was \$7000; in 1811, \$17,000, and in 1816, \$32,000.

*Cape Cod canal.*—Two routes have been proposed for a sloop canal across the isthmus as stated in our table. To the first route there appear to be insurmountable obstacles; the channel leading to the entrance of the canal through Buzzard's bay being obstructed by shoals; while on the Barnstable side there is no harbour or shelter whatever, and the tide, which rises to the height of 18 feet, breaks on an open beach. On

SEPTEMBER, 1826.—NO. 287.—27

the second route there would be a harbour at each end of the canal, but the great obstacle here is the height of the intermediate ground, estimated at 80 feet above tide water. Other obstacles are also presented in the shoals which obstruct the entrance of Barnstable harbour, and the difficulty of the navigation from Boston to Barnstable.—The importance of a canal across this isthmus may be judged of from the fact that *six thousand* passages are now made round Cape Cod annually, by our foreign and coasting vessels, most of which would pass through a canal if it were constructed.

*Boston and Narragansett canal.*—In the year 1807 the route of this canal, commencing at Weymouth landing, in Boston harbour, and proceeding in a southerly direction to Taunton, at the head of sloop navigation on Taunton river, 20 miles from its entrance into Narragansett bay, was examined by order of the Massachusetts legislature. The highest intermediate ground was ascertained to be 133 feet above tide water, but may be reduced ten feet by digging to that depth the length of a mile. Two ponds, known by the names of Weymouth and Cranberry, the largest and least elevated of which covers 500 acres, and is 14 feet higher than the summit of the proposed canal, will supply the upper locks with water by feeders, four miles long.

*Boston harbour and Hudson river canal.*—The commissioners appointed by the Massachusetts legislature to survey a route of a canal from Boston harbour to Hudson river, made a report to that body at their recent session, accompanied by a copper plate plan of the proposed route, made by L. Baldwin, Esq. the Engineer. According to the engraved plan, the canal is to commence on Boston neck and to pass through Brookline, Brighton, Water-town, Waltham, Weston, Lincoln, Sudbury, Acton, Littleton, Groton, Shirley, Lunenburg, Leominster, Fitchburgh, Ashburnham, Winchendon, and the valley of Miller's river to the Connecticut. Thus far the route has been thoroughly and accurately surveyed and the expense to this point is estimated at 3,000,000 of dollars, more than one half of which is for lockage, the whole ascent and descent to be overcome being 1959 feet! A canal on this route, however, is practicable, as it is fully ascertained that an abundance of water can be brought to the summit level.—From the Connecticut it is proposed that the canal should be continued through the vallies of Deerfield and Hoosack rivers to the Hudson. The length of this part of the canal is 78 miles, the lockage 1322 feet, and the expense is estimated at \$3,023,172, of which \$920,832 is for a tunnel, four miles in length, through Hoosack mountain.

Several other routes from Boston to the Connecticut were examined by the commissioners; and to one, which so far deviates from that above described as to pass through Bolton, Berlin, West Boylston, Sterling, and Westminster, they give the preference above all others. A route, called the southern route, which commencing on the Connecticut at or near Springfield, passes through Worcester, and unites with the northern route at Farmington, was examined by the commissioners, but they did not think favourably of it. They say that if Boston would secure the Connecticut river trade the canal should intersect the Connecticut as high up as *Miller's* river, because there are many obstructions between the mouth of that river and Springfield, and boats which have once passed these, and arrived at Springfield, will continue on to Hartford, (the channel being clear and the distance short,) rather than proceed to Boston. At the same time, for the accommodation of the inhabitants of Hampden, Hampshire, and Worcester counties, the commissioners suggest the expediency of a branch canal, to commence near Springfield, and to pass up the valley of Ware's river to Oakham, and thence through Rutland and Holden to the northern route. A side cut could be made from this branch to the town of Worcester, through the valley of Holden brook, at no very great expense, the distance being only eight miles.

*Hampshire and Hampden canal.*—This canal is to commence on Connecticut river at Northampton, and to pass through Easthampton, Southampton, Westfield, and Southwick, to the Connecticut line, where it will unite with the Farmington canal, which proceeds on to New Haven. The route has been recently surveyed by Mr. Hurd, who estimates the expense of the work, exclusive of feeders, at \$206,000. He proposes that the locks should be of wood with stone backing.

#### NEW ENGLAND.

*Connecticut river canals.*—Many years since canals and locks were constructed at considerable expense around the falls in this river, at South Hadley in Massachusetts, at Belows falls opposite Walpole, in New Hampshire, and at various other places; but many obstructions to the navigation still remaining, a company was formed last spring for the purpose of purchasing the existing improvements, and adopting a regular system for the removal of all remaining impediments. During the last summer accurate surveys were made under the direction of this company, from Hartford,

(Conn.) at the head of sloop navigation, to the foot of M'Indoes' falls, at Barnet, in Vermont, a distance of 219 miles. The descent of the river in this distance is 420 feet, which the directors propose to overcome by dams and locks, and by short canals, extending in all 17 miles, and leaving 202 miles of slack-water navigation. The cost of the whole is estimated at \$1,071,827, to which, if we add \$368,000, the price demanded for the existing locks and canals, it will make the total expense of the improvements on the river, if completed according to the estimates, \$1,439,827.

The following is a list of the improvements with the estimated expense:—1. Improvements at Enfield falls, ten miles above Hartford, \$119,885. 2. Various improvements, alterations, &c. at South Hadley, \$194,027. 3. At and near Hadley, \$15,143. 4. A dam, &c. thirteen miles below Montague falls \$36,005. 5. Improvements at Montague falls, \$89,000. 6. At and near Miller's falls, \$25,217. 7. A dam, &c. at Cooper's rocks, near the line of New Hampshire, 46,445 dolls. 8 A dam and canal opposite Brattleborough, 57,420 dollars. 9. A dam at Clay's island, 12 miles below Bellows falls, 27,504 dolls. 10. Improvements at Bellows falls, 107,313 dollars. 11. A dam and canal in the north part of Charlestown, 46,610 dolls. 12. A dam at Dean's flat, two miles below Windsor bridge, 36,570 dollars. 13. Improvements at Queechy falls, between Hartland and Plainfield, 59,369 dolls. 14 Improvements at White river falls, in Lebanon, N. H. 85,709 dolls. 15. A dam and canal opposite Bradford, 29,725 dolls. 16. Improvements near Newbury, 66,486 dolls. 17. A canal in Barnet, 19,286.

Above Barnet the obstructions to the navigation are very formidable. The whole descent from lake Connecticut, in which the river has its source, to Barnet, is 1170 feet; viz.

From the level of the lake to Eames' dam at Stewartstown	562
From Eames' dam to summer's dam, in Dalton, at the head of the Fifteen Miles Falls	222
The Fifteen Miles Falls ( which make by the line of level 20 miles)	336
From the foot of these falls to the foot of M'Indoes' falls, between Barnet and Lyman	50
	<hr/>
	1170

#### N. HAMPSHIRE AND MASSACHUSETTS.

*Merrimac river canals.*—Merrimac river has been made

navigable for boats from tide water to the upper landing at Concord. The principal improvements are the following:—1. *Bow Canal*, around Garven's falls, 3 miles below Concord. It is one-third of a mile long, cost \$21,000, and descends 25 feet by three locks. 2. *Hooksett canal*, 6 miles lower down, overcomes a descent of 17 feet by two locks, and cost \$17,000. 3. *Amoskeag canal*, 8 miles below Hooksett one mile long, overcomes a descent of 45 feet by six locks, and cost \$50,000. 4. On leaving Amoskeag canal you enter a section of the river, 9 miles in extent, converted by law into the *Union canal*. There are in this space six falls, which have been overcome by seven locks at an expense of \$47,000. 5. Five miles below the termination of Union canal, are *Cromwell's falls*, which have been made passable by one lock at an expense of \$9,000. 6. *Wicassee canal*, 15 miles below Cromwell's falls, and three miles above the entrance of the Middlesex canal, is half a mile long, cost \$14,000, and has one lock, which overcomes a fall of about 10 feet. 7. A little below the entrance of the Middlesex canal is *Patucket canal*, which is 4 miles long, and, by three locks, descends 34 feet. Below Patucket canal, the river is navigable, though rapid, the current descending 45 feet before it meets the tide at Havverhill, a distance of 36 miles.

#### R. ISLAND AND MASSACHUSETTS.

*Blackstone canal*.—The route of this canal commences at tide water in Providence, and proceeds in a northerly direction to Woonsockett falls, in Blackstone river, near the Massachusetts line, and thence up the valley of the Blackstone to Worcester. Contracts have been made for excavating and embanking during the present year, nearly all that part of the line which is in Rhode Island, and it is expected that the whole work will be accomplished and opened for navigation at the close of the year 1826. We have not been able to find an accurate statement of the dimensions and estimated cost of this canal.

#### CONNECTICUT.

*Farmington canal*.—This canal commences in Southwick ponds, on the Massachusetts line, at the point where the Hampshire and Hampden canal terminates, and proceeding through Granby on the level of the ponds for four miles, descends by six locks 38 feet, to the Farmington level; on this level, which continues 27 miles, it crosses Salmon brook by a culvert, passes through Simsbury, crosses Farmington

river by an aqueduct 280 feet long and 34 feet above the surface of the stream, and proceeds through the village of Farmington to Southington, where the level terminates. From Southington the route proceeds through Cheshire and Hamden to New-Haven, a distance of 27 miles, in the course of which it descends by 26 locks 180 feet, making the whole amount of lockage on the canal 218 feet, all of which is descending from the ponds.—The canal is chiefly supplied with water from Farmington river, by a feeder proceeding from the aqueduct to an elevated point in the stream three miles above. The feeder is of the same dimensions with the canal, and will form part of a branch canal, 15 miles long, which it is proposed to extend to New Hartford a distance of 15 miles, at an additional expense of \$101,773. The excavation of the Farmington canal was commenced in September 1825, and the whole work will probably be finished in 1827. The expense was estimated by Judge Wright at \$420,000, but the contracts for the principal part of the work, have been actually made at about 20 per centum less than this estimate.—Through this canal, and the Hampshire and Hamden canal, a convenient navigation will be opened from New Haven to Northampton, and to all the rich country on both sides of the Connecticut river above that town.

#### NEW YORK.

*Erie and Hudson Canal.*—This canal commences at Buffalo, on lake Erie, near the mouth of Buffalo creek, and proceeds for 10 miles along the shore of lake Erie, and the bank of Niagara river, to Tonnewanta creek, which it enters at its mouth. The channel of the Tonnewanta is then made use of for 12 miles, after which, the canal proceeds in a N. E. direction by a deep cut, 7 and a half miles to Lockport, where it descends 60 feet by five locks, and proceeds in an easterly direction on the south side of the ridge road, and parallel with it, on a uniform level for 63 miles, to Rochester, where it crosses the Genesee river by an aqueduct of nine arches, each of fifty feet span, and immediately after receives a navigable feeder or branch canal, two miles long, which connects it with the Genesee river above the great falls; it then proceeds in an easterly direction to Montezuma, 67 and a half miles, in which distance it descends 126 feet by locks at various places, and crosses Mud creek twice by aqueducts, near the villages of Palmyra and Lyons. At Montezuma the level of the canal begins to ascend, and between this place and the town of Salina, a distance of 27

miles, it rises 67 feet. In Salina commences the *Long level*, which is preserved through the towns of Manlius, Sullivan, Lenox, Verona, Rome, Whitestown, Utica, and into Frankfort, in Herkimer county, *a distance of more than sixty-nine miles*. From Frankfort the canal descends in the course of 12 miles 49 feet to the head of the Little Falls, where are five locks, each of eight feet descent, and an aqueduct over the Mohawk supported by three arches, connecting the Erie canal with the old canal at German flats. From the foot of the Little Falls the canal continues its course for 70 miles down the valley of the Mohawk, on the south side of the river, through Danube, Canajoharie village, Charleston, Florida, Rotterdam, and the city of Schenectady to Niskayuna, 4 miles below Schenectady, where it crosses the Mohawk by an aqueduct 748 feet in length, and supported by 16 piers, 25 feet above the river. The whole descent from the foot of the Little Falls to Niskayuna is 86 feet. After crossing the Mohawk, the canal proceeds along the north bank of the river for 12 miles, and then recrosses by an aqueduct 1188 feet in length, and passes by the Cahoos Falls, where, in the space of two miles, it descends 132 feet by 16 locks. A little below the Cahoos falls, a feeder comes in from the Mohawk and connects the Erie with the Champlain canal, and the united work then proceeds to Albany, 8 and a half miles, in which distance it descends 44 feet, and terminates in the tide waters of the Hudson.

Among the principal side cuts or short branches of the Erie canal, are 1. One in Watervliet, opposite Troy, where a passage is opened into the Hudson, by two locks. 2. One proceeding from Syracuse village in the town of Salina, one mile and a half to the village of Salina, at the head of Onondaga lake; and, 3. the one already alluded to, opposite Rochester, by which boats from the canal may ascend the Genesee river for more than 70 miles.—The locks of the Erie canal are 90 feet long in the clear, 15 feet wide, built of the most durable stone, and laid in the best water lime.

The Erie canal was commenced on the 4th of July 1817, and completed October 26th 1825.—The whole cost of the Erie and Champlain canals up to the 1st of December 1825, including the extinguishment of the right of the Inland Lock Navigation Company, incorporated March 1792, and exclusive of interest paid on loans, was \$9,123,000 which amount was reduced 1,352,000 dolls. by the excess of the fund provided to meet the interest on yearly loans, leaving an actual debt at the above date, of 7,771,000 dolls. Mr. Spafford in

his Gazetteer states the cost of the Champlain canal alone at 875,000 dolls. If we deduct this from 9,123,000 dolls. it will leave for the cost of the *Erie* canal 8,248,000 dolls. as stated in our table.—The canal fund produced in the year 1825 about 820,000 dolls. (viz. tolls, 500,000 dolls.; vendue sales, 222,000 dolls.; and salt duty, 100,000 dolls.) The interest on the canal debt being only 419,000 dolls., there remained of course, a net surplus of 401,000 dolls. applicable to the reduction of the principal. The amount of tolls received on the canals in 1821, was 5,244 dolls.; in 1822, 64,072 dolls.; in 1823, 153,000 dolls.; in 1824, 289,820 dolls.; and in 1825, as stated above, 500,000 dolls. As the whole line of the canal is now complete, and an uninterrupted navigation open for the first time from the Atlantic to the Great lakes, it is confidently estimated that the income of the canal fund for the ensuing year will exceed \$1,000,000

*Champlain and Hudson canal.*—This canal commences at the village of Whitehall, at the head of sloop navigation on lake Champlain, and immediately rising by three locks, 26 feet, proceeds on a level 5 and a half miles, up the valley of Wood creek, enters that stream and follows its channel for three miles, to a lock of 4 feet lift, which extends the navigation up the creek 3 and a half miles farther, to Fort Anne village, where after rising by three locks, 24 feet, it leaves the creek, and proceeds 12 miles on the summit level, through the towns of Fort Anne, and Kingsbury to Fort Edward. Here it receives the waters of the Hudson above the great dam in that river, by a feeder half a mile in length, and soon after descends 30 feet by three locks into the Hudson below the dam. The great dam is 900 feet long, 27 feet high, and throws back an ample supply of water for the summit level. From Fort Edward the navigation is continued at present down the channel of the Hudson 8 miles, to the head of Fort Miller falls, around which it is carried by a canal taken out of the east bank of the river, half a mile long and having 2 locks of 18 feet descent. From Fort Miller the river is made navigable for three miles further, by a dam at the head of Saratoga falls, just above which the canal is again taken out of the river on the West side, and proceeds on a level for 17 miles through Saratoga and Still water, Schuyler's flats, and over Fish creek by an aqueduct, to a point two miles below Still water village. From this point to Waterford, where the canal enters the Mohawk, (a distance of nine miles) it descends 86 feet by 9 locks, 6 of which are in the town of Waterford. From Waterford, the Hudson is now made na-

vigable for sloops to Troy, 3 and a half miles below, by a dam across the river at the latter place, 1100 feet long, 9 feet high, and having a sloop lock at its eastern extremity 114 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 9 feet lift. The whole cost of the dam and lock was \$92,270.

The whole length of the Champlain canal from Whitehall to Troy, is 64 miles, 46 of which are strictly canal, and 18 improved navigation in Wood creek and Hudson river. This last, however, will soon be diminished, for a canal is now in progress from Fort Edward to the head of Saratoga falls, which will prevent the necessity of using the channel of the Hudson between these points.—The Champlain canal was commenced June 10, 1818, and was finished to Troy, Sept. 10, 1823.—To insure an abundant supply of water on the summit level of the canal, and to open the navigation to a still higher point on the Hudson, a navigable feeder has been commenced, leading from the river 2 miles above Glen's falls, through the village of that name and Sandy Hill, seven miles, to the Champlain canal, which it enters two miles above the village of Fort Edward.

*Delaware and Hudson canal.*—This canal, which connects the Hudson with the Delaware, and when completed will extend to the Lackawaxen coal mines in Pennsylvania, commences at Eddy's factory on the Rondout creek, two and a half miles from Kingston, and three miles from the Hudson, and proceeds up the valley of the Rondout, and that of the Sandberg, one of its branches, till it reaches the summit level at the source of the last mentioned stream, 35 miles from the Hudson, and 535 feet above its surface. From the summit level the canal proceeds in a southwesterly direction, down the valley of the Neversink to the Delaware, which it enters four miles above the mouth of the Neversink. The whole descent from the summit level to the Delaware is 81 feet. The distance from the Hudson to the Delaware on the canal line is 64 miles, and the whole of this section is under contract, to be completed by the first of October next; (less than 15 months from the time it was commenced) Nearly one-third is already finished. The locks on this section are 90 feet long and nine wide.

From the junction with the Delaware, we understand that the canal is to proceed up the valley of that river 20 miles, to the mouth of the Lackawaxen; thence up the valley of the Lackawaxen and that of the Dyberry, one of its branches, to Keen's Pond, which is five miles S. W. of Bethany, in Wayne co. Pa. about the same distance N. E. of the princi-

SEPTEMBER, 1826.—No. 287.—28

pal coal mines, and is elevated 718 feet above the level of the canal at its junction with the Delaware. This pond will be connected with the mines by a railway. When the whole work is completed, the directors of the canal company say that the Lackawaxen coal can be delivered in New York and sold for \$4 a ton.

The Delaware is navigable for one hundred miles above the mouth of the Lackawaxen, and at the distance of fifty miles above the mouth of that stream, it approaches within 12 miles of the Susquehanna, at a point where the intervening country is favourable for a canal or railway, and the legislature of New York have recently incorporated a company for the execution of the work. Through this channel, the people of the southern counties of New York, contiguous to Pennsylvania, will send their produce to the New York market.

*Oswego Canal.*—We have already mentioned that the Erie canal is connected by a side cut with the village of Salina, at the head of Onondaga lake. At this village five locks are made, of 38 feet descent, connecting the cut with Onondaga lake. From Onondaga lake through Seneca and Oswego rivers, to the head of the falls in Oswego river, 12 miles from Lake Ontario, there is a descent of only 24 feet, and these waters can easily be made navigable for boats to that point. The descent from the head of the falls to the village of Oswego on lake Ontario is 98 feet, and Mr. Geddes, the Canal Engineer, who surveyed this route, recommends a canal, apart from the river, for the whole of this distance.—A canal has also been projected to connect Oswego river with the Mohawk through Oneida lake.

*St. Lawrence and Champlain canal.*—The route of this canal from Ogdensburgh, as far as Chateaugay river, has been examined by Benj. Raymond, civil engineer. The summit level, which is 1245 feet above lake Champlain, can be abundantly supplied with water from the Chateaugay lake.

*Seneca canal.*—Two routes have been proposed for connecting Seneca lake with the Erie Canal; one passing in a N. W. direction through Vienna and Phelps, and the other, from Geneva, along the outlets of Seneca and Cayuga lakes to the Erie canal near Montezuma. The canal commissioners have decided on the latter, the expense on this route being only \$90,000, while on the other it would be \$215,000.

*Niagara canal.*—More than a year since, the legislature of New York incorporated a company to cut a canal around the falls of Niagara river, and open a navigable communi-

cation from lake Erie to lake Ontario. The distance in which the navigation is interrupted is only eight miles, and terminates at Lewistown, where sloops from the lower lake arrive. Instead of building locks down the mountain ridge, (300 feet high) the company proposed a railway to be travelled by water power, and it was estimated that about \$150,000 would effect the object. A few months since a meeting was held at Lewistown and a committee was appointed to petition the legislature to extend the capital of the company, and authorize the making of a *sloop* instead of a boat navigation round the falls. Such a canal is practicable, and will prevent the necessity of resorting to the Welland canal on the Canada side.

*Erie and St. Lawrence canal.*—Three routes have been recently surveyed from the Erie canal to the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburgh, as stated in our table. The first route is considered by the canal commissioners as less eligible than either of the others, and they therefore make no estimate of the expense in their report. The principal source of tonnage on this canal will be iron ore, which is found in abundance and of an excellent quality on the Black, Indian, and Oswegatchie rivers.

*Chenango canal.*—The route of this canal, which commences at the village of Chenango point, or Binghamton, at the junction of Chenango river with the Susquehanna, and proceeds by the town of Norwich, and along the valley of the Chenango, &c. to the Erie canal at Whitesborough, has been recently surveyed, and the estimates of the expense, &c. are as stated in our table. The source of the tonnage on this canal will be principally the agricultural produce of Broome, Chenango, and Madison counties, and perhaps of some parts of the Susquehanna valley below the mouth of the Chenango.

*Port Watson canal.*—This canal will proceed from the village of Syracuse, in the town of Salina, on the Erie canal, up the valley of Onondaga creek, and through the valley of Tully lakes to Port Watson on Homer river, a branch of the Chenango.

*Chatauque canal.*—The contemplated route of this canal is from the head of Chatauque lake to Portland on lake Erie. Portland is sixty miles from Buffalo, has a harbour of considerable importance, and is becoming a principal landing place.

*Genessee canal.*—Four distinct routes have been surveyed of a canal from the Erie canal at Rochester to Olean on the Allegany. The estimates for the first of these routes are

given on our table. The second route, viz. Scottsville and Le Roy, and the valley of Allen's creek, was abandoned, after a survey, as impracticable. The third route, by the valley of the Canaseraga, is estimated to cost 600,000. Of the fourth route, viz. by the valley of the Cushequa, which is said to be the shortest by several miles, no particular estimate is made.

*Buffalo and Allegany canal.*—Mr. Whippo, the engineer who recently examined the route of this proposed canal, says that it may be easily extended from the mouth of the Conewango, down the valley of the Allegany to Pittsburgh, and that the whole expense of a canal navigation from Buffalo to Pittsburgh on this route will be less than 2,000,000 dollars.

*Cayuga and Susquehanna canal.*—The route of this canal has been recently surveyed. It commences on the Cayuga lake, near the mouth of the Cascadilla, and proceeds through Ithaca, along Mud creek and the valley of Owego to the Susquehanna river. We know of no other particulars respecting it, except those given in our table.

*Long Island canals.*—The canals which have been proposed to connect the navigation along the southern shore of Long Island from Southampton to Gravesend bay, are 1. From Southampton, to join Southold bay with Southampton bay at Canoe place, half a mile long;—expense estimated at 30,913 dolls. 2. From the west end of Southampton bay at Quogg, to the east end of the Great South bay, at Kitcherbanneck, 3 1-2 miles; expense, 43,344 dolls. 3. Through shoals in the Great South Bay, 20,000 dolls. 4. From Hog island inlet, south end of the bay, to Jamaica bay, 4 1-2 miles. 63,837 dolls. and thence to Gravesend bay, 3 miles. Making the distance from Canoe place to Gravesend bay 85 1-2 miles; of which nine miles will be canal, and 76 1-2 bay navigation.

*Chemung canal.*—The route of this canal proceeds from the head waters of the Seneca lake, down the valley of the Chemung or Tioga river to the Susquehanna. The feeder will be 13 1-2 miles long, and the lockage 520 feet. The expense with wooden locks is estimated at 239,118; with stone locks, 407,598.

## NEW JERSEY.

*Delaware and Raritan canal.*—The main trunk commences in the valley of the Raritan, and follows it nearly to the junction of the Millstone and Raritan—thence passing along the course of the Millstone in the vicinity of Kingston, to

near the junction of the Stony Brook with the Millstone—thence through the valley of Stony Brook to the south of Princeton, through the Lawrence meadows in nearly a direct course, to the city of Trenton, and thence to the village of Lambertton, where it enters the Delaware. The canal is intended for sloop navigation, and the dimensions correspond with those of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal.

*The Feeder* commences at the confluence of the Delaware and Musconetcong, near the mouth of the Lehigh, and passing along the valley of the Delaware, enters the canal in the city of Trenton,—the fall in the whole length of the feeder is 117 feet. The feeder is to be 40 feet wide, and 5 deep. The *summit level* on this route between the Delaware and Raritan, is 48 feet. Length of canal and feeder 34 miles. Agreeably to the provisions of the act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, the approbation of the United States' Engineers has been obtained for the above route.

*Morris canal.*—The route of this canal leaves the Delaware opposite Easton, or rather opposite the mouth of Lehigh river, and runs along the north side of the valley of the Pohatcong for 12 miles, and then crosses that stream, and passes for more than 20 miles up the valley of the Musconetcong to within two-thirds of a mile of the great Hopatkung pond, in which that river has its source. Here is the summit level of the canal, and from this point the route, in its progress east, descends along the south side of the valley of Rockaway river, to the vicinity of the town of Rockaway, about 12 miles. From Rockaway to the tide waters of the Passaic, the route is not yet determined. The surface of the Hopatkung pond, on the summit level, covers about two square miles. This pond, which is connected with the canal by a short feeder, is to supply both the eastern and western sections with water through their whole extent. The whole of the western, and part of the eastern, section of the canal are under contract, and Mr. Bayard, the President of the Company, in an address delivered last October, says, that he has no doubt the whole work will be completed, and boats pass from the Delaware river to New York, in less than three years from that time.—The chief object of the Morris canal is to open a communication from the city of New York to the great beds of coal on the Lehigh river, the iron works of Morris county and the manufactories of Paterson.

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

*Lehigh river navigation.*—This river which opens a pas-

sage from the Delaware to the Lehigh coal mines, has been made navigable by dams and falling locks for boats drawing less than 18 inches water, from Easton to the mouth of Mauch-chunk creek, a distance by the bends of the stream of 45 miles, in which space the fall of the river is 347 feet. From the mouth of Mauch-chunk creek, there is a fine road winding by an easy ascent, first two miles up the vale of Mauch-chunk creek, and then gradually up the mountain side, 7 more miles to the coal mines, which are situated upon the very summit of the ridge, 1006 feet above the surface of the Lehigh, at the mouth of the Mauch-chunk.

*Schuylkill river navigation.*—The Schuylkill navigation company commenced their operations in the year 1816, and in 1824 they had made an improved navigation from Mount Carbon, at the coal mines in Schuylkill county to the city of Philadelphia, a distance of 110 miles, 64 of which are canals; overcoming a fall of 588 feet, by means of 28 dams and 120 locks, at an expense of 1,500,000 dollars, only 50,000 of which were subscribed by the state.

*Union canal.*—This canal commences on the Schuylkill, two miles below Reading, and proceeds up the valley of the Tulpehocken, 40 miles, rising in this distance 378 feet by 53 locks, to the summit level near Lebanon, where it proceeds for five miles without a lock, and then descends the valley of the Swatara, 33 miles, to the Susquehanna near Middletown a few miles below Harrisburgh. The descent from the summit level to the Swatara, is 188 feet by 37 locks. The water for the section east of the summit level, is derived from the Tulpehocken, and that for the western section, if the feeders and reservoirs should be deficient, will be raised from the Swatara, by machinery. A tunnel to be bored for 286 yards through the ridge which divides the Swatara from the Quittapahilla, will be completed in August next, and the whole canal is to be finished by the end of 1827. Some hopes are entertained from the vigour with which the work is prosecuted, that boats will pass from the Schuylkill to the Susquehanna, in the fall of the present year.

*Pennsylvania Canal.*—At the recent session of the Pennsylvania legislature, an act was passed by the House of Representatives, 61 to 32, providing for the commencement of a canal by this name, which, it is expected, will ultimately connect the Union canal with Pittsburg, and thus open a navigable communication from the western waters to the tide waters of the Atlantic, through the heart of Pennsylvania. As a first step towards the execution of this magnifi-

cent plan, it has been determined to commence immediately two sections; viz. the eastern section, extending from the western termination of the Union canal to the Juniata 23 miles; and the western section, extending from Pittsburg up the valley of the Allegany to the mouth of the Kiskiminitas, 30 miles. The lockage on the eastern section will be 28 feet, and on the western section 44 feet. The estimated cost of the two sections is only 300,000, and they will both be valuable as independent canals, if the whole plan is never executed.

*Lancaster Canal.*—It is stated in the Lancaster Journal, that the Conestoga Navigation Company have entered into a contract with Mr. Caleb Hamil, to open a steamboat navigation from the city of Lancaster to the Susquehanna river, a distance of 18 miles, for 53,040 dollars; the work to be completed by the 4th of July, 1827. There are to be nine dams, and nine locks, averaging about seven feet lift each.

#### MARYLAND.

*Maryland Canals.*—The House of Delegates of Maryland have lately passed by a majority of one vote, a bill appropriating 500,000 dollars for a canal from Baltimore to the Potomac, 500,000 dollars for a canal from Baltimore to the Susquehanna, and 500,000 towards the proposed Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

#### PENNSYLVANIA AND MARYLAND.

*Susquehanna river navigation.*—The difficulties in the navigation of the Susquehanna are found principally in the last fifty miles of its course, between Columbia and tide water. Above that town the obstructions have been so far removed, that a boat navigation exists nearly to the New York line; but below Columbia the river is almost one continued rapid, and although it has been made passable for arks and rafts descending the stream, it is still impossible for boats to ascend with ease and safety. To remedy this evil so far as was in their power, the people of Maryland, several years since, constructed the Susquehanna canal, which extends from tide water eight miles up the valley of the river to the Maryland and Pennsylvania line, and it is now proposed to continue the improvements to Columbia. During the last year, engineers employed for the purpose, ascertained that it is practicable to make a safe and easy ascending navigation to this point at a moderate expense, either by a canal on

the west side of the river, of about 14 miles in length, or by short canals and locks at the different rapids.

Two years since, Commissioners appointed by the Legislature of Maryland to survey a route for a projected canal from the head of Conewago falls, in the Susquehanna, to Baltimore, reported that the whole length of the route is 93 and three quarters miles. The first section, extending from the falls to the Pennsylvania line is 41 miles, and the cost estimated at \$1,000,265. The second section extending from the Pennsylvania line to Havre de Grace is 14 miles, and the estimated cost is \$564,471. The third section, from Havre de Grace to Baltimore is 36 miles, and the estimated expense 841,243 dollars, making the whole cost of the canal from Conewago falls to Baltimore, 2,626,000 dollars. The vote of the Maryland Assembly, granting 500,000 dollars for a canal from Baltimore to the Susquehanna, alluded to in the preceding article, appears to be the first step towards the execution of this magnificent improvement.

#### DELAWARE AND MARYLAND.

*Delaware and Chesapeake canal.*—The route of this canal, as finally determined by the Board of Directors, is as follows: Commencing on the Delaware, near Newbold's landing, about six miles below Newcastle, it runs thence in a direction south of west 13 and a half miles, to the navigable waters of the Chesapeake, in Back creek, 4 or 5 miles south of Frenchtown. The summit level, which is only eight feet above the level of common high water in the Delaware and Chesapeake, will be supplied with water for the present from several small creeks and mill ponds, and if at a future day a greater quantity should be wanted it may be obtained either by tide power operating upon a water wheel, or by deepening the canal ten feet in about half the route, which will reduce its level to that of common high tides. Mr Randel, engineer, at whose suggestion the Directors adopted this route, states that by expending 2,000,000 dollars, it may be so improved as to admit the navigation of frigates drawing twenty feet of water. At the eastern termination of the canal, a semicircular harbour, containing about twenty acres, is to be made in the Delaware river. The company are very zealously engaged in the prosecution of this work, and there is no doubt that it will be finished in a short time. About 2000 men were employed upon the line last summer.

## VIRGINIA.

*Potomac river canals.*—The following are the obstructions in the navigation of the Potomac:—1. At the head of the tide, three miles above the city of Washington, are the *Little Falls*, around which is a canal 2 1-2 miles long, with three locks, overcoming an ascent of 37 feet. 2. Eight miles and a half further up, are the *Great falls*, around which is a canal one mile long, 6 feet deep, and 25 feet wide, with five locks, overcoming an ascent of 76 feet. 3. *Seneca falls*, 6 miles above, which descend 10 feet, are overcome by a canal without locks, three quarters of a mile long. 4. *Shenandoah falls*, 60 miles further up, where the Potomac breaks through the Blue Ridge. Here is a canal one mile long around a fall of 15 feet. 5. *Houres falls*, five miles above the Shenandoah falls. Around these a canal has been cut, fifty yards long. Above Houres falls the navigation has been improved by deepening the channel occasionally, and by the construction of dams, &c.; and by an extension of these improvements it is thought that the river can be made passable for boats the greater part of the year, as high up as Cumberland, 188 miles above tide water. The whole descent of the Potomac, from the mouth of Savage river to Cumberland, a distance of 31 miles, is 445 feet; from Cumberland to the Shenandoah falls, 131 miles, it is 490 feet; at and near the Shenandoah falls, 43 feet in 5 1-2 miles; from the Shenandoah to Great falls, 39 feet in 40 miles; and between the Great falls and tide water, 143 feet in 12 miles; making the whole descent, from the mouth of Savage river to tide water, 1160 feet in a distance of 210 miles. The Potomac is, therefore, the most rapid of the great Atlantic rivers.

The river Shenandoah, a branch of the Potomac, which joins it at Harper's ferry, after a course of 250 miles through the Great Limestone valley, has been made navigable to Port Republic, more than 200 miles from its mouth. The only obstructions in this distance were the falls in the last eight miles of its course, which have been overcome by six different canals, 20 feet wide, four feet and a half deep, extending together 2400 yards, and having five stone locks, effecting in all a descent of nearly fifty feet. The whole sum expended in the improvement of the Potomac river navigation, including that of the Shenandoah, according to Mr. Gallatin's report made in 1808, was \$444,652.

*James river canals.*—This river is navigable for vessels of 125 tons to Rockets, one mile below Richmond, where are the principal obstructions to the navigation. In the city of

Richmond there are twelve locks, overcoming an ascent of 80 feet, and connecting tide water with the basin on Shoc-koe hill. From this basin, a canal, 25 feet wide, and three feet deep, proceeds along the bank of the river for 2 1-2 miles, and then enters the stream, the bed of which is made use of for three miles further, and at the end of this distance there are three locks, overcoming an ascent of 34 feet. From the upper lock a canal 200 yards long leads to Westham, at the upper end of the Great falls. Above the Great falls there are few obstructions, and the James River Company many years since removed all obstacles to the passage of boats drawing 12 inches of water for 230 miles. From a message of the governor of Virginia to the Legislature in December last, we perceive that an independent canal has just been completed along the banks of the river, from the head of the Great falls to Maiden adventure falls, a place which we cannot find upon the map, but which we presume is twenty or thirty miles above Richmond; and the governor urges upon the Legislature the importance of taking measures immediately for extending this canal to Lynchburg, 144 miles above Richmond, or at least to Columbia, at the mouth of the Rivanna.

*James river and Ohio road and canal.*—In the year 1820, the board of public works of Virginia recommended to the general assembly, the following as the best practicable method of opening a communication between the waters of James river and those of the Ohio:—1. An independent canal from the basin at Richmond, up the valley of James river, and Jackson's river, one of its branches, to the mouth of Dunlap's creek, a distance of 249 miles: 2. A good road from the mouth of Dunlap's creek, across the Alleghany mountains, to the Kenhawa river, just below the great falls, a distance of 90 miles; and 3. From the foot of these falls to Mount Pleasant on the Ohio; at the mouth of the Kenhawa, a distance of 94 miles, they propose that the bed of the river should be made navigable by locks, dams, &c. The whole distance from Richmond to Mount Pleasant on this route, is 433 miles. The expense of the independent canal is estimated at \$1,799,766; that of the road at \$100,000; and that of the improvements in the navigation of the Kenhawa at \$45,650; in all, \$1,945 416.—The mouth of Dunlap's creek was ascertained to be 1238 feet above the tide at Richmond, and the lowest point on the dividing ridge between Dunlap's creek and the Great falls of the Kenhawa, is 2478 feet above the tide, and 1889 above the Kenhawa at the foot of the Great falls. From the foot

of the Great falls to the mouth of the Kenhawa, the river descends 108 feet.

From the message of the governor of Virginia, referred to in the preceding article, it will be perceived that a small part of the independent canal at the eastern extremity of the route is already finished, and it is probable that measures will be taken for a gradual extension of the work till the whole is completed to the Ohio. The principal articles to be transported on this line of communication are salt, of which more than 500,000 bushels are annually made on the waters of the Kenhawa, and coal, which is found in great abundance both on the Kenhawa and in the vicinity of Richmond.

*Dismal Swamp canal.*—This canal extends 22 and a quarter miles in length from Deep creek, a branch of the South branch of Elizabeth river, 7 miles above Norfolk, to Joyce's creek, which discharges itself into the Pasquotank, thirty miles from its mouth in Albemarle Sound. Vessels drawing 8 feet of water may ascend both creeks to each extremity of the canal. The intervening ground, along the eastern margin of the Dismal Swamp is almost level, the rise towards the middle not exceeding two feet above the two extremities, which are only 16 feet above tide water. The canal receives an abundant supply of water through a feeder 3 and a half miles long, leading from lake Drummond, a natural reservoir in the centre of the swamp, 15 miles in circumference and about six feet higher than the level of the canal. The descent from the summit level to the tide at each extremity of the canal, is accomplished by a pair of locks of 16 feet lift. Each lock is 90 feet long, and 18 and a half broad.

This Dismal Swamp canal originated in the concurrent acts of the legislatures of Virginia and North Carolina, incorporating a company for constructing it, in the year 1787, and is now nearly completed, according to the original plan, with the dimensions mentioned in our table, and has been in the receipt of tolls for a considerable time; with the present dimensions, however, the canal will not admit the passage of large vessels, and as it is very desirable in a national point of view that there should be an uninterrupted inland sloop navigation extending along the Atlantic coast, as far as possible, the Congress of the United States at their present session authorised the Secretary of the Treasury to subscribe for six hundred shares of the canal stock, amounting to \$150 000, to enable the company to increase the width and depth of the work, so that they may correspond, if necessary, with those of the Chesapeake and Delaware, and the Delaware

and Raritan canals; or at least be sufficient for the admission of the largest kind of craft which can be employed in the Sounds of North Carolina.—The tolls of the canal in its present state are about \$10,000 annually, but when completed, on the plan proposed, it is supposed that they will amount to four times this sum.

#### NORTH CAROLINA.

*Roanoke River.*—This river is navigable for vessels of 45 tons to Halifax, near the foot of the Great Falls, 75 miles by land from the mouth of the river. At the great Falls the river descends 100 feet in a distance of 12 miles; but a canal is now completed around these falls to Rock landing, which opens the navigation for batteaux as far as the junction of the Dan and the Staunton. The Dan has been made navigable to Danville, where a canal is now in progress around the falls, which will open the navigation many miles further, and the Staunton is navigable for some distance, for boats of five tons. The lands on the Roanoke are among the most fertile in the United States, and yield annually for exportation produce to the value of \$2,500,000. At present this is carried down the river to Albemarle Sound, and thence in a circuitous course through the Dismal Swamp canal to Norfolk, but it has been proposed to shorten this distance by a canal leading from the river above the Great falls, near the Virginia line, to Murfreesboro' on the Meherrin; thence down the channel of the Meherrin to the Chowan, and down the Chowan to the mouth of Bennett's creek; up Bennett's creek to its fork, and thence by a short cut to the Dismal swamp canal, and through that canal to Norfolk. This route was examined in the year 1816 by commissioners appointed by the legislatures of Virginia and North Carolina, and they reported that it was practicable at an expense of \$761,522.

*Cape Fear River.*—Vessels drawing 10 or 12 feet water can ascend this river to Wilmington, 35 miles from its mouth, and boats to Fayetteville, 90 miles. A company was incorporated many years ago to improve the navigation, and they have expended large sums in deepening the channel below Fayetteville, and in various improvements above that town.

*Yadkin River.*—This river was surveyed under the direction of the Yadkin Navigation Company, in 1816, from Wilkes' court house in the mountains, to Cheraw hill, about

6 miles below the South Carolina boundary line, a distance of 247 and a half miles. The expense of making it navigable for boats of ten tons through this distance was estimated at \$250,234, exclusive of the Narrows in Montgomery county, where a turnpike road was recommended for seven miles. Below Cheraw hill the river is navigable for large boats to the ocean, although the course is very winding and circuitous the distance in a direct line from Cheraw hill to Georgetown being only 103 miles, while by the course of the stream it is 270. It is thought that at least one-third of this distance can be saved by short canals at the different bends.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA.

*Santee Canal.*—This canal, which was completed in the year 1802, commences on the Santee at the point where Sumpter, Williamsburg and Charleston districts unite, and proceeds in a S. E. direction to Cooper river. The ascent from the Santee to the summit level is 35 feet, and is effected by four locks, each 60 feet long and 10 feet wide; the descent from the summit level to Cooper river, is 68 feet, and is effected by nine locks. The canal derives its water from the springs arising from the marshy ground on the summit level, and when the quantity is deficient, which is not often, it is supplied from the Santee by a steam engine. By means of this canal the produce of a large section of the state and a part of North Carolina is carried directly to the city of Charleston, and the circuitous and inconvenient navigation down the Santee and along the sea shore is avoided. In the year 1807 the annual tolls on the canal had never exceeded 13,000 dollars.

Short canals have been completed around the falls in the Wateree above Camden, by which the navigation has been opened from the Santee into North Carolina, and with the aid of similar improvements in that state it will be extended nearly to the sources of the river. Canals are also completed around the falls at the mouth of Broad and Saluda rivers, and a communication is thus opened from the Santee to an extensive and fertile country, occupying nearly the whole northwestern section of the State.

*Ashley and Edisto canal.*—Several years ago it was proposed to connect Ashley and Edisto rivers by a canal 12 miles long. We do not know that the work has yet been commenced.

*Canals along the Coast.*—The Waccamaw river, which joins the Pedee at Georgetown, runs nearly parallel to the sea coast at the distance of 8 or 10 miles, and is navigable

for vessels of 150 tons to the distance of 80 miles. It is intended to unite this river by a canal with Little river, which discharges itself in North Carolina within the sea islands. From Georgetown harbour, a canal, 5 miles long, has been cut across the tongue of land which separates it from the Santee.

#### GEORGIA.

*Savannah, Ogeechee, and Altamaha canals.*—A Savannah paper of Feb. 11th states, that Messrs. Clinton and Jenkes, had completed the survey of a route for a canal to unite the Savannah with the Ogeechee river, and had ascertained that the work is practicable at a moderate expense. It is expected that the ground will be broken early in December next. Messrs C. and J. are now occupied in exploring the country between the Ogeechee and Altamaha, with a view of locating the route of a canal between those rivers.

#### FLORIDA.

*Florida canal.*—Two routes have been proposed for a sloop canal across the isthmus of the Florida peninsula. The first or northern route, commences on the Atlantic at the mouth of the St. Mary's, which forms the boundary between Georgia and Florida, and proceeds up the channel of that river, nearly to its source, thence, by an independent canal about 18 miles long, to the Suwaney, which it meets in the upper part of its course, and thence down the channel of the Suwaney to the gulf of Mexico. The St. Mary's is a deep, sluggish river and will present no obstacles to sloop navigation; but the Suwaney has a rapid current. The summit level on this route will be supplied with water from the Okefinoco Swamp—The second or southern route commences on the Atlantic at the mouth of the St. John's and proceeds up its channel to the mouth of the Black Creek, and after ascending that creek a short distance passes by an independent canal, about 12 miles long, across the country to the Santa Fe, a branch of the Suwaney, and thence down the channels of Santa Fe and Suwaney, to the gulf of Mexico. The summit level on this route will be supplied with water from the Black creek and Santa Fe above the points where they unite with the independent canal.—On each of the above routes the distance from the Atlantic to the gulf of Mexico is about 90 miles, and the cutting, as we have stated, only 12 miles by one route and 18 by the other. For a ship channel, however, 24 or perhaps 36 may be required.

No accurate survey has yet been made of the country through which the Florida canal is to pass, but the subject is now before Congress, and there can be little doubt that measures will be adopted for the vigorous prosecution of this great work till it is completed. Its importance in a national point of view is incalculable. It will save by a short cut a navigation of 1200 miles around the peninsula of Florida and through the Bahama islands, where our vessels are now constantly exposed to imminent danger of destruction both from the rocks and pirates. The losses by shipwreck in a single year, it is said amount to more than sufficient to defray the whole expense of a canal.

#### ALABAMA.

*Tennessee and Mobile canal.*—At a meeting of the citizens of Cahawba, held on the 20th of May, 1823, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency and practicability of uniting the waters of the Tennessee with those of Mobile river, Mr. Beene stated that the portage between the navigable waters of the Okoa, a branch of the Hiwassee which unites with the Tennessee at Hiwassee garrison, and the Conasaugau a navigable branch of the Coosa, was measured by a correct mathematician, Mr. Robert Houston, in company with the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, of Tennessee, so long ago as 1810, and the distance was ascertained to be nine miles 214 yards across a beautiful level country, presenting no obstructions to the formation of a canal. The bed of the Conasanga was found to be only 51 feet below that of the Okoa, so that two dams and four or five locks, with nine miles of easy excavation, will complete the canal and open a passage for boats, at the proper season of the year, from the head waters of the Tennessee, in the state of Virginia, through the Coosa and Alabama rivers, to Mobile and the gulf of Mexico.

#### FLORIDA AND LOUISIANA.

*Mississippi and Appalachian canals.*—It has been stated by gentlemen well acquainted with the country that by cutting only 12 miles, a perfect inland tide-water navigation may be made from the Mississippi river to the Appalachian, a distance of 350 miles. The route is as follows:—From the Mississippi through the Iberville, (the obstructions in which are to be removed,) to Lake Ponchartrain; thence through Lake Borgne and Pascagoula bay, between the

islands and the shore, to Mobile bay, which may be connected with the Perdido bay by a cut of 4 1-2 miles, and this with the Pensacola bay, through the Grand Lagoon by a cut of half a mile, [in both cases through an easy soil and level country;] thence, through Santa Rosa Sound and bay, 40 miles, to the Choctawachie river, which may be connected by an easy cut of five miles with the St. Andrew's bay, through which you pass 24 miles, and thence by a cut of two miles, to the Chipola river which discharges itself into the Appalachicola.

At the last session of Congress, a committee in the House of Representatives recommended an appropriation for the survey of this route, the importance of which will at once be perceived, as it is virtually an extension of the Florida canal, or rather the completion of that great line of inland tide water navigation, which extends with scarcely any interruption from Boston to New Orleans.

#### LOUISIANA.

*Carondelet canal.*—The Carondelet, which was completed in the year 1817, extends from a basin or ditch in the rear of the city of New Orleans 1 1-2 miles to the Bayou St. John, which communicates with Lake Ponchartrain. A sloop navigation, from the city to the lake, is thus proposed. The canal, however, does not enter the Mississippi, one or more locks being necessary before that can be accomplished.

During the last summer, the Board of Engineers for internal improvements, by order of the United States government examined the communications between the Mississippi and Lake Ponchartrain, with the view of ascertaining the practicability of connecting them by a canal, to be navigable by sloops, that would possess greater commercial and military advantages than those afforded by the communication through the Bayou St. John and Carondelet. The Board examined two routes; one from the city of New Orleans, to enter Lake Ponchartrain about two miles east of the mouth of Bayou St. John; the other from a point on the Mississippi, about two miles below New-Orleans, to enter Lake Ponchartrain about five miles east of Bayou St John.

A sloop canal at this place is of great importance in a national point of view, as it would enable the government to use the same naval force both for the defence of the Mississippi, and Lake Ponchartrain, the two great avenues by which New Orleans may be approached from the sea.

## KENTUCKY.

*Louisville and Portland canal.*—The falls of the Ohio at Louisville are the only impediment to the navigation from Pittsburg to New Orleans, a distance of 2000 miles. Common boats can with difficulty pass these falls in summer, and the navigation is even during the freshets dangerous for large vessels. The attention of the Legislature of Kentucky, and of the inhabitants of the western country generally, has, therefore, been particularly drawn to the opening of a canal at that place, and a company was incorporated for that purpose nearly 20 years since. This company, however, did nothing but survey the ground; and last year another company was incorporated, who have taken up the business with spirit, and have already entered into a contract with a number of responsible men who have engaged to complete the work in October, 1827, for 370,000.

The canal must be dug in some places to a depth of 27 feet. The fall at low water is about 22 feet, and will require three locks of dimensions sufficient to pass ships of 400 tons, and drawing 14 feet of water. The canal will commence at Louisville, just above the rapids, and terminate at Portland, nearly two miles below.

## OHIO.

*Ohio and Erie canal.*—The route of this canal commences at Portsmouth, on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Scioto, and proceeds up the valley of that river, on the eastern side, to the vicinity of Picketown, where it crosses the river on its surface, and proceeds in a northerly direction towards Chillicothe, near which it again crosses the river, and then continues its course along the eastern bank to the Big Belly creek, near the line which divides Pickaway and Franklin counties, where it receives a feeder, ten miles long, leading from the Scioto at Columbus. After receiving the Columbus feeder, the line leaves the valley of the Scioto, and proceeds in an easterly direction up the valley of Walnut creek, to the Licking and Walnut creek summit, between the head waters of those streams. To supply this summit with water, feeders are to be cut to the North, South, and Raccoon forks of Licking, and a large reservoir is also to be made near the line of the canal. From the Licking summit, the route of the canal proceeds down the valley of Licking creek to the mouth of the Rocky fork of Licking, and thence across to the valley of the Tomaka, and down that valley nearly to the

SEPTEMBER, 1826—NO. 287. 30

junction of the Tomaka with the Muskingum. From this point the level of the canal begins to ascend, and the route proceeds up the valley of the Muskingum to White woman's creek, near its junction with the Tuscarawas at Coshocton. Crossing this creek on its surface, it proceeds up the valley of the Tuscarawas, at first on the western, and afterwards on the eastern side of the river to the point, where its two head branches unite, not far from the southwest corner of Portage county. This point is in the centre of what is called the Portage summit, which extends for ten miles, viz. five miles along the banks of the Tuscarawas and five miles across the portage to Cuyahoga river. The Portage summit requires no feeder, as it receives an abundant supply of water from the Tuscarawas, at the point where it crosses that stream. From the northern extremity of the Portage summit the canal proceeds down the valley of the Cuyahoga, at first on the western and afterwards on the eastern side of the stream, till it arrives within six miles of Cleaveland, at the mouth of the river on lake Erie. For these six miles it is proposed to make use of the bed of the river by a tow path along the bank.

In ascending from lake Erie to the Portage summit, there is a lockage of 395 feet; in descending from the summit to the Tomaka, a lockage of 229 feet. In ascending from the Tomaka to the Licking summit, there is a lockage of 152 feet; and in descending from this summit to the Ohio, a lockage of 408 feet.

The Ohio river at Portsmouth presents a favourable situation for the termination of the canal, as the water is deep, the beach bold, and the anchorage ground protected from drift wood and ice.—At Cleaveland on lake Erie, there is a harbour sufficiently deep and capacious for the accommodation of all the merchant vessels which navigate the lake, but there is an obstruction at the mouth (occasioned by sand thrown up by the waves) which it is proposed to prevent hereafter by extending a pier 1056 feet in length from the shore into the lake.

The Erie and Ohio canal was commenced on the 4th of July 1825. It is 306 miles long, and its cost is estimated at 10,000 dollars a mile. It is expected that about 50 miles of the line, embracing the part nearest Lake Erie, will be completed next fall, and the remainder in the course of three or four years. The canal commissioners suppose that immediately on the completion of the whole line, the revenue from tolls, &c. will amount to 4 per cent. on the cost, and to 6 per cent. within five years after.

The canal commissioners of Ohio have been authorised by a resolution of the legislature, to make surveys, with a view to ascertain the practicability of a canal from the mouth of Little Beaver creek on the Ohio river, to a point on the Ohio and Erie canal, at the junction of Sandy creek with the Tuscarawas, near the line which divides Stark and Tuscarawas counties. A canal on this route would connect Pittsburg with Lake Erie. A convention of delegates from the counties of Portage and Trumbull, in Ohio, and the counties of Beaver, Mercer, Butler, and Alleghany, in Pennsylvania, is also to be held within a few weeks, to take measures for ascertaining the practicability of a canal from Pittsburg directly to the portage summit of the Ohio canal.

*Ohio and Mad river canal.*—The line of this canal commences on Mad river, one mile above its confluence with the Miami at Dayton, and proceeds down the Miami valley, on the eastern side of the river, 23 miles, to Middletown, where, by means of a short cut, the waters of the Miami can be let into the canal. From Middletown the line continues down the valley of the Miami to Hamilton, and then bears off from the river in a southeasterly direction, and passes into the valley of Mill creek, and thence to Cincinnati, where it terminates in a large basin, from which boats will descend, by locks, 108 feet, to the Ohio.—The canal is abundantly supplied with water, as Mad river alone is amply sufficient to feed the whole line from Dayton to Cincinnati. In addition to the supply from this source, however, it is intended to introduce the waters of the Miami at Middletown, and to bring them to Cincinnati, for hydraulic purposes. The descent from the basin at this place to the Ohio, as we have already stated, is 108 feet,\* and the canal commissioners calculate, that without injuring the banks of the canal, or the mill privileges on the Miami, sufficient water can be brought from that river through the canal to Cincinnati, to keep in constant operation 60 pairs of 4 1-2 feet millstones. They look for an annual revenue of 20,000 dollars for water rents alone.

It is expected by the commissioners that the canal will be completed in 1827, and that in 1829 it will be in full operation and yield a revenue of 40,000 dollars, or more than 6 per cent. on the cost.

The Legislature of Ohio propose to extend this canal, at some future day, from Dayton, through the valleys of the

\* This is when the water in the Ohio is low. At its usual height the difference would be less, and in high floods only 50 feet.

Miami, Loramies creek, Auglaize, and Maumee to Lake Erie. The line of a canal on this route has been surveyed by able engineers, who pronounce the work practicable. The whole length of a canal from the Ohio to Lake Erie on this route would be 299 miles, the amount of lockage 899 feet, and the expense 3,221,000 dollars. The summit level, which commences about 18 miles north of Dayton, extends for more than 60 miles within a single lock; and this level, together with the long line north of it as far as the Maumee river, a distance in all of 135 miles, must receive all its waters by feeders from the Mad and Miami rivers. The feeders themselves would extend 25 miles, thus making a canal line of 160 miles to be fed, from these two sources. The commissioners think that this is practicable, provided great care is taken to prevent the loss of water by leakage, &c.

#### MARYLAND AND OHIO.

*Chesapeake and Erie canal.*—The route of this canal will commence on the tide waters of the Chesapeake and proceed up the valley of the Potomac nearly to the source of that river, and thence down either the valley of Cheat river or the Youghiogeny to the Monongahela, and down the Monongahela valley to Pittsburg. From Pittsburg it is proposed to descend the valley of the Ohio to the mouth of the Big Beaver, and thence to ascend the valley of the Big Beaver to Chenango, pass near Conneaut lake, and descend to the mouth of Elk creek on Lake Erie.

Two brigades of topographical engineers, and one brigade of civil engineers were employed during the past season, under the authority of the United States, upon the Chesapeake and Ohio section of the canal, and completed all the surveys upon that section requisite to enable the board of engineers to select the most eligible route, determine a general line of direction for the canal, and make a preparatory project and estimate, upon which the operations may be commenced. Two brigades of topographical engineers were also employed during the past season on the route between the Ohio and Lake Erie, and minute surveys of all parts of this route which presented any difficulties were completed, and general experimental lines surveyed of the remainder.

The board of engineers are now preparing a minute account of the surveys, estimates of expense, &c. of this canal, but as much time will be required to digest and collate them, they will not be able to present a full report to congress during their present session. "A general project, however, and

preparatory estimate for the Chesapeake and Ohio section of the canal, containing information sufficient to authorise the commencement of operations, will," they say, "if possible, be completed."

## INDIANA.

*Maumee and Wabash canal.*—A bill authorising the state of Indiana to open a canal through the public lands, to connect the navigable waters of the Wabash with those of the Maumee, which empties into lake Erie, was passed by both houses of Congress in 1824. In the course of the debate, Mr. Test, of Indiana, stated that the project was so perfectly practicable that he believed it would not require an excavation in any place more than 25 feet deep to make the canal a dead level. Its length would be only 15 or 20 miles, and the expense is estimated at \$300,000. The bill requires that the survey should be completed within three years, and the canal within twelve years, and grants to the state of Indiana a strip of land 90 feet wide on each side of the canal.

## ILLINOIS.

*Michigan and Illinois canal.*—It is well known that lake Michigan can be connected with the head waters of Illinois river, by a short canal from Chicago river, which empties into the lake, a branch of the Des Plaines, which runs a southeast course, and approaches within ten or eleven miles of the lake, and then turning to the south west, blends its waters with the Theakiki or Cankakee. These streams approach within three miles of each other, and when swelled by heavy rains, actually unite, so that boats of 8 or 10 tons of burthen pass and repass from the lakes to the Mississippi. But although a communication is practicable on this route at certain seasons, yet at other times the rapids in the Des Plaines and the upper parts of the Illinois, interrupt the navigation. To open a communication which will avoid all obstacles, and which can be used at all seasons, it has been proposed to cut a canal from the lake to the foot of the lower rapids of the Illinois, near the mouth of Vermillion river, a distance of about 90 miles from Chicago. Below these rapids to the mouth of the Illinois, the river is deep, its current gentle, and the navigation unobstructed through the year. Those who are acquainted with the country say that there are apparently no obstacles in the way of the proposed canal. The ground gradually descends from the lake, the whole descent

is not more than 60 or 70 feet, and the line could be fed from the lake through its whole length. It is supposed that the expense would not exceed 1,000,000 dollars. No accurate survey, however, has yet been made.

#### MICHIGAN.

*Michigan and Erie canal.*—The St. Joseph's river, which discharges itself into Lake Michigan, near its southern extremity, is navigable, without interruption from rapids or obstacles of any kind, by boats drawing 3 feet of water, for 130 miles from its mouth, and at this point it is believed by those acquainted with the country, that it can be connected by a short canal with the navigable waters of the Maumee, thus opening a direct communication from Lake Michigan to Lake Erie, and saving the circuitous voyage of 400 miles through lakes Michigan, Huron, and St. Clair. The line, however, has never been accurately surveyed.

---

#### POETICAL GENIUS AND IMITATION.

GENIUS is the produce of every soil, and the growth of every age and country. In its application to poetry, it takes things, characters, and manners as they rise; and, by a just and lively imitation, produces the effect upon those who were witnesses of the scenes, and are best qualified to recognize and to respond to the poetical imitation. If the things, characters, and manners, which form the genuine resources of poetry, are known to change with the change of times and places; if, from the temperature of climates, the influence of politics, the prevalence of civil and religious persuasions, and the dominion of fashion; if, from some causes which we know, and more which we do not know, the scene of human life and manners is shifted with every age and country; the poetical model formed by Aristotle, from the works of Sophocles and Homer, however perfect as far as it extends, is constructed upon too narrow and confined a scale, to form an universal law of poetical composition. However adapted to the manners and sentiments of ancient Greece, however admirable in itself, as holding out a picture of the dignity and simplicity of the classic ages, and however incomparable as a specimen of the most refined and polished taste, the poetics of Aristotle, or the art of poetry of Horace, should be considered only as a general and imperfect guide,

to be applied with much caution and reserve, and with a particular attention to the changes made in the circumstances of time and place.

Poetical imitations are always the most perfect, the most proper, and the most effective, when they are made directly *from things that are*; when the poet's feelings are themselves excited, his genius enlivened, and his imagination warmed, by present objects, whatever they may be: and not when they are imitations of *things that were*, as presented to the feelings, and represented by the imagination, of Sophocles and Homer, and copied from their works. This is an imitation of an imitation, and can at best be only like an excellent copy of a fine original picture. However perfect the model, there is a coldness and languor inseparable from this *secondary imitation*, which must repress all the native fire of the poet, and sink him into a disgraceful inferiority.

True poetic genius in these latter ages never glowed with such force and brilliancy, as in the works of Spencer, and Shakspeare, Dante, and Ariosto, who were unacquainted with the ancient rules; or in the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, whose immortal poem did not admit their application. And if another Aristotle should rise up to analyze the works of these more modern bards, we should receive a new code of poetical laws, superior in some respects, however inferior in others.

Instead of improving the judgment and correcting the taste, too implicit a devotion for the critique of Aristotle, and too partial a reverence for the specimens of antiquity, have tended to cramp the poet's genius, to pervert the judgment of the critic, and to abridge the privilege of the art.

From the same narrow prejudice and superstitious veneration of antiquity, Architecture has experienced the same, or similar fortune. The Grecian orders of architecture, however excellent, are not adapted to all countries, to all climates, and to all materials; nor are these models accommodated to many of the uses and purposes of modern life. While we reverence these remains of classical antiquity, we should not suffer ourselves to be blinded by that reverence so far as to neglect and disregard another species of architecture, of which we have many admirable specimens; which, however inferior in its materials, and in its ornaments, is more various and extensive in its expression, more adapted to the climate, and to many of the uses of the country in which we live.

Among the best English poets are reckoned Shakspeare,

Thomson, Goldsmith, Pope, and Cowper. But none of these writers was eminent for his classical attainments; and none of them, except Pope, has suffered the powers of his genius to be repressed by the rules of Aristotle and Horace. It is the opinion of all impartial critics, whose judgment is not vitiated by a superstitious veneration of antiquity, that Shakspeare would not have been the first of dramatic poets, if he had received a classical education.

"If Shakspeare," say the authors of "*Claims of Literature*," "had been a profound scholar, in the common sense of the word, he would not have produced those dramas, which, sprinkled as they are with errors and faults, astonish us by their excellencies. Penetrated by reverence for the ancient productions of the dramatic art, his first essays, like those of other scholars, would have been in criticism and imitation; and habit would have checked and suppressed that immediate intercourse with nature, and all those novel combinations and original conceptions, by which he holds the whole dramatic world at his feet."

---

For the Port Folio.

ON THE ECONOMY OF NATURE.

*From the French of M. Cabanis.*

ALL nature is in motion; all bodies are in continual fluctuation; their elements combine and separate and they take successively a thousand transitory forms, and these metamorphoses, the necessary consequence of continual action, preserve the universe in perpetual youth.

With little reflection it is easy to see that the internal motions of bodies must give rise to destruction and reproduction, and that the condition of the parts is subject to continual change. Thus, the nature of the body may be understood, though the nature of its elements, and the cause of its existence may remain in impenetrable obscurity.

The duration of the existence of various bodies, under their proper form, and the new appearances which they can assume, depend, no doubt, on their constituent elements; but they depend much more on the circumstances under whose influence the body was formed. It appears that these circumstances, and the operations to which they give rise, control the peculiar natures of the elements, and that the principal artifice of nature consists in the manner in which they are modified.

When we cast a general and scrutinising glance over this immense variety of combinations which are effected by the reproductive motions, we can discern certain processes more or less general, by which others may be classified. These compositions and decompositions, called chemical, are produced by laws infinitely less simple than those of the attractions of large masses. Organic beings owe their existence and their preservation to laws more recondite than those of elective affinities; and between the vegetable and animal creation, although both are governed by laws which are not properly, either mechanical or chemical, yet the hand of nature has established between them, certain differences by which each is distinguished and arranged; and, indeed, between vegetable and vegetable, animal and animal, we can perceive certain shades of difference which prevent, even those species which most nearly approach each other, from being confounded. In those plants, whose organization is the most simple, we can perceive the operation of laws peculiar to organic bodies; we see in the productions of the various parts of the plant, many distinct traits absolutely unknown in the animal kingdom. Many animals whose systems appear to be but mere sketches of organization, exhibit, nevertheless, in this unfinished state, certain phenomena never observed in inanimate bodies. In vegetables, gum or mucilage is first formed: passing to animals that live exclusively or principally on vegetables, mucilage undergoes a new degree of elaboration; it becomes transformed into gelatin, mucus and lymph, coagulable and fibrous. By the action of the vessels of the plant, by mixture with air and other gases, in a word, by all those processes comprised in the term vegetation, mucilage becomes capable of organising itself, first into spongy tissues, then into ligneous fibres, into bark, leaves, &c. In the operations which constitute animal life, gelatin, elaborated in various degrees, organises itself into cellular tissue, into living fibres, vessels, and osseous structure; so that for almost every phenomenon of vegetation, we have an analogous operation in the animal system.

In examining mucilage, we perceive that it possesses a strong tendency to coagulation; so that as the water which holds it in solution is abstracted, its particles approach and the mass becomes viscid: if the dissipation of the water is rapidly effected, the mucilaginous residue forms only a confused and irregular mass. But when the water is slowly evaporated, we discover here and there elongated striæ which cross each other, and in a short time we perceive that these

striae, as they are multiplied and approach each other, give a regularity of form to the mass, presenting rays and interstices, the partitions of which are easily discoverable by the assistance of the microscope.

Meanwhile, if we observe gelatin, under analogous circumstances, it will appear that its tendency to coagulation is still stronger than that of mucilage. Combined, or simply mixed with fibrin, (which is nothing more than one of its forms) it organises itself directly into fibres, more or less tenacious according to the temperature at which its superabundant moisture is evaporated, as regular in appearance, as in the case of the filaments of mucilage, as the experiment has been conducted with care and patience.

We have said that vegetable products are possessed of properties which are not found in the mineral kingdom, and that the products of animal matter differ essentially from those of vegetable. Various combinations of volatile matter spread throughout nature, and the production of certain gases, which are developed by organic bodies, appear, also, to determine this difference. We ought, in the meantime, to observe, that in many plants, whose peculiar and piquant savour is generally pleasant to animals, and which are capable of renovating their enfeebled digestive powers, they discover the traces of a peculiar gas which they are peculiarly capable of elaborating, a gas which is disengaged in great quantities by decomposition in the intimate parts of their structure. In other vegetables, particularly in grains, from which civilized people derive a great proportion of their nourishment, chemistry has demonstrated the existence of a *gluten*, which has a remarkable analogy to the fibrin of animals. Separated from the mucilage which usually accompanies it and conceals its properties, gluten resembles a corrugated animal membrane; its fibres yielding to distending force, and rapidly resuming their former situation upon its removal: finally, to render the resemblance complete, they (*i. e.* the fibres of gluten, *tr.*) exhale after a short time, the odour of the animal excretions and the same gases which chemistry detects in the latter. But these observations, of which it is necessary to take notice, are not to be used as arguments that we cannot distinguish between the products of these two great divisions of organic structure: allied as they are by many points of resemblance, they are still distinguishable by some essential characteristic. On the other hand, when these points of analogy between animal and vegetable matter are sufficiently multiplied by further observation,

they may serve, at some future day, to develop the mystery of organization.

Mucilage, it appears, possesses the property of becoming thick, and forming itself into fibres, more or less firm and elastic, according to the circumstances in which it is placed; animal gelatin and fibrin possess the power of forming fibres and membranes of a tenacity and elasticity, still more remarkable. Still, however, there is no plant in the drop of mucilage which becomes tenacious, neither does the drop of gelatin contain an animal. Whence, then, is this peculiar *life*, of which both are susceptible?

Whatever may be our idea respecting the nature of the cause which determines the organization of vegetables and animals, or the conditions necessary to their development, we must admit the existence of a vivifying principle or faculty, with which the germs of organized beings are naturally endowed.

This is the most astonishing operation that we meet with in the study of creation, and it is covered by an impenetrable veil of mystery, and we are able to perceive only a few of the more remarkable phenomena of its existence. But we know that in all vegetables, and in the greatest number of animals, the matter of their rudiments or their rudiments themselves, already exist; and they exist independently of the cause which can endue them with life or render them prolific. This latter principle, in combination with the preceding, forms an union, whose duration depends on certain peculiar circumstances. In the vegetable, it is connected with organs little known, but undoubtedly existing in the cortical system. In the animal, it resides in the nervous system, from whence it exerts its influence throughout the whole system, so long as nothing obstructs the action of the vital organs.

The observation of the phenomena which succeed the amputation of a limb in those animals which are possessed of the power of reproducing their excised parts, the phenomena attending the process of suppuration, of cicatrization, of ossification: the formation of the corium of the blood, finally, an attentive examination of membranous and lymphatic coagulations, which often cover the viscera in inflammatory affections, enable us to see that fibrin and gelatin are the true constituents of membrane, of which are formed vessels, glands, the envelop of nerves, &c. and that they contain the principles of muscular fibres and of osseous structure; and if it is true, as I have shown it to be very probable, that the

organized muscular fibre is produced by a combination of the nervous pulp and cellular tissue, the elements of the animal body are reduced to *gelatin*, either simple or fibrous, and the medullary part of the nerves. However this may be, the state of the muscles always coincides with that of other structures, evidently of cellular tissue; so that the consequences remain the same, with regard to the doctrine that we have at present in view, respecting the physical dispositions of the organs in various stages of life, and the direct influences which these dispositions exert over the moral and intellectual functions.

Thus, the successive states (or the changes) of the organic system appear to depend upon the condition of the nervous and cellular tissue, and the variations to which the conditions of the several faculties are liable may be attributed to principles equally simple.

In the process of vegetation, mucilage is daily, more and more elaborated. During the infancy of plants, it is almost entirely aqueous; it is capable of acquiring by repose, but little tenacity, its taste is scarcely perceptible; and the oils and salts and other active principles are not combined in it until the plant acquires its full development.

In young animals, the fibrous gelatin appears to contain much mucilage, their juices have a mild and negative character, and decoctions of their parts abound in mucous matter, capable of a long acid fermentation before they putrify. They have but little of the odour peculiar to the animal; sometimes none at all. They furnish but a small quantity of ammonia: in a word, they resemble the vegetable matter from which they are derived.

But soon life begins to act with a force continually increasing, on the humours, apparently homogenous in various animals, and in various parts of the same animal, and gives to each of the humours its peculiar character: it distinguishes them in races, in individuals, and in parts of the same individual. Their qualities thus continually advancing towards perfection, they at length acquire a predominance over the solids, producing in these latter strong and permanent contractions, which in unison with other causes, hasten the decline of vital energy.

In this train of operations, which develop the animal and the vegetable, the existence and prosperity of one depends on the existence and the prosperity of the other. The vegetable appears to absorb from the atmosphere certain superabundant principles, or forcing adulterations which are detrimen-

tal to animal life, and also expire large quantities of that æriform matter, which may be considered as the proper aliment of the vital flame. On the other hand, the gaseous products of the respiration of animals which are incessantly exhaled from their bodies, and the products of their decomposition are the very principles which give support and energy to vegetation.

If it be true, that plants render the earth more inhabitable for animals, and that animals contribute to its fertility—if it be true that animals and vegetables afford each other nourishment, so as to preserve a state of equilibrium or mutual dependence between the two kingdoms, and that the atmosphere would become contaminated in process of time, when the animated bodies should become sufficiently numerous, the obstacles in the way of an accumulation of animals are compensated by great advantages. The various species, in becoming food for each other, subject the animal juices to repeated elaborations, and a progressive refinement, on which the superiority of the carnivorous races, in all probability, depends.

Passing from one animal to another, gelatin becomes more and more animalized, as in passing through the several organs of one animal its assimilation to certain humours and its various transformations become more entire and perfect. We may imagine the man to say to the herbivorous animal, “prepare for me the plants whose nourishing juices my feeble stomach is not able to extract,” and to the carnivorous, who, like himself, derives sustenance from animals, “elaborate still more perfectly the juices already modified by the influence of sensibility—it is to you that I look for concentrated aliment, which I can appropriate to my wants with little exertion of my own assimilating organs.”

Those vegetables which by chemical analysis afford the principles most analogous to animal matter, are the best adapted to the nourishment of animated beings, especially those which contain the greatest proportion of these principles in a given bulk. The cerialia which contain glutinous matter, furnish in abundance the principle proper to repair the waste of the vital frame; in other words, they are very nourishing, which has been observed by the most ancient and civilized nations. Strong decoctions or the jellies of flesh, particularly of the flesh of carnivorous animals, are the most concentrated forms of aliment, the most sapid and restorative, and which are most rapidly and easily assimilated.—This is evident from daily observation, and is demonstrated

by certain physiological and pathological facts, one of which I give on the authority of Lower:

"A young man suffering under a profuse hemorrhage, for the suppression of which unavailing efforts were made, was sustained by strong soups, or in fact, the juices of meat. The hemorrhage continued, and the fluid which was poured out was scarcely coloured, and appeared by its odour and taste, to be the same juice of meat, by which the patient was sustained and which circulated in the vessels in place of blood. In the meantime the patient recovered his health and acquired, as our author states, an athletic constitution. I have observed two instances in all respects similar to this." (tom. I, p. 194.)

## DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

*Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Doctor Oudney, extending across the Great Desert to the Tenth degree of Northern Latitude, and from Kouka, in Bornou, to Sackatoo, the capital of the Felatah Empire. With an Appendix. Plates, and a Map. 4to. pp. 644. London. Murray. 1826. Boston, reprinted.*

[ Monthly Review. ]

THOUGH not disposed after a full consideration of their claims upon our approbation, to magnify the merits of the two adventurous travellers who have presented the public with this ponderous and costly volume, yet we cannot deny them the praise that is always due to perseverance, enterprise, and undaunted coolness, exhibited under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty and danger. Major Denham particularly seems to be endowed with a buoyancy of spirits, which even the severe privations and sufferings inflicted by the deserts and climates of Africa appear to have had little power to affect. Of his prudence we cannot speak so highly. Indeed we shall have occasion to see that by inconsiderately attaching himself to a party of Arabs, who had set out upon an expedition of plunder against the Felatahs, he not only exposed himself and the other members of the mission to serious consequences but hazarded the success of any future attempt that may be made to conciliate one of the most powerful and intelligent tribes in central Africa. We admit of course, that his motive in joining the expedition was to use the opportunity which it afforded him of penetrating a country before untrodden by Europeans, and we cannot but

admire the firmness which he displayed on the occasion. But if he had consulted his colleagues, or had given the matter sufficient consideration, we presume that he would have abstained from the course which he pursued. Not only was it incumbent on him as a British soldier to avoid the ranks of a predatory band, but it was inconsistent with policy, which should have overruled every other suggestion, to take the part of one tribe against another, in a country where the different tribes are in a state of constant mutual hostility, and where it is our interest, or at least our desire, to conciliate every portion of the population.

Captain Clapperton seems to have conducted that part of the expedition which was allotted to him with singular prudence and success. He was fortunate indeed, in being placed among a nation less savage than those whom Major Denham visited, and this good fortune he improved to its utmost extent by his conciliatory manners, taking care, at the same time, to preserve, in every situation, the respect due to his uniform and his rank. Perhaps he carried this feeling, on some occasions, a little farther than he need have done, in refusing, like some of our Oriental ministers, to salute the reigning authorities according to the established custom of their country. Such pride is, of all others, the last that should be cherished by an officer who is engaged in the public service, and whose business it is to advance that object, even at the expense of little personal compliances with etiquette, that really are not in themselves worth a moment's consideration. They are the tax which savage vanity requires of superior civilization, and it ought to be paid with readiness and good humour.

Dr. Oudney's share in the contents of this volume is, unfortunately, very little, and that little uninteresting. Before he left Europe he was afflicted in his lungs, and the variable climates which he encountered in Africa materially accelerated his dissolution. His premature death was a severe loss to the mission, as his acquisitions in geology and in literature were incomparably superior to those of his companions. In consequence of the early failure of his assistance, their journals are extremely defective in one of the most essential qualifications of a book of travels, an accurate and animated description of the face of the country, the character of its mountains, and of its mineral and vegetable productions. Neither Denham nor Clapperton has given us any intelligible sketches of the scenery which they traversed, if we except two or three of the plates; and when we arrive at the end of their

labours, we are almost as ignorant of the general features of the country through which we have accompanied them as when we set out. It is for this reason, we presume, that Mr. Barrow, who edits Clapperton's journal, characterises that officer and his colleague as "pioneers of discovery," clearing the way for others who may come after them rather than as masters of the road themselves. To this praise they are entitled, and we must add, also, that they fortunately were able to take solar and lunar observations, which have enabled them to contribute some very important additions to the geography of Africa, as well as to correct several extravagant errors which had long prevailed in it.

The real extent of their 'Discoveries' is so limited as to have produced in us something like a feeling of disappointment, which was not a little aggravated by the pompous appearance of the volume, and promises of the preface, as well as the reports which have for some time prevailed of the extraordinary success that attended the mission. We are not favoured with the instructions which were given to it by the noble secretary of the colonial department, but we believe that its principal object, so far as geography was concerned, was to follow up the mission of Mr. Ritchie, and Captain Lyon, to ascertain the course of the Niger. This important question, the recent mission has, however, only involved in greater obscurity than ever. The chief political purpose of the mission was to reach Timbuctoo, and this it left wholly unaccomplished.

In order to effect both these leading points, Captain Clapperton, Dr. Oudney, and Major Denham, were directed to proceed by Tripoli to Mourzuk and Kouka, both in a line nearly due south of Tripoli. The two former officers made a short excursion from Mourzuk westwards, but their final purpose was to proceed from Kouka westwards to Timbuctoo, while Major Denham was still to penetrate as far south as he could, and occasionally to explore the countries in an eastern direction.

The mission left Tripoli in March, 1822, provided with a sufficient number of horses, camels, and servants, and contrary to the usual custom of English travellers in Africa, they wore their usual English dresses. It is satisfactory to find that on no occasion had they reason to regret their determination on this point. On their arrival at Sockna, half-way between Tripoli and Mourzuk, they were welcomed by the governor and principal inhabitants, accompanied by hundreds of the country people, who repeatedly hailed the strangers as

"Inglesi! Inglesi!" They reached Mourzuk on the 7th of April, without experiencing any other inconveniences than those so usual in Africa, the want of good water, and now and then a sand-storm. Here, however, they experienced a severe disappointment. Though they had letters to the Sultan of Mourzuk, from the Bashaw of Tripoli, directing that every assistance should be given in order to forward them on their journey southward, they were told that they could not proceed to Bornou without an escort of two hundred men, and that the preparations for this purpose would necessarily detain them at Mourzuk until the following spring. Major Denham returned to Tripoli, to represent this unexpected state of things to the Bashaw. The result was, that, after some delay, Boo-Khaloom, a rich merchant of the interior, who happened to be at Tripoli, was appointed, with an escort, to convey the mission to Bornou.

This Boo-Khaloom was an extraordinary sort of a person, —half merchant, half bandit,—who exercised very considerable influence on the subsequent proceedings of the mission. He headed the escort, mounted on a beautiful white Tunisian horse, the peak and rear of his saddle covered with gold, and his housings of scarlet cloth, richly bordered. His dress was also very splendid, and considering himself as the representative of the Bashaw, he assumed an imposing air of authority. The escort consisted chiefly of Arabs, under the command of their own sheikh, whose enlistment was procured upon conditions unknown at the time to Denham, but which afterwards occasioned no little trouble to all the parties. The cavalcade, or, to use the African term, the *kafila*, entered Mourzuk on the 30th of October, where Denham found his colleagues confined to their beds by severe illness, and both extremely reduced in their persons.

Dr. Oudney and Captain Clapperton had whiled away some of the months of the distressing interval, that had elapsed between Major Denham's journey to Tripoli and return to Mourzuk, in an excursion to Ghraat, to the westward of Mourzuk, of which we have an imperfect journal from the pen of the Doctor. He describes the greater number of the inhabitants as Tuaricks, who differ considerably from the people of Fezzan. They are of a warlike appearance; and in order to preserve their features from the influence of the sun, they muffle them up, so as to leave but a small part visible. They are fond of a nomade or wandering life, and have a sovereign contempt for those who live in villages or towns. The country is mountainous, and the Tuaricks usually pre-

fer the most secluded parts of it for their temporary abode. Dr. Oudney found, in the course of his excursion, a Roman building, whence he supposed that this was the road taken by some of the legions into the interior. In a valley called Trona, he saw a lake, from which a considerable quantity of that substance is obtained. Trona, or carbonate of soda, is formed by crystalization at the bottom of the lake, when the water is sufficiently saturated. The cakes vary in thickness from a fine film to two or three inches. In the winter it is thickest and best; and the lake, though small, yields 400 or 500 camel loads of it every year. It is very much used throughout northern Africa for its medical qualities: a considerable portion is sent to Tripoli, whence it finds its way to foreign markets.

Every exertion was made by Boo-Khaloom to get away as soon as possible from Mourzuk, which is an extremely unhealthy place. Mr. Ritchie and captain Lyon had suffered severely during their stay there, and all the members of the present mission were afflicted, while they were detained in that town, with one complaint or another. From the numerous arrangements, however, which were necessary to be made for the provisioning of so many persons, during a journey through a country destitute of all resources, Boo-Khaloom was not able to complete his preparations until the 26th of November, when the mission quitted Mourzuk for Kouka. They had a most fatiguing time of it in the early part of their route. The wells were generally surrounded by the bleached skeletons of slaves, who had been left to perish there by their savage masters. Upon arriving in the Tibboo country, they found numerous villages, and wells, and lakes that produced great quantities of salt and trona. The inhabitants were, however, industrious and hospitable; and those in the large towns, particularly the females, were of a superior class, 'some having extremely pleasing features, while the pearly white of their regular teeth was beautifully contrasted with the glossy black of their skin.' After leaving Bilma, they had to bid adieu to every appearance of vegetable production, and to enter on a desert, which required thirteen days to cross. The road lay over loose hills of fine sand, in which the camels sunk nearly knee-deep. The only landmarks by which the traveller can steer his course in these wilds are certain points in the dark sandstone-ridges, which from time to time raise their heads in the midst of this dry ocean of sand, for the face of the desert is constantly changed by the winds, which shift the sand-hills from place to place.

"Tremendously dreary are these marches: as far as the eye can reach, billows of sand bound the prospect. On seeing the solitary foot passenger of the *kafila*, with his water-flask in his hand, and bag of zumeeta (parched corn) on his head, sink at a distance beneath one of these (sand hills,) as he plods his way alone, hoping to gain a few paces in his long day's work, by not following the track of the camels, one trembles for his safety:—the obstacle passed which concealed him from the view, the eye is strained towards the spot in order to be assured that he has not been buried quick in the treacherous overwhelming sand."—Denham. p. 29.

After the travellers quitted the desert, the face of the country gradually improved, until they arrived at Lari, where they had first a view of the great lake Tchad, 'glowing with the golden rays of the sun in its strength.'—'My heart,' says Major Denham, 'bounded within in me at this prospect, for I believed this lake to be the key to the great object of our search.' This belief, however, he ultimately failed to strengthen into certainty, nor indeed has he added to it any thing by way of support beyond very loose conjecture. 'The lake was covered with a multitude of birds; and near its borders Major Denham saw a herd of upwards of one hundred and fifty elephants feeding in grounds which are annually overflowed by its waters. Some of these huge animals he represents to be sixteen feet high—an enormous bulk, if, indeed, the Major be not mistaken. The *kafila*, on their approach to Kouka, waded through a still water called Chugelarem, which was said to be a branch of the Tchad, and to be increased considerably by the overflowings of that lake in the rainy season. They also crossed a very considerable river called the Yeou, 'in some parts more than fifty yards wide, with a fine hard sandy bottom, and banks nearly perpendicular, and with a strong current running three miles and a half in an hour to the eastward.' One of the Arabs said that this was the Nile, and that it ran into the Tchad. Upon this information, however, no dependence could be placed, as it is well known that the name of the Nile is popularly given to many rivers besides the one to which it alone belongs. The Yeou is at times considerably wider and deeper than the *kafila* found it, and it is represented on the map as flowing into the great lake.

Before the mission entered Kouka, (on the 17th of February, 1823,) they were in a state of great uncertainty as to the manner in which they should be received there. They were the first Europeans who had approached so near it. The accounts which they had concerning its population were confused and contradictory, and they did not know whether 'they should find its chief at the head of thousands, or be received by him under a tree surrounded by a few naked slaves.'

What, then, must have been their surprise to see soon in front of them a body of several thousand cavalry, drawn up in line, mounted on small but perfect horses, and regulating all their movements with admirable precision and expertness! The Sheikh's first general, Barca Gana, appeared to be a 'negro of noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk tobe' (shirt,) and the Sheikh's body-guard of negroes were habited in 'coats of mail, composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse: some of them had helmets, or rather skull-caps, of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal. The representation given in one of the plates of a negro thus mounted and equipped resembles in every thing but the helmet and countenance an European knight in the chain armour of the chivalrous ages. After a good deal of ceremony, the mission were admitted within the gates of Kouka, and kindly received by the Sheikh, whose personal appearance was prepossessing, animated by an expressive countenance and a benevolent smile. He had previously ordered huts to be built for them, and told them he would be happy to gratify their wishes in every respect. At their next interview the Sheikh betrayed a spark of that vanity which seems to be natural to man in every clime and in every stage of society.

'The Sheikh showed evident satisfaction at our assurance, that the king of England had heard of Bornou and himself; and immediately turning to his kaganawha (counsellor,) said, "This is in consequence of our defeating the Begharmis." Upon which the chief who had most distinguished himself in these memorable battles, Bagah Furby, (the gatherer of horses,) seating himself in front of us, demanded, "Did he ever hear of me?" The immediate reply of "*Certainly*" did wonders for our cause. Exclamations were general; and, "Ah! then, your king must be a great man!" was re-echoed from every side.'—Denham, p. 68.

The travellers had presents of provisions, not in baskets, but by camel-loads. Bullocks, wheat, rice, butter, honey, and fish, were placed before their huts in such abundance, that the Sheikh must have had an extraordinary idea of their powers of consumption. One of the first novelties which they witnessed at Kouka was the market.

'Slaves, sheep, and bullocks, the latter in great numbers, were the principal live stock for sale. There was at least fifteen thousand persons gathered together, some of them coming from places two and three days distant. Wheat, rice, and gussub, were abundant; tamarinds in the pod, ground nuts, ban beans, ochroes, and indigo; the latter is very good, and

in great use amongst the natives, to dye their tobés (shirts) and linen, stripes of deep indigo colour, or stripes of it alternately with white, being highly esteemed by most of the Bornou women: the leaves are moistened and pounded up altogether, when they are formed into lumps, and so brought to market. Of vegetables there was a great scarcity—onions, bastard tomatoes, alone were offered for sale; and of fruits not any: a few limes, which the Sheikh had sent us from his garden, being the only fruit we had seen in Bornou. Leather was in great quantities; and the skins of the large snake, and pieces of the skin of the crocodile, used as an ornament for the scabbards of their daggers, were also brought to me for sale; and butter, leban (sour milk,) honey, and wooden bowls, from Soudan. The costumes of the women, who for the most part were the vendors, were various: those of Kanem and Bornou were most numerous, and the former was as becoming as the latter had a contrary appearance. The variety in costume amongst the ladies consists entirely in the head-ornaments; the only difference, in the scanty covering which is bestowed on other parts of the person, lies in the choice of the wearer, who either ties the piece of linen, blue or white, under the arms, and across the breasts, or fastens it rather fantastically on one shoulder, leaving one breast naked. The Kanemboos women have small plaits of hair hanging down all around the head, quite to the poll of the neck, with a roll of leather or string of little brass beads in front, hanging down from the centre on each side of the face, which has by no means an unbecoming appearance: they have sometimes strings of silver rings instead of the brass, and a large round silver ornament in front of their foreheads. The female slaves from Musgow, a large kingdom to the south-east of Mandara, are particularly disagreeable in their appearance, although considered as very trustworthy, and capable of great labour: their hair is rolled up in three large plaits, which extend from the forehead to the back of the neck, like the Bornows; one larger in the centre, and two smaller on each side: they have silver studs in their nose, and one large one just under the lower lip of the size of a shilling, which goes quite through into the mouth; to make room for this ornament, a tooth or two is sometimes displaced.”—Denham, pp. 69, 70.

Purchases are chiefly made by barter, or paid for by small beads, pieces of coral and amber, or coarse linen, which all the people manufacture, and is sold at the rate of forty yards for a dollar. The mission had not been many days at Kouka, when, through Boo-Khaloom, they received word from the Sheikh that ‘they should be welcome to see any part of his dominions, but that out of them he could not suffer the mission at present to go.’ The truth is, that these uncivilized rulers of central Africa have no conception of the motives which can induce foreigners to penetrate their remote and unhealthy dominions. They do not understand the curiosity of intelligent minds, and they suspect that some attack is secretly meditated against their own power, some design intended against their possessions or those of their people. It was even reported at Kouka, that one of the purposes of the mission was to build ships, in which they should embark upon the Tchad, and return to their own country, and then

that the white people would come and destroy them all! Some countenance was probably given to this rumour, by the fact that they were attended by a ship-carpenter, Hillman, who was found a very useful and faithful servant of the mission. The rumour, however, seems to have originated with some Mourzuk merchants, who had preceded them, and who no doubt apprehended that their trade in slaves, and in the produce of the country, would be injured by the strangers. Through the influence of Boo-Khaloom, however, the Sheikh was undeceived, and the presents which the mission gave him had a wonderful effect in their favour. He and the people of the town were particularly astonished by some rockets which were displayed for their amusement. Major Denham gives us the following as a sample of the best residences in Kouka. The habitation belonged to one of the sheikh's principal shouas, and consisted of two enclosures, besides one for his horses, cows, and goats.

‘In the first of these divisions was a circular hut, with a cupola top, well thatched with gussub straw, something resembling that of the Indian corn: the walls were of the same materials; a mud wall, of about two feet high, separated one part from the rest, and here his corn was kept; and a bench of like simple composition, at the opposite side, was his resting-place: this was covered with mats; and his spears, and wooden bowls for water and milk, hung on pegs, completed the furniture: here was his own apartment. In the second division there were two huts rather smaller, about ten paces from each other, in which dwelt his two wives: they were called to the door, and desired to salute me; but on looking up, uttered a scream, and hiding their faces with their hands, crept back again so quickly, as to make me almost ashamed of my complexion.’—Denham, pp. 75, 76.

Kouka is a very considerable town, and at the distance of sixteen miles from it is Angornou, also a large and populous town, where the Sheikh resided before he built Kouka. Two miles farther south, stands Birnie, which is walled, and is supposed to contain ten thousand inhabitants, who reside in huts similar to those in Kouka. The travellers visited Angornou and Birnie in company with Boo-Khaloom. At the latter place they were received by the sultan with the most prodigal hospitality. No fewer than seventy dishes of mutton and poultry, baked, boiled, and stewed, were sent to their residence for their dinner, each of which would have served at least half-a-dozen persons. The Sultan reigns by sufferance of the Sheikh; and though he lives in a mud-edifice he affects all the pomp, folly, and bigotry of the ancient negro sovereigns.

‘Large bellies and large heads are indispensable for those who serve the court of Bornou; and those who unfortunately possess not the former

by nature, or on whom lustiness will not be forced by cramming, make up the deficiency of protuberance by a wadding, which as they sit on the horse, gives the belly the curious appearance of hanging over the pommel of the saddle. The eight, ten, and twelve shirts, of different colours, that they wear, one over the other, help a little to increase this greatness of person: the head is enveloped in folds of muslin or linen of various colours, though mostly white, so as to deform it as much as possible; and those whose turban seemed to be the most studied had the effect of making the head appear completely on one side. Besides this they are hung all over with charms, inclosed in little red leather parcels strung together; the horse, also, has them round his neck, in front of his head, and about the saddle.'—Denham, pp. 78, 79.

The sultan generally appears in his court in a sort of cage; he is distinguished by wearing a larger turban than any of his subjects, and his face, from the nose downwards, is completely covered. Angornou is represented as the largest and most populous town of Bornou. It is said to contain at least thirty thousand inhabitants, and the huts are generally more commodious and extensive than those of Kouka. There is a public market once a-week, which the natives said was attended in peaceable times sometimes by eighty or a hundred thousand persons. Fish, flesh, and fowls, are abundant there. The only vegetables are tomatas and onions. Linen is so cheap that the males generally wear shirts and trousers. Want of the latter bespeaks extreme poverty. The principal demand is for amber and coral; pieces of brass are also much sought after, and readily bring money, whereas all other sorts of merchandize are paid for in slaves, or tobies. The men are well grown, but the mouth is large, the lips thick, and to a stranger the features appear ugly. Beauty of this description is all relative. Many of the people in the market, when they saw the white English faces, ran away from them 'irresistibly affrighted.' It would seem, however, that nature has constructed the organs of hearing in every order of the human race upon the same plan. Upon Denham's return to Kouka he showed the Sheikh a musical box.

'He was at first greatly astonished, and asked several questions, exclaiming, "*A gieb! gieb!*" "Wonderful! wonderful!" but the sweetness of the Swiss Ranz-des-Vaches which it played, at last overcame every other feeling: he covered his face with his hand and listened in silence; and on one man near him breaking the charm by a loud exclamation, he struck him a blow which made all his followers tremble. He instantly asked, "If one twice as large would not be better?" I said "Yes; but it would be twice as dear."—"By G—!" said he, "if one thousand dollars would purchase it, it would be cheap." '—Denham, p. 85.

The major very adroitly presented the box to the Sheikh, and thus advanced at once to the highest degree of intimacy and

favour with him. This circumstance Denham turned to immediate advantage, by obtaining permission to visit the Tchad, which lies about fifteen miles eastward from Kouka. He observed 'evident proofs of its overflowings and recedings near the shores; but beyond was an expanse of waters as far as the eye could reach east and south-east.' The lake produces fine mullet, in great abundance, which is easily captured, and almost as easily cooked; 'a stick is run through the mouth of the fish and quite along the belly to the tail: this stick is then stuck in the ground, with the head of the fish downwards, and inclined towards the fire; and by turning them constantly by the tail, they are most excellently dressed. Great numbers of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, were seen in the neighbourhood of the lake; but it is infested by such myriads of mosquitoes, and other venomous insects, that it is scarcely possible for man or beast to remain long on its immediate borders. Had it not been for this intolerable nuisance, Denham says that as he pursued the course of the water he saw spots where he could with delight have pitched his tent for a week. Some of the villages through which he passed were quite new, and occupied by emigrants from Kenemboo; 'than whom,' he says, 'I never saw handsomer or better formed people.' On this occasion, however, Denham acquired little information concerning the lake, his excursion was limited, and he returned to Kouka.

We have already said that the real motives of the Arabs in joining the escort under Boo-Khaloom were not quite apparent at the commencement of the journey. They now became much more so. Boo-Khaloom's purpose was to dispose of his merchandise to the best advantage: the great object of the Arabs was to be led to Mandary upon an expedition of plunder, or, as they call it, a ghrizzie. They began to mutiny; and were so violent, that Boo-Khaloom was obliged to yield to their demand, although it is due to his memory to say that he resisted the scheme as far as it was possible. It was to this expedition that major Denham so imprudently, as we think, attached himself in order to have an opportunity of exploring the Mandara country. He took this step against the positive directions of his friend the Sheikh; and, after some delay, on the 17th of April, he joined the Arabs and the Sheikh's people on their march, the former under the command of Boo-Khaloom, the latter under Barca Gana, already mentioned. Their course was due south of Kouka. They passed on the 18th and 19th through Deegoa, a large walled town, containing a population of thirty thou-

sand; Affagay, another large and populous town, and several villages. The road consisted of several narrow paths, passable only for one horse at a time, and these obstructed by prickly trees which hang over them. Twelve pioneers, who carried long forked poles, were employed to keep back the branches; and as they moved on, they gave animation to the march, by perpetually crying out something about the road.

‘ For example: “ Take care of the holes!—avoid the branches!—Here is the road!—take care of the tulloh!—its branches are like spears, worse than spears! Keep off the branches!”—“ For whom?” “ Barca Gana.”—“ Who in battle is like rolling thunder?”—“ Barca Gana!”—“ Now for Mandara!—now for the Kerdies!—now for the battle of spears!—Who is our leader?”—“ Barca Gana.”—“ Here is the wadey, but no water.”—“ God be praised!”—“ In battle, who spreads terror around him like a buffalo in his rage?”—“ Barca Gana.” ’—Denham, p. 106.

On the 20th they reached Delahay, ‘ a spot surrounded by large wide-spreading acacias, affording a delightful shade’ and abundance of excellent water, a most acceptable blessing where the thermometer was seldom under 113° in the most secluded place. The first town which they entered in Mandara is called Delow: it contains 10,000 inhabitants, has springs of good water, and in the neighbouring vallies are odoriferously shrubs and fig-trees. They were received in a friendly manner by the sultan of Mandara, who met them on a rising ground, surrounded by five hundred horsemen, who were finely dressed in Soudan tobes of different colours, bournouses of coarse scarlet cloth, and large turbans of white or dark cotton. Their horses were beautiful, and they managed them with great skill. ‘ The Sultan’s guard was composed of thirty of his sons, all mounted on very superior horses, clothed in striped silk tobes; and the skin of the tiger-cat and leopard formed their shabracks, which hung fully over their horses’ haunches.’ The Sultan was an intelligent little man of about fifty, with a beard dyed ‘ of a most beautiful sky-blue.’ Upon learning that Major Denham was not Moslem, he had no further intercourse with him. The sultan refused permission to Boo-Khaloom to invade the country of the Kerdies, an inferior tribe, which supplies the sultan with numerous slaves. Boo-Khaloom asserted the Kerdies to be christians, but Denham disbelieved him, from the uncouth appearance which some of them exhibited, and their propensity to eat horse-flesh; he had, however, no means of ascertaining whether the assertion was really devoid of foundation. After being delayed some days by the indecision of the sultan, the marauders moved on the 25th of April, to the

SEPTEMBER, 1826.—NO. 287. 33

east of Delow. The country is here mountainous. In the vallies they found verdure and shade, and saw several of those enormous trees called gubberah, which resemble the fig-tree without its fruit. Their trunks commonly measure ten and twelve yards in circumference near the root, and their branches sometimes cover more than half an acre of ground.

As the party advanced, the mountain-scenery improved in beauty and richness, and they saw before them, to the south, mountains still higher, and more magnificent. They proceeded through a frightful and difficult pass called the Horza, after which nature seemed to wear a new dress. Flowers, vegetables, and fruits, were abundant. On the road the expedition was joined by the sultan of Mandara, with a considerable force; and the whole body now exceeding three thousand men. They formed into regular columns on the morning of the 28th, and proceeded to attack some small towns inhabited by the Felatahs. We have already observed that the Felatah tribe, or rather tribes, are exceedingly powerful in the interior of Africa. They extend through the whole of Soudan quite to Timbuctoo, and they are found in great numbers at D'jennie on the Quolla. They have a peculiar language of their own. They are Moslem, and a handsome as well as brave race of people, wholly distinct from the negroes, and of a deep copper colour. They had several times conquered Mandara, but were at last driven from it to the mountains by the present Sultan, who deemed them a most formidable enemy, and was rejoiced at having an opportunity of directing the energies of Boo-Khaloom and his Arabs against them. After burning Dirkulla and another small town near it, and putting to death, or consigning to the flames the few inhabitants who were found in them, consisting chiefly of infants and aged persons unable to escape, they proceeded to attack Musfeia, in latitude  $9^{\circ} 10'$  north, which was built on a rising ground among the mountains, and capable of being defended against double the force now brought against it. It was defended very resolutely by the Felatahs, whose weapons were the spear and bow and poisoned arrow. The Arabs soon took flight, a course of proceeding in which they were instantly followed by their auxiliaries, the sultan leading the way. Major Denham's horse was disabled by an arrow-wound, and it was with great difficulty he fled from the field, after being stripped absolutely naked by the Felatahs. The narrative of his escape is highly interesting, but too long to be extracted. All their baggage was abandoned to the enemy, and numbers of the invaders were speared to death, of

sunk under the effects of the poisoned arrow wounds. Among them perished Boo-Khaloom himself, who was wounded by an arrow in the foot. Thus terminated this expedition, in the signal discomfiture of those who planned it in injustice, and, as far as they were permitted, carried it on with cruelty. Major Denham unfortunately acquired little in the way of his mission to compensate him for the severe sufferings which he most unnecessarily brought upon himself.

Musfeia is distant from Kouka about 230 miles, but such was the haste with which the Arabian remnant of the expedition retreated, that major Denham and they arrived at Kouka in about seven days after the battle. He lost almost every thing, his trunk, linen, canteens, azimuth-compass, drawing-case, and some sketches of the Mandara mountains. The inhabitants were unanimous in reporting that 'these mountains extend southward for two months' journey; and one who represented he had been twenty days south of Mandara said that he had travelled over mountains ten times higher than those of Mandara: he called them "mountains of the moon." 'If this account be true, and it is by no means improbable, the obvious conjecture is, that they belong to the same chain as the moon-mountains in which the Nile is supposed to take its rise. The same person spoke of several rivers and lakes which he saw in the course of his journey, one of which he represented as flowing eastward to the Nile.

On his return from Musfeia, major Denham, accompanied by Dr. Oudney, made an excursion westward to Soudan (now in ruins) with the Sheikh, who marched through that country in order to reduce the Munga people to obedience. The object of the expedition was effected, by the Sheikh's tact and management without any fighting, which was of the more importance, as they are a powerful race, and can bring ten thousand bowmen into the field. They are described as having all the simplicity, good nature and ugliness of the people of Bornou. The chief object of Dr. Oudney's and major Denham's attention was the river Gambarou, which is said, in some parts, to be as wide as the Thames at Windsor, but the water appeared quite stationary. They were told, however, that in the rainy season it flows in a strong current eastward, and in the map it is made to join the Yeou, which is tributary to the Tchad.

During the rainy season, the mission remained at Kouka. Rains incessantly fall during the months of August and September, increasing every day till about the latter part of September, when they sensibly diminish. This corresponds with

the inundation of the Nile, which is at its height on the 25th of September; but still it does not prove the existence of any communication between the Tchad and that mighty stream. During the rains, almost the whole face of the country round Kouka is covered with the waters; and the probability is, that when the bed of the lake overflows, a great portion of the superincumbent weight of waters finds its way into the Nile through many channels which, when the inundation is subsided, are no longer visible. While the rains prevailed, all the members of the mission, and, indeed, the greater number of the inhabitants, were extremely ill at Kouka. Towards the latter end of October, cool winds purified the air; and about the middle of December, Dr. Oudney and captain Clapperton set out with a *kafila* on their journey westward, while major Denham, who about the same time was joined by a new colleague, lieutenant Toole, proceeded on an excursion to Loggun, to the south-east of Kouka, in order to explore the course of the river Shary. In this object they were foiled by the fear of the jealousy of the sultan of Loggun; and in the course of their journey the climate was fatal to Mr. Toole, who is represented by his companion to have been a young officer of great promise. In the following April (1824) Mr. Tyrwhit, who, we believe, was appointed to act as consul at Kouka, arrived there, and in June he accompanied major Denham on an expedition to the eastern side of the Tchad, which was unattended by any satisfactory results. We regret to learn that Mr. Tyrwhit has also fallen a victim to the climate. After an excursion, equally fruitless, to the north-eastern banks of the Tchad, major Denham and captain Clapperton, (who had returned from his western journey) repassed their former road to Tripoli, and after an absence of three years reached England in safety.

The limitation of our space prevents us from following captain Clapperton in his very interesting journal. Dr. Oudney died at Murmur; and his companion, from causes which he does not detail, was not able to penetrate farther westward than Sackatoo, which, as well as a great part of the country round it, is under the rule of the Felatahs. One of the first questions asked by the sultan Bello related to major Denham's appearance with the party of Boo-Khaloom in that unfortunate expedition against the Felatahs at Musfeia. Captain Clapperton endeavoured to explain the matter as well as he could. Bello is described as an extremely intelligent person, very anxious to enter into commercial relations with England, for which the proximity of his dominions to the Bight of

Benin affords great facilities. He has also promised to do every thing in his power to put a stop to the slave trade, which has been principally carried on in that quarter. The whole of the Felatah country is described as superior in many respects to those parts of Africa, which were traversed by Denham. According to popular report Mungo Park's death occurred at a very short distance from Sackatoo. This town is situated  $13^{\circ} 4' 50''$  north lat. and  $6^{\circ} 12'$  east long. It is the most populous which Clapperton saw in Africa, though only twenty years have elapsed since its foundation. Clapperton's visit to it is likely to be attended with the most important results, as in consequence of an arrangement which he made with the sultan he has already gone out by way of Benin upon a second mission, most probably empowered by our government to enter into arrangements of a permanent nature. We may, therefore, look forward to fresh discoveries in northern and western Africa, of a more interesting character; and we do feel not a little proud in believing that the extension of British influence in that quarter will be followed by the utter destruction of the slave-trade, the first great step in the civilization of millions who have hitherto been unknown to Europe.

---

For the Port Folio.

#### LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

It is stated in a Boston paper that the renegade Paine, shortly before the close of his wretched career, committed to the care of Mr. Jefferson, to be used as he might think proper, a work in Ms. entitled "the Religion of the Sun." We cordially unite with the editor of one of our Philadelphia papers in condemning any thing of that description, from such a source, to the hands of the common hangman. There is, extant, a very sensible letter from Dr. Franklin to this blasphemous and malevolent vagabond on the subject of one of his irreligious performances which the Doctor advised him to suppress.

A gentleman connected with captain Partridge's seminary in New England proposes to publish a collection of American speeches in fifty octavo volumes!

In the "Memoirs of the Prince of Montbarey" who was minister of war in 1779 to Lewis XVI, we find that Statesman asserting "that France was secretly urging on the Americans to insurrection long before the revolutionary war actually broke out; and his reflections upon that contest, its causes and consequences, are," says the editor of the London

Literary Gazette, "neither very favourable to the Americans nor to their famous defender Lafayette." The book which is here referred to has not yet reached this country, and therefore we must take this representation of its contents from the flippant pages of the Gazette. It is not at all unlikely that the French government availed themselves of so favourable an opportunity to annoy an inveterate enemy as that conjuncture afforded; but the world has long ceased to question the causes of our revolution; and the consequences of that event are witnessed daily in the diffusion of knowledge and the increase of happiness. The "famous defender" of that glorious cause can now no longer be assailed by obloquy or suspicion. Whatever may be thought of his judgment on some momentous occasions, in his own country, no man of candour now ventures to impeach his motives. In an active career of half a century he has earnestly laboured to promote the best interests of his fellow creatures, and he enjoys, in his old age, a rich reward in the whispers of his own breast and the testimony of every wise and good man.

A premium of one hundred dollars is offered at Albany for the best essay or criticism on the different spelling books now in use. It will be awarded by governor Clinton; A. C. Flagg acting superintendant of the common schools and T. Romeyn Beck, M. D. principal of the Albany Academy. We trust that this may produce an investigation which is much wanted. The public has long been imposed upon by a mass of trash, under the name of *improved* books for the use of children, which is generally pushed into the market by the weight of certificates from prominent individuals inconsiderately or ostentatiously given. So little qualified are many of these *common vouchers* for the office which they thus assume, that we have heard of certificates in favour of a grammar which contained as many blunders as lines. One of these purported to be the joint production of two or three professors of colleges and half a score of M. D.'s—a portion of our community which appears to be always on the alert, when *names* are to be brought into public view. A particular description of the members of the bar have manifested, lately, a disposition to take a share in this business. Thus between a desire of notoriety on the one part, and of gain on another—both concealed under a *wish to improve the rising generation*—the public is abused—and the poor children, bewildered by various systems, become disgusted with all.

The celebrated *Gregoire*, bishop of Blois, has published an ingenious pamphlet on "The nobility of the Skin, or the Prejudice of the Whites against the colour of the Africans

and their Descendants, whether of pure or mixed blood." The Abbe argues his case with great force, and communicates much curious historical information on the subject of the blacks. He does not ask for their immediate emancipation, but he insists that, for our own sakes, they should be prepared for freedom. We believe that this would be about as unprofitable an undertaking as teaching an elephant to fly. These philanthropists had better occupy themselves in ameliorating the condition of this unfortunate class of beings by the inculcation of obedience and industry on the one hand and kindness and real policy on the other. The blacks in Philadelphia and New York, who have been brought to these cities, chiefly by the influence of mistaken benevolence, are nuisances, although they have had all the advantages of schools and churches, with black bishops to boot. As long as the whites and the blacks are inseparable, which we fear must always be the case, this prejudice, as the Abbe terms it, will be felt, and the *nobility of the skin* truly asserted. Wo be to the land where

Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray  
Mingle, mingle, mingle, as they mingle may."

The great mystery, respecting the *Man in the Iron mask* has recently been solved by a publication, bearing this title (in French.) This person is shown to have been a confidential agent of the duke of Mantua, who had given offence to Louis XIV.

A writer in the last Quarterly Review has depicted the character of Washington with force and brevity, when, in speaking of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor he says,—“of his erect figures, WASHINGTON is our favourite; the hero of American Independence seems the very personification of one wrapt in thought—a man of few words and prompt deeds, WITH A MIND AND FORTITUDE FOR ALL EMERGENCIES.”

“*The Boyne Water*,” republished in New York from the English press, is another imitation of the Waverley tales, and though it comes from the pen of a writer of great powers as a novelist, it must be pronounced a servile copy. The scene is laid in Ireland, and the time selected is one of the most memorable periods in the annals of that wretched country. It is a highly coloured narration of the struggle between the partizans of James II, and William III; and the author has introduced many of the most conspicuous personages of that day into his canvas with singular freshness and individuality. He disclaims all design of kindling or perpetuating the civil and religious discussions which belong to this subject; but if conciliation be his object, it is not to be attained by such

a performance as this is. The mild and even amiable character which he gives to James II, and the proposition in his preface that "Englishmen have ceased to attribute to the deposed monarch such civil tyranny, and such plotting against their religion, as his hostile cotemporaries found it politic to lay at his door," evince that he writes under a strong bias altogether at variance with the impartiality which he assumes. The subject will always be debateable ground, which might be left to the zealots of party; at any rate we should wish to keep from it a writer who has shown such capacity to amuse, when he draws from the stores of his own fancy. This is abundantly displayed in his "Tales by the O'Hara Family," which describe the eccentricities of the Irish people with admirable effect. As we have intimated, we feel no desire to enter into the political disquisitions which form the main design of this work, and the plot is so simple as to be scarcely worth explanation. The interest arises from the double attachment of a young protestant and his sister and a young catholic and his sister, which is interrupted by the civil war of 1685, in which the gentlemen espouse opposite sides. The mutual reserve which they preserve as to their political engagements, at the moment when they are bound by the ties of friendship and joyfully anticipating a closer connexion, is unnatural. But if we had not something unnatural in the beginning of a love tale, to throw matters out of order, novelists would be confined to the dull details of a matrimonial fireside or the still more dismal din of the nursery: either of which alternatives a genuine novel reader eschews. Scenes of powerful interest arise out of the conflicting feelings and duties of the several parties, in this novel, of the which author avails himself with skill and success. The preparations for the nuptials in the castle of lord Antrim, may be cited; and also that in which the bloody Galmoy order Edmund and Evelyn,—the two heroes of the tale—to be shot. But we shall not follow the author into these details. We have spoken of the servility of the imitation. The reader will recognize in the crazy sybil, Onah, his old acquaintance, Norna of the Fitful Head—Eva M'Donnell is a full cousin to Flora M'Ivor and Diana Vernon—Evelyn and Waverley belong to the same family. The battle between the reverend bruisers, Walker and O'Haggerty, would not have been fought if Bothwell and Burley had not set the example; nor would Evelyn have suspected that his mistress had put on a pair of inexpressibles to seek revenge for his supposed perfidy, if Roland Græme, had not in the same manner, mistaken the brother of Catharine Seyton for the fair damsel herself.

## THE HERO'S ORPHAN GIRLS.

A BALLAD. BY MR. C. F. WEBB.

Oh lady! buy these budding flowers,  
 For I am cold, and wet, and weary;  
 I gathered them ere break of day,  
 When all was lonely, still, and dreary;  
 And long have sought to sell them here,  
 To purchase clothes, and food, and dwelling,  
 For Valour's wretched orphan girls—  
 Poor me, and my young sister Ellen.

Ah, those who tread life's thornless way,  
 In Fortune's golden sunshine basking,  
 May deem that Misery wants not aid,  
 Because her lips are mute—unasking;  
 They pass along—and if they gaze,  
 'Tis with an eye all hope repelling—  
 Yet once a crowd of flatterers fawn'd,  
 And fortune smiled on me and Ellen.

Oh, buy my flowers! they're fair, and fresh  
 As mine and Morning's tears could keep them—  
 To-morrow's sun will view them dead,  
 And I shall scarcely live to weep them;  
 Yet this sweet bud, if nursed with care,  
 Soon into fulness would be swelling—  
 And nurtured by some generous hand,  
 So might my little sister Ellen.

She sleeps within a hollow tree,  
 Her only home—its leaves her bedding;  
 And I've no food to carry there,  
 To sooth the tears she will be shedding!  
 Oh that those mourners, gushing griefs—  
 The pastor's prayer—and bell's sad knelling—  
 And that deep grave, were meant for me  
 And my poor little sister Ellen!

When we in silence are laid down,  
 In life's last, fearless, blessed sleeping,  
 No tears will dew our humble grave,  
 Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping;  
 Unknown we live—unknown must die—  
 No tongue the mournful tale be telling  
 Of two young, broken-hearted girls—  
 Poor Mary and her sister Ellen!

SEPTEMBER, 1826.—No. 287. 34

No one has bought of me to-day,  
 And night-winds now are sadly sighing;  
 And I, like these poor drooping flowers,  
 Unnoticed and unwept am dying;—  
 My soul is struggling to be free—  
 It loathes its wretched, earthly dwelling;  
 My limbs refuse to bear their load—  
 Oh God, protect lone orphan Ellen!

---

### ON THE PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY MISS RUSSELL MITFORD.

SEE fairest among many fair,  
 Yon graceful maid with smiling air,  
 And cheek as bright as summer even!  
 Warm from the dance she seems to spring;  
 And the light gales above her fling,  
 Her silken scarf in floating ring,  
 Like rainbow in th' autumnal heaven.  
 One snowy arm she lifts to bind  
 The dark curls sporting in the wind;  
 And one half raised as if to fly,  
 With fairy foot keeps equal measure:  
 Joy sparkles in her radiant eye;  
 Her light form seems to bound on high;  
 And motion snatches grace from pleasure.

Such the fair form—the fairer mind,  
 'Tis not in painter's art to bind.  
 That form with ever-changing grace  
 Flits like the borealis race,  
 In variable spell;  
 That mind like planet star we trace,  
 Bright and unchangeable,  
 In its own time its course to run  
 And Virtue the light-giving sun.

Ill it beseems the playful Muse  
 Such grave unwonted theme to choose;  
 She better loves her darts to try  
 At the wide mark of prophecy.  
 Imp with gay plume, the wings of time,  
 And deal her spells in careless rhyme.

Her magic wand, my maiden fair,  
 Has chang'd that sylph-like bounding air

To matron softness, claim yet free,  
 Just such as ten years hence 'twill be.  
 She would not one dark ringlet shred,  
 Nor fade one tint of native red;  
 Nor steal one lightening-beam that flies  
 Warm from expression's all—thine eyes;  
 Nor rob thee of the smiles that dart  
 From kindness' better home—thy heart.  
 But with those glossy locks she'd chain  
 One wedded follower to thy train;  
 Those native blushes still should flow  
 As brightly on their bed of snow,  
 But one alone should bid them glow:  
 Those powerful glances still should melt  
 Though only one their influence felt;  
 Those smiles their sweet enchantment send  
 To charm the husband and the friend.

*Bertram House, 1811.*

---

[Sir Philip Sidney,—a name that will ever be associated with all that is romantic in chivalry, unsullied in honour, and exquisite in taste—in conjunction with his sister, Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, completed a translation of the *Psalms*, of which it is not too much to say, that it contains more of the genuine spirit of poetry, than all the other translations put together. We offer a few extracts in support of what has just been affirmed. The spelling is modernized.]

Nigh seated where the river flows  
 That watered Babel's thankful plain;  
 Which then our tears in pearled rows,  
 Did help to water with their rain;  
 The thought of Sion bred such woes,  
 That, though our harps we did retain;  
 Yet useless and untouched there  
 On willows only hanged were.

Now, while our harps were hanged so,  
 The man whose captives there we lay,  
 Did on our griefs insulting go,  
 And more to grieve us thus did say;  
 "You that of music make such show,  
 Come, sing us now a Sion lay."  
 "O no, we have nor voice nor hand  
 For such a song in such a land."

Though far I lie, sweet Sion hill,  
 In foreign soil exiled from thee,  
 Yet let my hand forget its skill  
 If ever thou forgotten be—  
 Yea, let my tongue fast glued still  
 Unto my roof lie mute in me,  
 If thy neglect within me spring,  
 Or aught I do but Salem sing!

Never was the affecting penitence of David, more accurately and faithfully expressed than in the following:

### PSALM LI.

O Lord, whose grace no limits comprehend,  
 Dear Lord, whose mercies stand from measures free,  
 To me that grace, to me that mercy send,  
 And wipe, O Lord, my sins from sinful me,  
 O cleanse, O wash, my foul iniquity.  
 Cleanse still my spots, still wash away my stainings,  
 Till stains and spots in me leave no remainings.

My mother, lo! when I began to be  
 Conceiving me, with me did sin conceive,  
 And, as with living head she cherished me,  
 Corruption did like cherishing receive,  
 But lo! thy love to purest good did cleave;  
 My inward truth, which hardly else discerned,  
 My forward soul in thy hid school had learned, &c.

Where is the translation of that exquisite passage in Psalm 139, that can equal the following?

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye  
 O whither might I take my way!  
 To starry sphere?  
 Thy throne is there.

To dead men's undelightful stay?—  
 There is thy walk—and there to lie  
 Unknown, in vain I would assay.

O sun, whom light nor flight can match,  
 Suppose thy lightful, flightful wings  
 'Thou lend to me,  
 And I could flee  
 As far as thee the evening brings,  
 Even led to west, he would me catch,  
 Nor should I lurk with western things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,  
 In thy sable veil to cover me;  
     Thy sable veil  
     Shall vainly fail.  
 With day unmasked my night shall be  
 For night is day, and darkness night,  
 O Father of all lights to thee.

---

ROBERT BURNS.

The following beautiful stanzas on the Scottish Poet, were written by Montgomery on occasion of the anniversary of Burns' Birth-day, being celebrated at Sheffield, 8th March, 1820. As they have not appeared in any edition of his works, our readers will, no doubt, be gratified by seeing them preserved in the Port Folio.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,  
     Can with the Bard compare,  
 Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,  
     As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS,  
     For whim or pleasure change;  
 He was not one, but all, by turns,  
     With transmigration strange:—

The Blackbird, oracle of Spring,  
     When flow'd his moral lay;  
 The Swallow wheeling on the wing,  
     Capriciously at play:—

The Humming-bird from bloom to bloom,  
     Inhaling heavenly balm;  
 The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;  
     The Halcyon, in the calm:

In 'auld Kirk Alloway,' the Owl,  
     At witching time of night;  
 By 'bonny Doon' the earliest fowl,  
     That carol'd to the light:—

He was the Wren amidst the grove,  
     When in his homely vein;  
 At Bannock-burn the Bird of Jove,  
     With thunder in his train:—

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours;  
     The Goldfinch in his mirth;  
 The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,  
     Enrapturing heaven and earth.

The Swan, in majesty and grace,  
 Contemplative and still;  
 But roused,—no Falcon in the chase  
 Could, like his satire, kill:—

The Linnet, in simplicity;  
 In tenderness the Dove:  
 But more than all beside, was He  
 The Nightingale, in love.

Oh! had he never stooped to shame,  
 Nor lent a charm to vice,  
 How had Devotion lov'd to name,  
 The Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir  
 Of minstrels, great and small,  
 He sprang from his spontaneous fire,  
 The Phœnix of them all!

## OBITUARY.

Died 3d Aug. at Philadelphia, *Henry Ewing*, aged 23.

At Richmond, Va. æt. 23, *Joseph T. Lisle*, eldest son of John Lisle of Philadelphia. These two individuals were classmates, and equally distinguished for the gentleness of their manners and their high sense of moral obligation.

“God gives his favourites early graves.”

18th. At Burlington, N. J. *Bloomfield McIlvaine*, of Philadelphia, Attorney at Law. With manners singularly attractive, an openness and candour of disposition calculated to win the esteem of even a casual acquaintance—to those with whom he was connected by the ties of professional interest or personal regard, his death is peculiarly an object of regret. As a young man, his career was that of a diligent and persevering student; as a lawyer, his path was that of strict adherence to honourable precept; and his success such as high intellectual endowments and indefatigable industry always secure. Under the same roof with a dying parent, whose sufferings excited in his bosom the most anxious solicitude in the midst of his own, he sank quietly to rest a few hours before, in the order of Providence, that being was summoned to whom he owed his existence.—The members

of the Bar of Philadelphia and those of the Law Academy, united in the usual testimonials of respect for his memory.

*Joseph M. Ilvaine*, father of the individual just named, died on the same day, as just intimated. He had long been regarded as one of the most eloquent and efficient lawyers, at the bar of New Jersey. For many years he had borne the office of District Attorney for that state, and, at the period of his demise, he was a Senator in the Congress of the United States.

---

For the Port Folio.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

*August, 1826.*

*Maine.*—The amount of bills in circulation, in June 1825, returned by the banks, was \$1,029,272; in January 1826, \$657,581; and, omitting those of the Kennebunk bank, in June 1826, \$552,252. The Kennebunk bank has been embarrassed in consequence of the directors having borrowed from it more than they were able to pay.

*New Hampshire.*—A heavy rain having loosened the soil on one of the mountains, a mass descended with rapidity, accumulating as it rolled, and carrying with it hundreds of trees and other obstructions, and spreading in width as it moved. It needed only to have been mixed with a molten mass, to have resembled the lava of a volcano. It ran half a mile to the valley, where it formed an almost perpendicular embankment, about 12 or 14 feet high. It paused near the bank of the river. If it had continued it would have dammed it up to a considerable height, and probably caused great destruction when the water broke the barrier. No person or building was injured.

*Massachusetts.*—There are 44 places of public worship in Boston, including 5 missionary chapels, one school house. The Unitarians have 12, the Trinitarians 25, the Univer-

salists 3, Catholics 2, Christians 2.

The attempt to raise a fund by voluntary subscription in Boston, for Mr. Jefferson, entirely failed.

It appears from the returns from 128 towns in this state, that the amount paid for public instruction is \$163,929, and the number of scholars 71,159. The amount of private tuition fees in the same towns is \$158,809, and the number of scholars in private schools 18,143. The sum paid for public instruction is about \$2.30 for each scholar.

A *Gymnasium for ladies* has been established in Boston. The New York Times suggests that "if this kind of education becomes general, it will be necessary that the militia should be more strictly disciplined, and strengthened by numbers and frequent drilling."

*Rhode Island.*—The circulation of the banks in May 1825, was \$1,021,599; which was reduced to \$832,621 in May, 1826.

*Connecticut.*—The Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, contains 115 scholars. The males devote part of the day to the acquisition of trades. Those who enter under legislative patronage, are generally sent for the term of four years.

*New York.*—Very great excite-

ment prevails in New York in consequence of various Bills of Indictment having been found by the grand jury against several individuals, who have always occupied a high standing in the commercial world, and who appear to have subjected themselves to responsibilities, unpleasant at the least, in consequence of their situations as Directors, &c. The evils arising from the facility with which charters were obtained for companies merely for the purpose of speculating on the credulity of the citizens generally, begin now to develop themselves. A few individuals have drawn ample sums from the pockets of the community, while the widow and the orphan have been bereaved of their support.

Some idea of the increase of travelling may be formed from the fact that the steam-boat Constitution from Albany, brought one day to New York, 450 passengers; and the Thistle from Brunswick, (Philadelphia line) brought 500. The passage money would amount to about \$2000.

*Pennsylvania.*—Mr. Koch, in the neighbourhood of Greensburgh has a horse, still serviceable, between 30 and 40 years age.

Three years ago the site on which the village of Erie stands was a wilderness and the path of the Indian,

the only path for the adventurous traveller. Now it has upwards of 1000 inhabitants, and the roads leading to Buffalo, Cleaveland and Pittsburgh, the three points of intercourse, equal to any in the western part of the Union. From these three places there are twenty-seven arrivals of stages at Erie, every week, all of which remain there for the night. From Buffalo there are fourteen arrivals; from Cleaveland, ten; and from Pittsburgh, three: three years ago there were only three arrivals altogether; once a week from Cleaveland in a one-horse wagon, and once from Pittsburgh in a hack. Now there is not a vehicle, for the conveyance of travellers, enters Erie, but post-coaches, with teams equal, if not superior, to any in Pennsylvania. In addition to these there are three steam-boats, and from two to ten schooners which enter and clear out every week.

*Ohio.*—They exhibit, at Cincinnati, a collection of bones of some non-descript animal, one of which is said to be 20 feet long, 3 feet wide, and weighing upwards of 1200 lbs. The ribs are said to be 9 feet long, and the other bones of the same proportion.

*Louisiana.*—Mr. Loiseau, of New Orleans, has discovered a remedy for drunkenness, which he considers a disease.

---

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We beg leave to call the attention of our patrons to the embellishment of the present number. Wilson's Ornithology is now very scarce, and the price of it is so high that few can afford to purchase it. We propose to select from it, from time to time, the most striking descriptions and to accompany them with coloured engravings, according to the specimen exhibited in this number. It is necessary, however, to add, that the expense will require an augmentation of our subscription list, to effect which we ask the assistance of those who are friendly to the undertaking.*





TRENTON FALLS.

# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

---

For the Port Folio.

## TRENTON FALLS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

This number is embellished with a view of Trenton Falls in the State of New York. The scene is thus described in “the Northern Traveller:”

“This most interesting object is well worthy the attention of every person of taste, being justly considered one of the first natural scenes in this part of the country. It will be necessary to get a horse or carriage at Utica, as no stage coach runs that way; and to set off in the morning, as the whole day is not too long for the excursion. Guide posts have been recently erected along the road, so that strangers will find the way without difficulty. An excellent inn is kept near the falls by Mr. Sherman, who has a large collection of rare and interesting petrifications collected among the rocks, well worthy of examination.

“From this house you descend a long staircase down the steep bank of the West Canada Creek, which has cut a frightful chasm through a rocky range, in some places 150 feet deep, and is seen gliding swiftly by, through a declining channel below. The chasm continues for four miles, and presents the most interesting variety of cascades and rapids, boiling pools, and eddies, that can easily be imagined. The passage or chasm between the rocks is every where very narrow, and in some places barely of sufficient breadth to permit the stream to pass; while the rocks rise perpendicularly on each side, or sometimes even project a considerable distance over

OCTOBER, 1826.—NO. 288.

35

head, so that it has been often necessary to form an artificial path by means of gunpowder. These places appear dangerous, but only require a little caution and presence of mind to ensure the safety of the visiter, as strong iron chains are fixed into the rock to offer him security. There are four principal cataracts, between the staircase by which you first descend, and the usual limit of an excursion, which is about a mile and a quarter up the stream. The first of these you discover soon after the first turning, and is about 40 feet high; with the greatest fall towards the west. The top of the rock on the right side is 150 feet high by line measurement. The second is a regular fall, much like a mill-dam, about 8 feet high, the third, a remarkable striking and beautiful one, is 35 feet, and the fourth rather a succession of cascades, but presents many most agreeable varieties.

"About a mile and a quarter from the house, is a small building lately erected for the supply of refreshments.

"A singular species of tree is found in the neighborhood, called the white cedar, with drooping branches, which often grow to such a length as to descend far below the root, in stooping towards the water.

"The rocks here are all a dark lime stone, of a very slaty structure, and contain astonishing quantities of petrified marine shells and other animals of an antediluvian date, such as Dilobites, Trilobites, &c. &c.

"There are several other cataracts besides those already mentioned, both above and below; and a stranger might spend some time here very agreeably in observing them at leisure, and in catching the fine trout with which the creek abounds. The house is commodious, and has the reputation of furnishing one of the best tables in this part of the state."

## SPECIMEN OF STUMP ORATORY.

[This is a species of eloquence which is not recognised in the three divisions of Aristotle, nor is it mentioned in the lectures of Dr. Blair. It is confined, in this country to the south and west. It begins in Maryland and reaches its acme in Virginia. When it leaves the Ancient Dominion it degenerates until it is heard in North Carolina. How it flourishes in this state, the reader may learn from the following "Speech of a Representative-Elect," which we transcribe from the "*Free Press*" of Raleigh: protesting, however, against its incorporation with the fifty vols. of "*American speeches*," announced as threatening us from the east.]

Silence! friends and fellow citizens—Silence! friends and fellow citizens—Silence, I say, gen-tul-men, silence!—Now,

silence then, and hear! As ye have elected me, to sarve ye, in the next Ginerall Assembly, gentlemen, in the House of Rolly, for the Commons, gentlemen, I shall en-dee-vor to act. I shall en-dee-vor to be sarviceable, for I wants America to have high intrust. Now, gentlemen, when the time comes I shall go to Rolly, I shall be there among the Reep-ra-sent-a-tives, down below and from away off as fur as Buncome. —Now rest ye, gentlemen, well assured, that in all my acts of the commons, I shall be guided by that power which I hopes will make ye happy for your intrust. I hopes it will extend to pos-tee rity too; for, gentlemen, I looks a good ways—I want politics a flourishing. I wants it in all the world, and in this part here; and most every where. Pos-tee-riety must have it too, and Virginia, and the whole Commonwealth of us and Europe shall have a benefit in it. So, gentlemen, I'll say on; as I've got elected, as you all know here, gentlemen, as the Sheriff has just now cried it that I've got elected, at the door at the Court House; so you've toted me on your shoulders, gentlemen, here; and among these ginger cakes here, gentlemen, and on this cart fetched here to sell ginger cakes, so I thank ye. I thank ye, gentlemen, for the high mark of ree-spect you've showed me. Now, gentlemen, as I'm elected, though I didnt git the foremost vote: but I wasent but a little behind him: but no matter, as I'm elected. Now, gentlemen, my heart is right for your intrust: I shall do too all that can be done. So as I am elected, I looks to the good, gentlemen, of things and to pos-tee-riety. And, gentlemen, I calls your attentions as I'm elected, a lee-tle while to the internal improvement. As I'm elected, I speaks it for your good. Now, gentlemen, the improve of the hoss breed you know some about; and fillies that's better than Virginia; but I shall go now to the water and canals. Though I know the importance of the hoss breed is important, I'm looking to the canals now. Now, gentlemen, the canals—if we begin down as fur as Ocricoc bar, and cleans out the creeks and swamps as high up as Na-hun-ta, and some canals too for flats, twill be, gentlemen, advantageous to our country. Twould be and I hopes a good deal for Polecat, and Tice's marsh, and Con-tentny, to be cleared up and navigable for flats and boats and some other sloops of war; though I ha'nt paid much attention this good while to the Navy. And I guess John Bull wont want to fight us after this. We must tho' leave it to the House in the Sinat and Commons. But I'll recommend to the best, and stick to um and vote too, blame my skin if I dont. Let's, gentlemen, have Pitchkittle

cut off in a canal; twill, gentlemen, save the State a good many dollars, and shorten the way to our abidances. Now, gentlemen, I wants much the country and the univarsity improving; and the country and every where; in Mad-am-askeet and about Chapel-hill and Rolly, and to the town of Buncome, and by canals particular. So, gentlemen, the agriculture of our country, and the pork and cotton would go by the canals to Jeems-es-river, and to Wilmington, and the corn too, though corn is dear now. Though I spose some folks wouldnt like the canals for negur speculation: though I think that Crawford wasent so stained with negur speculation—and the presidential candidates—I think, gentlemen, a leetle while I stop some on the canals—and Crawford ought to been President. I know how Jackson's a great man, and he went to New Orleans. And Adams—I talked with a man I got in company with, how he writ about being pal-se-fied, and didnt care for his constituents; but his big talk I dont care for, he's too larned. We want somebody for our intrust, and I tells you, they go to Congress to make laws—and about altering the Constitution, I shall-en-dee-vor to see something about it. And, gentlemen, for the Banks, I wants attention—silence! I says there aint no justice in um; particular the State Bank of Newbern: The President and Directors, I spose, wouldnt like to have me say much at Rolly, but I must stick to your intrust; I don't see about their lindin monee at 6 per cent, and get 10; and judgment too, and the No-try gits cost too. The great folks do too much, and if I dont say something about it at Rolly, I dont know who will. Now, gentlemen, as I'm in politics, I shall begin to talk a heap about schools and about roads; and I wants to search too a good deal about patrols, and musters particular; and if we can make any laws about um, we shall. We must consider on um. Gentlemen, rest ye well assured, I shall think on the mustur business. Now, gentlemen, the law must be made for we couldnt live if twa'nt; and we shall make some, I reckon, at Rolly this time. I hant now got time to talk on our Courts and Supreme Court; but I shall think on um all when I git to Rolly. When I git there I shall search some about the army; and I shall, I reckon, find out what Great Britain's doing; and a good many things that I dont talk on now.—Gentlemen, tis the good of the country I wants; I wants to have folks think on our independence;—Now we are the biggest nation a'most in the world. Washington was a great man—our fathers fought in the old Revolution, and Jefferson was for independence. We have a good many States to our

government, and if Bonaparte comes we'll beat him away. Now let the French come if they dare.—Gentlemen, we have trade too; our ships go clear across the sea, and come back; but the sea sometimes runs up high, and it is stormy sometimes, and in the night it is dark. Gentlemen, Louisiana belongs to us, and Mr. M'Duffe is in Congress. I say gentlemen, we have a good many states. Now, Commodore Rogers I have heard of a good while. Gentlemen, I could say a good many things, but I ha'n't time. There are more vessels, I suppose, in New York than there ever was at Newbern. Gentlemen the world is very large. Now I an't I spose to talk much on the stars nor the sun neither; you've elected me a politician, and so I talks only on politics. Now ye've elected me, I thanks ye. You didnt elect me last year, but I thanks ye. Gentlemen, I thinks for your true interest, rest ye well assured. Now, silence—but you've raised me higher than last year, so I'll say on—but if you had done a little more I should been up to the foremost man; but I run him mighty clost—my opponent, though I spose friend, in the Rolly Commons. So as I'm elected I'll say on, though I a'nt in the Sinate, but hope for influence in the Assembly of Commons, and do somewhat with mending the law on hoss-stealing, printed in Haywood's Justice and Acts. Twould be for the interest of the community; if detected from steeling hosses from negurs. Now, gentlemen, I thank you for the plumpers which elected me, and if my crop was good, you should not lose nothing by it. Gentlemen, I thank ye for electing me, very politely; and we'll all take a friendly drink of spee-rit and water. Ye have elected me—as we've been a trying for some time, so my conscience is clear, since I wish for the good of the State and G—— county particular, and for Rolly too. Now, gentlemen I would say something about the Engineer, but I thinks the Governor will fix that business, so I'll wait till I git to Rolly before I writes ye about it. But now, gentlemen, I hopes that my office at Rolly will be for the good of the United States and particular for the Union. Gentlemen, if my friends didnt have confidence in my knowledge, they wouldnt give me such a vote. I'll stick up for your intrust at Rolly, as fur as my weak abilities must admit. If my acts should do any thing at Rolly wrong, rest ye well assured it will be for the better. But, friends and fellow citizens, silence! If I should do any thing wrong, I hopes I sha'nt as you've elected me, as I knew you would when your true intrust come. Gentlemen, I thanks ye agin for electing me—and now, gentlemen, huzza for North Ca-

rolina. Gentlemen, I thanks ye, all of ye, gentlemen——let's take some speerit and water, gentlemen.

---

## AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

### BLACK-THROATED BUNTING, *EMBERIZA AMERICANA*.

*Calandra Pratensis*, the *May Bird*, Bartram, p. 291.—*Peale's Museum*, No. 5952.—*Arch. Zool.* 228.—*Emberiza Americana Ind. Orn.* p. 44.

### FROM WILSON'S ORNITHOLOGY.

OF this bird I have but little to say. They arrive in Pennsylvania, from the South about the middle of May, abound in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and seem to prefer level fields covered with rye grass, timothy, or clover, where they build their nest, fixing it in the ground, and forming it of fine dried grass. The female lays five white eggs, sprinkled with specks and lines of black. Like most part of their genus, they are nowise celebrated for their musical powers. Their whole song consists of five notes, or, more properly of two notes; the first repeated twice and slowly, the second thrice and rapidly, resembling *chip chip che, che, ché*. Of this ditty, such as it is, they are by no means parsimonious, for, from their first arrival for the space of two or three months, every level field of grass is perpetually serenaded with *chip, chip, che, che, che*. In their shape and manners they very much resemble the Yellow Hammer of Britain (*E. citrinella*;) like them they are fond of mounting to the top of some half-grown tree, and there chirping for half an hour at a time. In travelling through different parts of New York and Pennsylvania in spring and summer whenever I came to level fields of deep grass, I have constantly heard these birds around me. In August they become mute, and soon after, that is, towards the beginning of September, leave us altogether.

The Black-throated Bunting is six inches and a half in length, the upper part of the head is a dusky greenish yellow; neck dark ash; breast, inside shoulders of the wing, line over the eye and at the lower angle of the bill, yellow; chin, and space between the bill and eye, white; back, rump, and tail, ferruginous; the first streaked with black; wings,

deep dusky, edged with a bright clay colour; lesser coverts and whole shoulder of the wing, bright bay; belly and vent, white; bill, light blue, dusky above, strong and powerful for breaking seeds; legs and feet, brown; iris of the eye, hazel. The female differs from the male in having little or no black on the breast, nor streak of yellow over the eye, beneath the eye she has a dusky streak, running in the direction of the jaw. In all those which I opened, I found the stomach filled with various seeds, gravel, eggs of insects, and sometimes a slimy kind of earth or clay.

The bird has been figured by Latham, Pennant, and several others. The former speaks of a bird which he thinks is either the same, or nearly resembling it, that resides in summer in the country about Hudson's Bay, and is often seen associating in flights with the geese.\* This habit, however, makes me suspect that it must be a different species; for while with us here the Black-throated Bunting is never gregarious; but is almost always seen singly, or in pairs, or, at most the individuals of one family together.

---

THE BLUE BIRD.—SYLVIA SIALIS.

*Le Rouze gorge bleu, De Buffon, V, 212. Pl. Eng. 390—Blue Warbler, Lath. II, 446.—Catesb. I, 47.—Motacilla Sialis, Linn. Syst. 336. Bartram, p. 291.—Peale's Museum, No. 7188.*

THE pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from every body.

Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet so early as the middle of February, if the weather be open, he usually makes his appearance about his old haunts, the barn, orchard and fence posts. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time; but about the middle of March he is seen again, accompanied by his mate, visiting the box in the garden or the hole in the old apple tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors. "When he first begins his amours," says a curious and accurate observer, "it is pleas-

\* Lath. Syn. Suppl. p. 159.

ing to behold his courtship, his solicitude to please and to secure the favour of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espy an insect delicious to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wings over her, and puts it into her mouth." If a rival makes his appearance, (for they are ardent in their loves,) he quits her in a moment, attacks and pursues the intruder as he shifts from place to place, in tones that bespeak the jealousy of his affection, conducts him with many reproofs beyond the extremity of his territory, and returns to warble out his transports of triumph beside his beloved mate. The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest, and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this another sociable little pilgrim (*Motacilla domestica*, House wren,) also arrives from the south, and finding such a snug birth pre-occupied, shows his spite, by watching a convenient opportunity, and in the absence of the owner, hopping in and pulling out sticks; but he takes special care to make off as fast as possible.

The female lays five and sometimes six eggs, of a pale blue colour; and raises two, sometimes three broods in a season; the male taking the youngest under his particular care while the female is again setting. Their principal food is composed of insects, particularly large beetles, and others of the coleopterous kind that lurk among old dead and decaying trees. Spiders are also a favourite repast with them. In the autumn they occasionally regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum; and as winter approaches, on those of the red cedar, and on the fruit of a rough hairy vine that runs up and cleaves fast to the trunks of trees. The ripe persimmon is another of their favourite dishes; and many other fruits and seeds which I have found in their stomachs at that season, but which, being no botanist, I am unable to particularize. They are frequently pestered with a species of tape-worm, some of which I have taken from their intestines of an extraordinary size, and in some cases, in great numbers. Most other birds are also plagued with these vermin; but the Blue bird seems more subject to them than any I know, except the Woodcock. An account of the different species of vermin, that infest the plumage and intestines of our birds, many of which I doubt not are non-descripts would of itself form an interesting work. As this, however, belongs, more properly to the province of the entomologist,

I shall only, in the course of these volumes, take notice of some of the most remarkable; and occasionally represent them in the same plate with those birds, on which they are usually found.

The usual spring and summer song of the Blue-bird is a soft agreeable and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character he has great resemblance to the Robin Red-breast of Britain; and had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, he would scarcely be distinguished from the other. Like him he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceable disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards autumn, that is, in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow, many-coloured woods; and his melancholy air reminds us of the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the fields are stripped of their leaves, he still lingers over his native haunts as if loth to leave them. About the middle or end of November few or none of them are seen; but with every return of mild and open weather we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields, on in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us; but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the Blue-bird, and so universally is he esteemed that I have often regretted no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the Robin Red-breast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,  
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,  
The fisherman hauling their shad to the shore,  
And cloud-cleaving geese to the Lakes are a-steering;

OCTOBER, 1826.—No. 288. 36

*The Blue Bird.*

When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing;  
 When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,  
 Oh! then comes the Blue-bird, THE HERALD OF SPRING!  
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

When loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring  
 Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;  
 The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,  
 And spice-wood and sassafras budding together,  
 Oh then to your gardens ye housewives repair!  
 Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure;  
 The Blue bird will chant from his box such an air,  
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,  
 The red flowing peach, and apple's sweet blossoms;  
 He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,  
 And seizes the catiffs that lurk in their bosoms;  
 He drags the vile grub from the corn he devours;  
 The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;  
 His song and his services freely are ours,  
 And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,  
 Now searching the furrows, now mounting to please him,  
 The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,  
 And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;  
 The slow ling'ring school-boys forget they'll be chid,  
 While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em  
 In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red,  
 That each little loiterer seems to adore him:

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,  
 And autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,  
 And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,  
 Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow:  
 The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,  
 Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,  
 Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,  
 He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,  
 The green face of earth and the pure blue of Heaven,  
 Or love's native music have influence to charm,  
 Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,  
 Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be;  
 His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;  
 For, through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,  
 He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

The Blue-bird, in summer and autumn, is fond of frequenting open pasture fields; and there perching on the stalks

of the great mullein, to look for passing insects. A whole family of them is often seen thus situated, as if receiving lessons of dexterity from their more expert parents, who can espy a beetle crawling among the grass, at a considerable distance: and after feeding upon it, instantly resume their former position. Whoever informed Dr. Latham that "this bird is never seen on trees, though it makes its nest in the holes of them"\* might as well have said, that the Americans are never seen on the streets though they build their houses on the sides of them. For, what is there in the construction of the feet and claws of this bird to prevent it from perching? Or what sight more common to an inhabitant of this country than the Blue-bird perched on the top of a peach or apple tree? or among the branches of those reverend broad-armed chestnut trees, that stand alone in the middle of our fields, bleached by the rains and blasts of ages?

The Blue-bird is six inches and three quarters in length, the wings remarkably full and broad; the whole upper parts are of a rich sky-blue; with purple reflections; the bill and eyes are black; inside of the mouth and soles of the feet, yellow, resembling the colour of a ripe persimmon; the shafts of the wing and tail feathers are black; throat, neck, breast and sides, partially under the wings, chestnut; wings, dusky black at the tips; belly and vent, white; sometimes the secondaries are exteriorly light brown, but the bird has in that case not arrived at his full colour. The female is easily distinguished by the duller cast of the back, the plumage of which is skirted with light brown, and by the red on the breast being much fainter, and not descending near so low as in the male; the secondaries are also more dusky. This species is found over the whole United States; in the Bahama islands where many of them winter, and also in Mexico, Brazil and Guiana.

Mr. Edwards mentions that the specimen of this bird which he was favoured with, was sent from the Bermudas; and as those islands abound with the cedar, it is highly probable that many of these birds pass from our continent thence at the commencement of winter, to enjoy the mildness of that climate as well as their favourite food.

As the Blue-bird is so regularly seen in winter, after the continuance of mild and open weather, it has given rise to various conjectures respecting the place of its retreat. Some suppose it to be in close sheltered thickets, lying to the sun; others, in the neighbourhood of the sea, where the air is

\* Synopsis, v: ii. p. 446—40

thought to be more temperate, and where the matters thrown up by the waves furnish a constant and plentiful supply of food. Others trace him to the dark recesses of hollow trees, and subterraneous caverns, where they suppose he dozes away the winter, making, like Robinson Crusoe, occasional reconnoitering excursions from his castle, whenever the weather happens to be favourable. But amidst the snows and severities of winter I have sought for him in vain in the most favourable sheltered situations of the middle states; and not only in the neighbourhood of the sea, but on both sides of the mountains.\* I have never, indeed, explored the depth of caverns in search of him, because I would as soon expect to meet with tulips and butterflies there, as Blue-birds; but among hundreds of woodmen who have cut down trees of all sorts, and at all seasons, I have never heard of one instance of these birds being found so immured in winter; while in the whole of the middle and eastern states, the same general observation seems to prevail that the Blue-bird always makes his appearance in winter, after a few days of mild and open weather. On the other hand I have found them numerous in the woods of North and South Carolina in the depth of winter; and I have also been assured by different gentlemen of respectability, who have resided in the islands of Jamaica, Cuba, and the Bahamas, and Bermudas, that this very bird is common there in winter. We also find, from the works of Hernandez, Piso and others, that it is well known in Mexico, Guiana, and Brazil; and if so, the place of its winter retreat is easily ascertained, without having recourse to all the trumpery of holes and caverns, torpidity, hybernation, and such ridiculous improbabilities.

Nothing is more common in Pennsylvania than to see large flocks of these birds in the spring and autumn, passing, at considerable heights in the air; from the south in the former and from the north in the latter season. In the month of October, I have seen, about an hour after sunrise, ten or fifteen of them descend from a great height and settle on the top of a tall detached tree, appearing, from their silence and sedateness, to be strangers, and fatigued. After a pause of a few minutes they began to dress and arrange their plumage, and continued so employed for ten or fifteen minutes more; then, on a few warning notes, being given, perhaps by the leader of the party, the whole remounted to a vast height, steering in

\* I speak of the species here generally. Solitary individuals are found particularly among our cedar trees, sometimes in the very depth of winter.

a direct line for the south-west. In passing along the chain of the Bahamas towards the West Indies, no great difficulty can occur from the frequency of those islands; nor even to the Bermudas, which are said to be six hundred miles from the nearest part of the continent. This may seem an extraordinary flight for so small a bird; but it is nevertheless a fact that it is performed. If we suppose the Blue-bird in this case to fly only at the rate of a mile a minute, which is less than I have ascertained him to do over land, ten or eleven hours would be sufficient to accomplish the journey; besides the chances that he would have of resting places by the way, from the number of vessels that generally navigate those seas. In like manner two days, at most, allowing for numerous stages for rest, would conduct him from the remotest regions of Mexico to any part of the Atlantic States. When the natural history of that part of the continent and its adjacent isles, is better known, and the periods at which its birds of passage arrive and depart, are truly ascertained, I have no doubt these conjectures will be fully corroborated.

---

For the Port Folio.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

*Voyage Historique et Littéraire en Angleterre et en Ecosse;*  
(Historical and Literary travels in England and Scotland,  
by Amedee Pichot,) Paris, 1825. 3 vol. 8vo.

*Lettres sur L'Angleterre, &c.* (Letters on England, by A.  
de Stael Holstein;) Paris, 1825. 1 vol. 8vo.

Translated from the *Revue Encyclopedique*.

[We have translated the following from the *Revue Encyclopedique*, because we thought our readers might not be incurious to see a French review of French travels in Great Britain. The critic commences with a confession, that little has been known of England, in France, until lately. To this slender stock of knowledge, Dr. Pichot has not made any very important additions, as will be perceived in the ensuing article. Nearly the whole of his book might have been composed at his own chamber at Paris, being nothing more than translations, sometimes literal, but often incorrect, of passages from the most popular among the English and Scotch poets. A few specimens of his blunders may amuse the reader. Thus, for a highly poetical line of Campbell, in which the poet describes an European child led by an Indian—

“Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night,”  
the translator gives us,

“Conduit par son guide comme le matin suit de pres la nuit.”

He misquotes a famous line from Gray, thus:

Words that breathe and thoughts that burn,  
and then mistranslates his own nonsense in the following manner:

*Des mots doués de vie et des pensées de feu!*

so too, Warton's description of

Beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,  
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,—

is thus wofully marred:—

“Superbe Windsor, dont les splendides appartemens semblent encore habite par Edward et ses capitaines.”

The French cannot feel the beauties of the English language, and they are therefore incapable of forming a true estimate of its literature. The classifications which Dr. Pichot makes of several of the English writers, evince that he possessed but a very superficial degree of information on the subject; indeed Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron seem to be the only British authors with whom he is acquainted; owing probably to his having translated several of their works into his own tongue.

With respect to the other work mentioned at the head of this article, we may observe that M. de Stael, who has the reputation of being an able and enlightened writer, has given in this production one of the most sensible and accurate accounts of England that has ever appeared from a French pen.]

UNTIL very recently, little was known of England, in France. The wars of the revolution, and of the empire, by interrupting the communication between the two countries, likewise introduced among us a number of prejudices against the English. Their laws, their manners, their politics, their moral influence, their financial resources, were appreciated truly by but few among us, or even on the continent. We will not here inquire into the cause of the triumph of English policy over her powerful rival: Perhaps if we were to enter upon this examination, we might find in the events which produced our disasters, rather an effect of circumstances, which could not have been foreseen by human wisdom, than the result of a determined perseverance on the part of Great Britain in the system which she adopted.

However this may be, as soon as the treaty of peace was signed, many of these prepossessions were removed, and intercourse was once more restored between two nations formed to esteem and enlighten each other. Hence the multitude of books, of every description, which has appeared within the last twelve years, on the subject of English affairs. Our readers have been informed constantly of the greatest part of these publications, for the *Revue Encyclopedique* would be incomplete, if it should pass over the new works which present interesting facts in relation to this subject.

The first which now claims our attention, is the work of M. Pichot. Without anticipating the remarks which we mean to make upon this book, we cannot dissemble that it is far from answering the expectations which we were led to form, from the premature praises of imprudent friends. On the contrary, criticism is severely taxed on this occasion, for we are compelled to say, that in forming our estimate of its merits, we are too often carried beyond the bounds which we should prescribe to ourselves. We believe that M. Pichot's is the only work in which modern English literature has been considered thoroughly, and this is the reason for the preference which we shall give him in making an extract, containing information on this important topic.

The author arrives in England by the way of Calais and Dover. He gives a lively picture of the packet boat, the stage coaches, the inns, and the beautiful meadows and villages, in the counties of Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.\*—But after his entrance into London, he appears to be less occupied with the physical, if we may use the phrase, than the moral physiognomy of this great city. It is not that M. Pichot, after the example of his predecessors, does not describe the public monuments, the squares, the streets of the metropolis of the British empire, but he seems to have been more anxious to draw an animated picture of the state of letters, arts, political and religious opinions, the theatres, the bar, and finally, the national institutions which characterise

\* The readers of the *Port Folio* will, perhaps, not be displeased if we throw in a note, a passage from the description to which the critic here alludes. We are assured by Englishmen, that it is graphically correct.

"—it appears to me that in England, of all other nations, the country is most worthy of God. If it cannot always boast of grandeur, every little meadow has an air of grace and beauty, were it only on account of the green hedge by which it is surrounded. The roads in France call to mind the cities to which they lead; but in England roads belong more especially to the country. They are kept in as good condition as the walks or drives in a park; and people of fortune, who have parks and pleasure-grounds, never appear to be really at home, except in their own houses. In their country-residences, the English nobility and gentry are surrounded by all the luxuries and comforts of life. Here they forego the etiquette which they so scrupulously observe in town. With their fine horses and hounds they enjoy the healthful sports of the field; or in tranquil retirement resign themselves to the contemplation of the choicest productions of art, and the stores of their valuable libraries. It has been justly observed, that our nobility withdraw to the country to repair their fortunes, when broken up and dissipated by extravagance in Paris. The English aristocracy, on the other hand, live in the most profuse style in the country; when mixed, they rather hide themselves in London, or go and economise on the continent."—*ED. P. F.*

the English people. Hence the desire of his publisher to entitle the book *Of England and Scotland*, in imitation of Mad. de Stael, who under a modest title, *Of Germany*, has traced with so much liveliness and energy, the manners, the literature, and the social condition of the germanic states. M. Pichot has shown his modesty and good sense, in avoiding the comparison which the public might have drawn between two publications, one of which has attained a celebrity not to be questioned, without some degree of hardihood.

We must confess that the author has discussed his topics copiously, when he speaks of the arts, for instance, he introduces, particularly, the chef-d'œuvre of the English artists, and the celebrated monuments of antiquity, which crowd the national museums, and the splendid private collections in London and the counties. We will not quit this subject without admitting that there appears to prevail on this side of the channel, very erroneous impressions as to the state of the fine arts in England. Ask the most simple amateur, and he will tell you that the English have no school in architecture, painting, or sculpture. Scarcely will he allow any merit to their engravers, and if he is obliged to admit that their productions possess a certain indiscribable charm, he will insist that it has been gained at the expense of some rule of the art. M. Pichot's visit will have the effect of destroying some of these illusions. He writes with interest and truth respecting some of the finest of the works of Flaxman, Westmacott, and Chantrey, the three great living artists of England, whose performances adorn Westminster, St. Paul's, and the squares in which they have placed the statues of those illustrious men, who have signalized themselves in the service of their country.

Painting, perhaps, is in a more flourishing state than sculpture, in England. The portraits of Lawrence have acquired a well merited celebrity, as have also the landscapes of Constable, and it would be difficult to find a more original and ingenious artist than Wilkie.\*

\* The traveller draws a just distinction here between Teniers and Wilkie; the latter of whom employs an ingenious contrivance in his art: "It is curious," says Dr. Pichot, "to visit Wilkie's painting room, when he is arranging his materials for a new picture. He procures a box of a size corresponding with that of the picture, he is about to commence, and he places within it chairs, tables, and every minute article of furniture, according to the rank of the characters he intends to introduce into his picture. He then arranges in this miniature apartment a group of little manikins, and closes the door, having contrived an aperture through which his eye commands a full view of the interior."—Ed. P. F.

With regard to architecture, it would appear from their public buildings, monuments, &c. that the Gothic order is most congenial to the English taste. Their churches, particularly those of modern erection, are remarkable for a display of this style, which is, perhaps, better adapted to christian temples than the bold simplicity of ancient architecture. It must also be admitted that the English possess many magnificent monuments of the skill of the Anglo-Norman chissel; it would be difficult to find more beautiful models than those exhibited in the Cathedrals of Westminster, Canterbury, and York. After many interesting remarks on the state of the fine arts, and on the domestic character of the English, our author proceeds to the drama, in all its relations, its history, the merits of pieces, actors, scenery, &c. In this part of his work he appears to be most happy, and he shows that he has thoroughly studied the subject; meanwhile he has interspersed many illustrative anecdotes throughout his criticism. The talents of the most celebrated actors are justly appreciated. Kean, as Richard III and Macbeth; Young, as Iago; and Macready, as Othello, are fine examples of the conception and study of tragic character among the English. But what is more difficult to be believed is, that a people so cold and formal as the English, so well calculated to elevate the characteristic dignity of tragedy, should be able, also, to represent comedy with sprightliness and humour. The observer is struck with the contrast which is exhibited in the English theatres, where a light and laughable piece so frequently succeeds the representation of one of the terrible dramas of Shakspeare.

Among comic actors, there are two, Liston and Farren, who can bear a comparison with ours in the same cast. The custom of the English to mix popular scenes with the most tragical exhibitions, affords frequent opportunities for actors who have acquired reputation in low comedy to appear alongside of those who hold the dagger of Melpomene. I recollect having seen Liston, as the grave-digger in Hamlet, admirably contrasted with the profound melancholy which Kean can so well express.

The latter moiety of the first volume of M. Pichot is devoted to the dramatic art. The second volume commences with some observations on a new species of literature, called Phrenetic. Mr. Milman, professor of poetry in the University of Oxford, has become remarkable for superabundance of ideas and luxuriance of imagery in his compositions. He prefers biblical subjects; and his manner of disposing of them

indicates a genius which would be the head of a new school. He has, indeed, found many imitators, who have not failed to add to his defects, and exaggerate a style which may already be said to be extravagant. At their head they have placed the Reverend Mr. Maturin,\* the author of *Bertram*, and *Melmoth*. For the disciples in this literary sect, the softer emotions have no charms. They deal in incantations and phantasmagoria, sybils and demons, robbers and parricides, victims, and families dying of starvation, &c.: such are the instruments of these pretended men of genius. Their extravagant productions will be read only by men of little refinement, and those who prefer a night-mare to a tranquil dream.

We know not why our traveller has not added to his remarks on the phrenetic literature, some reflections on English literature generally, and a review of the authors who are placed at the heads of the various schools, which divide the English Parnassus. Two subjects which do not properly appertain to literature, the pulpit and the bar, separate the reviews of Milman and Maturin, and others who rally under the same banner, from the history of literature, which terminates the second volume. It is to be wished that a more systematic division had been adopted. However it may be, as we can give but a rapid survey of a work so extensive as the present, we will follow our author's arrangement at the risk of incurring the same reproach.

It is a general opinion among us, though, perhaps, disputed in England, that our own preachers are superior in point of eloquence to those who have acquired reputation among our neighbours. Does this superiority arise from the difference of religious faith, or from an idea which the English have formed of the monotony and simplicity which ought to be observed in preaching the word of God? This is a question which it is not our province to examine; but in a merely literary point of view, we may observe with regard to oratory, that the English, who can boast the most dignified orators in the department of politics, orators equal to any of ours in the same field, have no preachers like Bossuet, Massillon, or Bourdaloue.

He who at present cultivates the art of eloquence among the English with the greatest success, is the *Methodist*, Ir-

\* To class the mad effusions of this writer with the splendid poetry of professor Milman, shows how little qualified this traveller was for a discussion upon English literature. Poor Maturin is since dead. The Quarterly Review thinks it is some consolation that he cannot be made uneasy by Dr. Pichot's extravagant and ridiculous praise!—Ed. P. F.

ving, who has quitted the mountains of Scotland to let his voice be heard by the inhabitants of the modern Nineveh.— By an innovation at once novel and bold, Mr. Irving is in the habit of using quotations from celebrated profane authors in connexion with his texts from the holy scriptures. His elocution is full of force and unction, and his language pleasing. His style is unequal but ornamented by beauties of the highest order. Irving excells, above all in his prayers, which always terminate the religious service among the methodists, and in which the minister, from his pulpit, implores the blessing of Heaven, and the compassion of the brethren upon such as are afflicted with the evils of this life.

If we have found but one orator of the pulpit, who is worthy of peculiar distinction, the case is far different with regard to those who figure at the bar.

For the last forty years, that is, since Erskine acquired the high reputation which he so justly deserved, many have attempted the same career; some have successfully imitated, but none have surpassed him. Samuel Romily, Mackintosh, Brougham, Scarlett, Denman, are orators of the first order, orators who should be attentively studied by those who aspire to the art of oratory: not that these advocates ought to be strictly imitated; their remarkable prolixity should be carefully avoided; nevertheless their long periods and verbose discussions contain many specimens of genius and fine oratory.

Another school has attempted to raise itself by the side of that of Erskine, of which we may mention the names of Curran and Grattan as among the most illustrious of its members. These Hibernian orators have fallen into the bad taste of excessive floridness and affectation. This reproach appears to be particularly merited by Mr. Phillips, many of whose pleadings are inserted in the "English Bar," by Messrs. Clair and Clapier.

The latter part of the second volume, and the beginning of the third, are devoted to the literati of the three kingdoms. We may be pardoned for passing in a summary manner over these worthies, as we cannot follow M. Pichot through all his details—the principal authors, Robert Southey, Thos. Moore, Samuel Rogers, and Lord Byron, are known in France from the circumstance of their works having been honoured by translations.

There is another school, consisting of a few members, called, in derision, *Lakers*, from the circumstance of their living on the borders of lake Cumberland, who seek inspiration from the wild and picturesque scenery of nature.

Of this school Mr. Wordsworth is the principal pillar.—His poetry has been extravagantly lauded by some and severely condemned by others. The *Reviews* have been particularly severe against him, and he has found more enemies than friends. His most remarkable work is an awkward poem entitled "The Excursion." He has also composed lyric ballads, which in many instances exhibit a prosaic affectation, and entitle them, to be designated as sentimental absurdities.—Southey, Coleridge, and Wilson, belong to the same school, and like Wordsworth, have found both admirers and critics.

We proceed to transcribe a passage in which M. Pichot exhibits the literary principles of the poets of the lake school. "In poetry, the Lakers reserve all their admiration for the writers of the age of Elizabeth. From Milton and Jeremy Taylor, down to the time of Cowper, English literature in their eyes is a mere blank. The true spirit of poetry, according to them, is to be learned from the ancient ballads of Percy. With this admiration, almost exclusive, they mingle a strong devotion to metaphysics. They pretend to view nature with an energy and warmth of which all hearts are capable, except, as they say, the hearts of a majority of the poets, who, spoiled by false systems, find nothing in poetry, but artificial beauties. For themselves, they admire nature only as they love her. In her mute solitudes, on the bosom of her lakes, in the shades of her forests, it appears to them that the soul kindles with universal benevolence. They feel an invisible and ineffable influence, which exalts, purifies, and ravishes them. It is a mysticism which partakes something of the pantheism of Pythagoras. Thus these poets of the lake, are called the quakers and methodists of English poetry. All the aspects of nature possess in their view, various expressions of an intellectual force, and they attribute to them not only a physical life, but even a moral life to the smallest as well as the greatest objects in creation. The Ocean has a soul and passions; the moon, caprices; waves, stars, tempests, feel this internal sentiment; and this is not in their verse a metaphor, or common-place borrowed from material appearances. Coleridge, however, since he has been more exclusively a philosopher, seems no longer to admit this mysterious intelligence. In his *Autobiography*, he even refutes that other doctrine of Wordsworth and Wilson, which teaches that the Deity loves to communicate with the inexperienced heart in its earliest infancy. Wilson exclaims on seeing an infant slumbering: "Thou smilest, as if thy thoughts were soaring to Paradise and adoring the supreme!"

What may not be the sublime visions which ravish the slumbers of infancy!"

But they all agree in elevating the domestic virtues and the soft affections to a brilliant and dangerous heroism. The mother, the daughter, the wife, and the sister, all receive from them a pure homage, as a charm spread around their existence. They wish that their moral poetry may be invoked in the midst of worldly troubles, as the benevolent voice of a sister, or a friend, which reminds us of the innocent joys of infancy and the pleasures of the domestic fireside.

The last part of M. Pichot's work is devoted to Scotland. Not only the wild and cheerful spots of this celebrated country, the imposing aspect of its lakes, its ancient gothic cities are objects of his remarks, but the manners and literature of the people also claim his attention.

In the midst of these details, M. Pichot takes care not to pass over his interview with the modern hero of ancient Caledonia—with the man of genius who has depicted so admirably in his romantic fictions, some of the most remarkable eras in the history of his country. His portrait of Sir Walter Scott, as to the exterior, is by no means flattering.—“I beheld,” says he, “a gentleman of about the middle age; of a person naturally elevated, but condemned by the infirmity of a defective foot, to stoop slightly on a cane; his form rather robust and even vulgar; he wore a green coat, with short skirts, and large pantaloons, and in short, there was nothing remarkable in his dress; nothing affable, either in the turn of his countenance or his features; healthy complexion, highly coloured, owing perhaps to his walk: eyes gray, with projecting eyebrows, which gave a harsh expression; a large countenance, but at this moment covered with perspiration; thin hair, ashy and gray, naturally inclined to curl; the upper lip disproportioned; in short, the whole figure of a common character.”

This description is so particular that Sir Walter might be recognized in the streets, by those who are not acquainted with him.\*

The Scotch novelist invited M. Pichot to breakfast, at his house in Castle street, Edinburgh. The conversation which took place on this occasion, is related word for word, and it must be admitted that our traveller has done injustice to the author, by exhibiting him in *deshabille*. It was not difficult to report exactly a conversation in which nothing remarkable

\* (!) Note by the Ed. P. F.

occurred, and which had nothing in it more worthy of this distinguished person, than of a common mechanic of Edinburgh.

The antiquarian reputation which the Scottish romancer has acquired, created in us a great desire to visit his chateau of Abbotsford. Whoever has read the works of Walter Scott, knows with what minuteness he describes the arms, dresses, and furniture of his countrymen. Beyond all doubt he has made a valuable collection of these different objects. Moreover we love to penetrate the home of a man of genius, to visit the places which he frequents, and whither he repairs to enjoy the inspirations of his muse. As this curiosity may also be felt by some of our readers, we proceed to extract from M. Pichot his description of Abbotsford.

"Before the principal door of the chateau, there is a small garden, in the middle of which there is a basin; this basin is ornamented by rude figures, of a style of architecture belonging to the middle ages. The dining hall is large, beautiful, and decorated with paintings and sculptures. We remarked, among other things, a magnificent engraving of the famous ballad of Chevy Chase—Percy and Douglas immolated on the same day; two illustrious warriors falling victims to predatory habits. I admired a fine portrait of Fairfax, the republican general; another of Falstaff, with his round paunch; a portrait of Dr. Rutherford, a maternal uncle of Sir Walter; Shakspeare, in comedy, holding a glass in his hand; several scenes of the Flemish school; a fine portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, and particularly a portrait of Claverhouse, calm and dignified as he is described by the author of *Old Mortality*. This picture is so beautiful, that it may explain the predilection with which the viscount of Dundee has been brought into the scene, by a poet who had him so constantly before his eyes: another portrait, on the opposite wall, excited in me an emotion not less vivid. This was the head of Mary Stuart; but the bleeding head of Mary Stuart, placed in a basin just when it was separated from the body; the enchanting countenance which always inspires melancholy, made me shudder for the olden time.

"We entered next, the cabinet of the Poet, or rather his armory. This is, in fact, a small museum of arms. We entered with caution into this *sanctum sanctorum*, which recalled to us, that of the laird of Monckbarns.

"Daylight cannot enter here but through the gothic glass, painted in various colors. On a large table placed in the middle of the apartment, there were placed three of the an-

cient shields, or targets, which were a part of the armour of the Highlanders. This armour consisted in a long sword or claymore, hanging on the left, and a dagger stuck in the belt on the right, to be used in personal encounters, when the combatants are so closely engaged that the sword has become useless.

“A fusée or a pair of pistols completes this apparatus of war. Sometimes the mountaineers carried a kind of axe, and previously to their using the fusees, or when they wanted ammunition, they supplied their place by the Lochaber axe, a kind of long spike, terminated by a frightful iron, equally calculated to keep off or to kill an adversary. All these instruments of war figure in the cabinet of Walter Scott, though but one coat of mail, an addition to the Scottish costume, which was sometimes adopted by the chiefs. Among the fusees there was one which originally belonged to Rob Roy Macgreggor. These antique arms are placed in the corners of the room, and appear at first sight like the ancient heroes, to whom they belong, waiting for the magician to record their mighty deeds and render their names illustrious.

“From the armory I passed to the library, traversing again the rooms which I had already visited. Here I confess that if I had not been apprehensive of becoming troublesome, I would have requested permission to devote, at least one good hour to the inspection of this collection. With what avidity would I have opened those volumes, which appeared to have been most used! What an hour of solitude might have been employed amidst these treasures! The shelves of the armory were occupied by Danish and German books, those of the other by Italian and Spanish. I admired, in the department of French literature, a fine collection of our fables, and memoirs—a Montaigne, a Corneille, magnificent editions, &c. I ought to have seen Racine, who was not there, at least I could not find him.

“From the library I repaired to the apartments in the first story where I remarked several portraits, one of which represented Mrs. Lochart, and her sister, with Maida, (Sir Walter’s dog). I saw likewise a portrait of the celebrated critic, Jeffrey—an excellent likeness.

“A terrace conducted me to a square tower which forms part of the chateau, and to an old iron grate, decorated, which seemed to me immovable, and incrustated in the wall. I inquired into the use of it, and learned that it was the door of the old jail, of Edinburgh, the Tolbooth, the same door which replaced that which had been destroyed by the mob when

they sought the life of Porteus; the door which closed upon Effie Deans, when the Tolbooth was taken down. It was presented by the magistrates of the city to Sir Walter Scott. I mounted to the top of the tower, from which I enjoyed a fine prospect. The music of a bagpipe was heard in the neighbouring hills; whether its shrill accents were softened by distance, or the poetry of the place had communicated itself to the instrument, I know not, but, for the first time, I was delighted with it. I imagined that it might be the pipe of Roderic of Sky, the old musician of the mountains, who had found a welcome in the domains of Abbotsford."

With this extract we terminate our analysis of M. Pichot's literary tour. But if we have hitherto bestowed on him nothing but praise, it is not the less our duty to indicate the faults which we have perceived. The principal of these is that which we have already mentioned—a total want of order in the division of his subjects. It is evident to those who have run through the English reviews, that his literary opinions are taken verbatim from those journals. Moreover, in order to swell out his performance, or to make a parade of erudition, the author overwhelms us with quotations from the British poets, and allusions borrowed from the romances of Sir Walter Scott. However highly we may estimate this writer, it is not necessary that he should be quoted on every page of three octavo volumes. Nor must we forget the ridicule which M. Pichot has brought upon himself, by addressing his letters, chiefly, to the most distinguished authors, or at least the most eminent men of our time. This is evidently a mere trick, to enhance the importance of his book.

There is, moreover, a most important omission in this performance. It would seem that we ought not to write about England, without some notice of the political institutions, which so signally characterise this country. But not a word of this is to be found in the three volumes of M. Pichot!

In the *Letters on England*, by M. de Staël, the public manners and the national institutions, together with the great questions of political economy, of this people, are treated with all the fullness which their importance requires. M. de Staël, though inclined to lean towards the English system of government, contends, with much force, against the common idea in that country, in favour of an inequality of property. He proves that this inequality, far from producing mischievous effects upon the public and private manners of a nation, may, on the contrary, have a happy influence in diffusing in-

formation and happiness. We regret that our limits do not permit us to support, by extracts, the praise which we cheerfully accord to this writer. His letters are not addressed to any individuals; and they require no other name than that of the author to engage the attention of the reader.

---

## GEORGE PSALMANAZAR.

Of all the deceivers by whom the world has ever been deceived, there never was a more consummate master of his art, than George Psalmanazar. Other impostors owed much of their success to the ignorance of the age in which they lived, or of the people with whom they had to deal, but this man carried on a system of artifice and falsehood for half a century together, undetected to the last; and this in an enlightened age, among a sensible and discerning people.

He was born in France and educated in a free-school, and afterwards in a college of Jesuits, in an Archiepiscopal city, the name of which, as likewise those of his birth-place and of his parents, are unknown. Upon leaving the college, he was recommended as a tutor to a young gentleman, but soon fell into a mean rambling life which involved him in disappointments and misfortunes. His first pretence was that of being a sufferer for religion. He procured a certificate that he was of Irish extraction, that he left that country for the sake of the Catholic faith, and was going on a pilgrimage to Rome. Being unable to purchase a pilgrim's garb, and observing one in a chapel, dedicated to a miraculous saint, which had been set up as a monument of gratitude by some wandering pilgrims, he contrived to take both the staff and cloak away; and being thus accoutered, he begged his way, in fluent latin, accosting only clergymen or persons of figure, whom he found so credulous or so benevolent, that before he had gone twenty miles, he might easily have saved money and put himself in a better dress: but as soon as he had got what he thought was sufficient, he begged no more; but viewed every thing worth seeing, and then retired to some inn, where he spent his money as freely as he had obtained it. Having heard the Jesuits speak much of China and Japan, he started the wild scheme, when he was in Germany, of passing for a native of the island of Formosa; and what he wanted in knowledge, he supplied by a pregnant invention. He formed a new character and language on grammatical principles, with other ori-

ental languages, he wrote from right to left with great readiness; and planned a new religion, and a division of the year into twenty months, with other novelties, to credit his pretensions. He was now a Japanese convert to Christianity, travelling, for instruction, with an appearance more wretched than even that of common beggars. He then entered as a soldier in the Dutch service: but, still desirous of passing for a Japanese, he altered his plan of being an unconverted heathen; and at Sluys, brigadier Lauder, a Scots colonel, introduced him to the chaplain, who, with a view of recommending himself to the bishop of London, resolved to carry him over to England. At Rotterdam, some persons having put shrewd questions to him, that carried the air of doubt, he took one more whimsical step, which was to live upon raw flesh, roots, and herbs; which strange food he thought would remove all scruples. The bishop of London patronized him with credulous humanity, and Psalmanazar found a large circle of friends who extolled him as a prodigy. Yet there were some who entertained a just opinion of him, particularly Drs. Halley, Mead, and Woodward; but their endeavours to expose him as a cheat only made others think the better of him, especially as those gentlemen were supposed to be unfriendly to revelation. But in this instance, at least easiness of belief was no great evidence of penetration. He was employed to translate the church catechism into the Formosan language, which was examined, approved, and laid up as a valuable Ms.; and the author, after writing his well-known *History of Formosa*, was rewarded and sent to Oxford to study what he liked, while his patrons and opponents were learnedly disputing at London on the merits of his work. The learned members of the University were no better agreed in their opinions than those at London: but, at length, the sceptics triumphed. Some absurdities were discovered in his history of such a nature as to discredit the whole narration, and saved him the trouble of an open declaration of his imposture; which, however, he owned to his private friends. For the remainder of his life, his learning and ingenuity enabled him to procure a comfortable support by his pen. He was concerned in several works of credit, particularly "*The Universal History*." He lived irreproachably for many years, and died in 1763.

For the Port Folio.

## MORSELS OF CRITICISM.

*Mr. Oldschool,*

IN looking over an English magazine, published about twenty years ago, I was much amused by a flippant piece of criticism on lord Byron. The critic says he knows "little of the peerage, and nothing of his lordship's family," but he "shrewdly guesses that he is descended from *lord Lovett*, who as our nurse once told us, *walked and talked an hour after his head was cut off*, which piece of ingenuity of his ancestor, he (Byron) has improved upon, by actually *writing* in the same predicament."

The reviewer "ventures to prophecy" in the following terms:

"Before we remark on the poems of this *minor*, who is certainly a minor poet at present, *and will, we think, at any age, continue to be so, &c.*

In reference to lord Byron's allusion to the usual dwelling of the poetical tribe, the critic has, as Osric would call it, "a hit, a very palpable hit." He says, "if his lordship were condemned to a garret until he wrote himself into better apartments, his case would be most hopeless and forlorn." He relaxes somewhat from this severity to admit that "still the work is not amiss for a lord, and considering how our sprigs of nobility commonly spend their time, he has, by comparison, been virtuously employed, while tagging rhymes and spinning verses, as innocent as the milk from which he has been so lately weaned. Their rare *simplicity* has more than once awakened a suspicion in our mind."

Such are the criticisms of the Monthly Mirror. There is very little in the volume to justify this tone of contempt, but the opportunity of baiting a *lord* was not to be slighted. It was still more eagerly seized upon by the Edinburgh Review, and we all know with what spirit the young author turned upon his assailants.

Pope had his Dennis, and the immortal author of *Paradise Lost* was sneered at as "*one Mr. Milton.*" The criticisms of Ryder upon the bard of Avon are not so generally known. He was the compiler of the *Fadera*; but he found leisure to write "some reflections on Shakspeare, and other practitioners for the stage." His works appeared in 1692. He has no mercy upon Othello, but he relaxes his severity when he speaks of the moral. "Whatever rubs or difficulty may stick on the bark, the moral use of this fable is very instructive. First, this may be a caution to all maidens of

quality, how, without their parents' consent, they run away with blackamoors. Secondly, this may be a warning to all good wives, that they look well to their linen. Thirdly, this may be a lesson to husbands, that before their jealousy be tragical, the proofs may be mathematical."

Of Othello's simple but eloquent account of his courtship, Ryder says, "this was the charm, this was the philtre, the love-powder that took the daughter of this noble Venetian. This was sufficient to make the blackamoor white, and reconcile all, though there had been a cloven foot into the bargain. A meaner woman might as soon be taken by Agna Tetrachymaggon."

The critic is out of all patience at the idea of Othello's appointment in the army." The character of the state (Venice) is to employ strangers in their wars; but shall a poet thence fancy that they will set a negro to be their general, or trust a Moor to defend them against a Turk? With us, a blackamoor might rise to be a trumpeter, but Shakspeare would not have him less than a lieutenant general. With us, a Moor might marry some little drab or small-coal wench; Shakspeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord, or privy counsellor, and all the town would reckon it a very suitable match; yet the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moors as the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from them."

"Littora littoribus contraria."

Nor is he better pleased with the character of Iago.

"But what is most intolerable is Iago. He is no blackamoor soldier, so we may be sure he would be like other soldiers of our acquaintance; yet never in tragedy, nor in comedy, nor in nature, was a soldier with his character;—take it in the author's own words:

—————Some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office."

"Horace describes a soldier otherwise—*impiger, iracundus, exorabilis, acer*."

In the character of the gentle Desdemona he avers that there is "nothing that is not below any country kitchen-maid with us." "No woman bred out of a pig-stye could talk so meanly." Yet his sympathy is strongly excited by her untimely end. "Here," he exclaims, "a noble Venetian lady is to be murdered by our poet, in sober sadness, purely

for being a fool. No pagan poet but would have found some machine for her deliverance. Pegasus would have strained hard to have brought old Perseus on his back, time enough to rescue this Andromeda from so foul a monster. Has our christian poetry no generosity, no bowels? Ha, ha, Sir Launcelot! Ha, Sir George! Will no ghost leave the shades for us in extremity, to save a distressed damsel?"

On the villany of Iago in advising the murder of Desdemona, our critic is excessively indignant. He says "Iago had some pretence to be discontent with Othello and Cassio, and what had passed hitherto was the operation of revenge. Desdemona had never done him any harm; always kind to him, and to his wife; was his countrywoman, a dame of quality. For him to abet her murder, shows nothing of a soldier, nothing of a man, nothing of nature in it. The ordinary of Newgate never had the like monster to pass under his examination. Can it be any diversion to see a rogue beyond what the devil ever finished? or would it be any instruction to an audience? Iago could desire nothing better than to set Cassio and Othello, his two enemies, by the ears together, so that he might have been revenged upon them both at once; and choosing for his own share the murder of Desdemona, he had the opportunity to play booty, and save the poor harmless wretch. But the poet must do every thing by contraries; to surprize the audience still with something horrible and prodigious, beyond any human imagination. At this rate *he must outdo the devil, to be a poet in the rank with Shakspeare.*"

Mr. Rymer concludes this curious piece of criticism in the following language:—"What can remain with the audience to carry home with them from this sort of poetry, for their use and edification? How can it work, unless (instead of settling the mind and purging our passions) to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, addle our brains, pervert our affections, hair our imaginations, corrupt our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintamarre, and jingle-jangle, beyond what all the parish-clerks of London, with their Old Testament farces and interludes in Richard the Second's time could ever pretend to? Our only hopes for the goods of their souls can be, that these people go to the play-house as they do to church—to sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the play more than they would a sermon."

"There is in this play some burlesk, some humour, and ramble of comical wit, some show, and some mimicry to di-

vert the spectators; but the tragical part is clearly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour."

---

## KILLING TIME IN PARIS.

From the French of the Hermit of La Guyanne.

Time can never be said to be neuter: if it is not an useful friend, it becomes a formidable enemy: even in this case it is an enemy we must consent to live with, since death only can deliver us from it.

I was taken up in reflecting on this serious subject, when M. de Greville, whom I have never seen since we took a dinner together at a *pension bourgeoise*, called on me, notwithstanding the precaution I had taken of not being at home to any one. His visit at a time which I had devoted to solitude, was not very agreeable: and as I perceived it was without any kind of motive or end, I believe I laid a particular stress in affectedly saying, that I was extremely busy, and had not a moment to lose. "You are a happy man," said he; "as for me, I have five or six hours in the day that are at the service of any one."—"You do not much recommend your gifts."—"No, indeed, I give them such as they are."—"And me, I value them according to their cost, I pass not one moment without acknowledging its value."—"A good reason then to gain more."—"But not to throw them away," replied I, rather bluntly, dipping at the same time, my pen in my inkstand, as if I meant to continue my writing.—"I divine your thoughts my dear Hermit," resumed M. Greville, with a smile, "but I understand your interest better than my own; the vexation I give you at this moment and that you manifest rather like a Caribb, shall find a place in your discourse, the title of which I read in large characters on the page you have before you; it will form a little episode from which something may be drawn.

This apt observation made me smile in my turn, and I saw that I should gain something by 'those minutes which this amiable but idle man had come to kill by visiting me.

"I give you notice as a friend," said he, "that there is not one of our readers who do not know as well as I do, all the fine, true, and useless things which you can say on the loss of time. It is one of the most simple and most moral questions in the world. There are two ways of employing time; by la-

hour and by amusement; there is only one way of losing it, which is in being weary of having nothing to do. We work only when we are obliged; we divert ourselves whenever we can. But we are weary of doing nothing from constitution or character, which is a vice in our formation. You will say, employ yourself; amuse yourself; you will not experience that lassitude; which is just as if a man should say, be well; you shall not be sick; I feel lassitude, because I cannot endure occupation, nor can I find pleasure: I kill time, because I do not know what to do with it."—"It is not the consequences, but the principle of your argument, that I attack; lassitude is not a vice in our formation. It is a malady of the mind, born of disgust and satiety. It may be cured, like every other species of repletion, by abstinence. You say right that there are only two ways of employing time; either by labour or pleasure. But I am much afraid that you confine the value of those words to manual labour and the pleasure of the senses. In this acceptation, perhaps your reasoning may be just, when you say that the lassitude produced by their privation is incurable; but the heart and the mind have their occupations and their delights, which are renewed and modified as we grow older, and which assign a positive value to every minute of our lives. I do not deny but what lassitude is a real affliction; but I think it may be cured without resorting to suicide; and which we certainly commit when we kill time, whatever you may say to the contrary."—"I know that those physicians who were consulted by the Duke of Brancas Laguais, on the case of Mademoiselle Arnould, formerly declared, that a person might destroy another that had the spleen; but they never said, such an one might commit suicide. Now, according to this decision, my visit, for example, might endanger your life; but I am sure that I am getting better, because I would prolong it willingly at any risk. And do not be afraid," added he, rising, "I am going to carry my lassitude along with me to those people who have sufficient to render it back to me with interest, and to whom I would invite you to accompany me, if you was more curious in collecting facts than in writing sentences."—"I take you at your word," replied I, "on condition that you do not catch me a second time in threatening me with lassitude, where perhaps I may find only pleasure."—"Come, come, if you do not find amusement now, it will not be my fault."

I went out with M. Greville; we ascended his *cabriolet*, and he conducted me to the end of La Rue Blanche, to the house of one of his friends, whose name he had much trouble in recol-

lecting. "You will see," said he to me, "a man who has nothing to do, nothing to say, nothing to think about, and who acquits himself wonderfully well in that manner." We crossed the court-yard and the vestibule, and we found in the garden in the midst of a vast parterre, a little man who, when he stood was about four feet and a half high, seated on a stool, and who was employed in viewing his pinks and tulips. After exchanging our salutations, I congratulated M. Despolieres, on the taste he seemed to have for botany. "I do not meddle with botany," said he "I amuse myself with looking at these flowers which I have had brought from Holland and at a very trifling expense. I am assured that I have quite a passion for them; I admire them with my gardener two or three hours every morning; and that is something taken off from the length of the day."

In order to keep my countenance, I hazarded a few reflections on the employment of time, while my gentleman listened or rather listened not at all, as he kept alternately looking at his flowers and his watch. A clock was heard to strike, "Thank heaven," said he, rising up; "it is eleven, and I am now going to breakfast."—"The fresh air will give you an appetite, I dare say," said Greville.—"No," replied he, "I am not hungry; but I seat myself at table four times in the day; I sit a long time and that is so much taken off from the length of it." M. Despolieres had taken too much off of mine; we left him to dine alone, and we went to call on a M. Labaune, the description of whose character merits a place by itself. He is a man who has lost the first quarter of an hour in life, and who passes the remainder in running after it. Of all the verbs in our language, he never conjugates any tense but the future, and his whole existence is but a tedious project: "you have prevented me," said he to Greville, I meant to call on you next week, and then I should have the pleasure of speaking with you on a very important affair."—"I am happy I spared you the trouble; I have the honour of introducing my friend the Hermit to you, he is a man of no ceremony, he can take a book while we converse together."

M. Labaune was eager to tranquillize me on the fear that I testified of being troublesome. "It is me, Sir," said he, "who ought to apologize; I was just going out, gentlemen, when you come in: some friends are now waiting for me, where I ought to have been an hour ago."—"We will not detain you," said Greville.—"It is peculiarly painful for me to leave you," said the master of the house, at the

same time walking up and down his room about twenty times, with a most busy countenance: "especially as I fear I shall not meet with the person I am hastening to, and who will therefore be the cause of my losing this whole day. I do not know any people so disagreeable as those who are always watching the clock, and counting every minute that flies:"—"It is, perhaps," replied I, "because they know that our life is made up of them."—"We will fix a day, when we shall see each other again," said Greville.—"Yes, yes, without doubt, we will fix one," said he, pressing his hand, and then left us.

"There is a man," said I, "who cannot be accused of killing time," as my guide and I again got into our carriage; "he seems not to know how to seize it. He scarcely knows whether there be such a thing, which we may judge by the astonishment he testifies every time he is compelled to discover its traces. If he has remarked a rose tree in full bloom, he is quite astonished six weeks after to find the roses all gone. The last time I called on him his nephew had returned after eighteen years absence, whom he had not seen since he was in his cradle: it was impossible to bring him to acknowledge him; as if a child was never to become a man."

While we were conversing on this original, we arrived at the house of Madame de Breffort, who is a cousin of M. Greville. It was near one o'clock, and she was yet in bed: we were ushered into her chamber, and I began to make excuses for the unseasonableness of my visit. "Greville did very right," said she, "to bring you; I have often requested him so to do. Your book has made me pass away some hours very agreeably, and that is a service I can never forget. Time is so long, that we are under great obligations to those who will furnish us with the means of getting rid of it."—"Undoubtedly," replied I, "when we have neither husband nor children."—"What do you mean? Neither husband nor children? I have both, and several of the latter."—"In that case, I should have imagined, that in the midst of the cares and pleasures attached to a large family, each day would have been easily filled up."—"My husband is absorbed in business, and I seldom see him. The children have a governess, and all kinds of masters; there is nothing spared on their education; I love them dearly, but that is soon testified; and without romances, gaming, scandal, and my milliner, I really do not know what a poor woman with a hundred thousand *livres* a year could possibly do with herself."—"Oh! you

have other resources than these." I then repeated to her some couplets on the employment of time; but as I am now pressed for that valuable blessing, and also for room, I may perhaps continue, in another discourse, the account of my visit to this lady, and pass in review those different methods of killing time, as practiced in the great world at Paris.

## ON THE CHEERFULNESS OF SEXTONS.

THE duty of a sexton has now become a profession, and in some places a lucrative one. He stands between the dead and the living, and no power changes his fiat but that of the archangel and the resurrection-man. When the sexton's business is done, he cares but little which of those two authorities has the precedence.

There was something exquisitely sacred in the old custom of sepulchre in the private garden; or other chosen spot of the deceased, or under his own hearth-stone—the scene of many of his joys and sorrows,—but all these habits, so grateful to the kindlier feelings of humanity, have given away, and their flight has brought amongst us a cheerful set of men whose business it is to keep and till God's field, or *God's-aker*, as the old Germans used to denominate a church-yard.

I never knew a sexton who was not a cheerful man. Some are, of course, born with cheerful minds; some become cheerful by conversation with cheerful people, but for the most part they are cheerful by reason of their occupation. The church yard is a cheerful place: the earth worm, by his movement, seems to be a cheerful animal: the flowers and verdure are objects and motives to cheerfulness; the epitaphs and emblems are inducements to gentle reflection; hope waves her pinions over the whole spot and its associations, brightening the present and glorifying the future.

Our ancestors understood and felt these things much better than we do. Old *Weever*, in his "*Discourse on Funeral Monuments*," observes, "they accustomed yearly to garnish, decke, and adorne the tombes or graues of the dead with poesies, crownes, and garlandes of all sorts of flowers. Husbands were wont to strew, spread, or scatter ouer and upon the graues and sepulchers of their deare wiues, violets, roses, hyacinths and diuers simple flowers; by the which uxorious office they did mitigate and lessen the grieffe of their heartes conceiued by the losse of their louing beddefellowes. The like expression of mutual loue the wiues showed to their

buried husbandes. The antient Ethnicks did hold the springing of flowers from the graue of a deceased friend an argument of his happiness, and it was their vniversal wish that the tombe-stones of their dead friends might be light unto them, and that a perpetual springe-tide of all kinds of fragrant flowers might encircle their verdant graues."

Although much of this peculiar feeling and practice is now gone by, yet in country places remote from populous towns the same spirit is still somewhat alive, and instead of churchyards being gloomy and neglected places, they are often trimly decked: even the lowliest graves are bound over with willows and osiers, and the whole scene looks like a place of enduring and eternal repose, where affection wanders to feed on hope, and memory revel in enjoyment of the past.

The sexton is the gardener who cultivates and cherishes the fairest flowers—for what fairer flowers can there be than the memories of the wise and good, and gentle and amiable? They are amaranthine flowers, and breathe of spring and summer-tide all the year round. The fancy gardener plumes himself upon this fine tulip, or that delicate ranunculus, and exultingly explains to his auditors the qualities of each—the nicety of its culture, and the rarity of the stock. The gardener of the graves luxuriates equally amidst his descriptions of his garden's pride, and seems to make a private property of their virtues which bloom above ground. The gentle maid, on whose grave the first violets of the year are blooming, calls from his heart its warmest sympathy; he remembers her tender infancy, her budding womanhood—the fell disease which numbered her amongst the sleepers: he sees her in his mind's eye shining amid the cherubim, and smiles with inward joy as he tells her story. He rejoices that she was snatched from a wicked and ensnaring world, and knows that nothing can assail her now, and gently builds for her his hopes in heaven. He points to the graves of gray-haired elders, and in the contemplation of their peaceful end, cheerfully looks forward to his own, when he himself shall also lie flower-bound amongst those remains which he has so kindly garnished.

To the reflective mind, death with all his attendants is a cheerful personage: he comes not really with a frown, but with a welcome wafture to a shore where the billows roll not and where their roar is hushed. The sexton is his servitor and body attendant—he and the undertaker together garnish the dishes that their master prepares. The sexton stands amidst his duty as a privileged being—he takes his chirping

cup, and drinks to the present. His chief wish is that he and the sun may stand still together.

"Get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a stoup of liquor," saith Shakspeare's sexton, and falls to his work with a merry old chaunt; while the philosophic prince, surprised at what he witnesses, asks his friend Horatio: "hath this fellow no feeling that he sings at grave-making?"—Yes, my Lord Hamlet, he hath feeling—and yet he sings—sings because he hath feeling, and having feeling, he cannot choose but sing—

In youth when I did love, did love,  
Methought it was very sweet—

And this chaunt he sings while making the grave of her who died—not for love—but who died while she loved, with her young heart and all its wild and throbbing emotions warm about her. It wanders into love's paradise, while he prepares the resting-place of her who was worthy to be the queen of that paradise. Can he choose but sing of love? And is not love a cheerful theme? And can he be less than cheerful, or cheat himself into the melting mood, when he tunes his old husky pipe to a cheerful strain? To him, death and the grave are abstractedly nothing, if not boon companions—they and their attendants are all he cares for.

Does the old wag recollect aught that bears a gloomy aspect, or rake the storehouse of his memory for by-gones that have not the character of cheerfulness about them? "A pestilence on him for a mad rogue" (*Yorick*) saith he, "he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once." Chirping old soul—wouldst thou be always in thy cups—wouldst always have thy head and beard streaming with Rhenish? Verily thou wouldst rouse *Yorick* from his repose, to crack his jests anew, while thou shouldst again crack thy sides with laughter. Away—away, rogue! Scatter thy moulds less slovenly—lay all the bones in order—be grave, if thou canst, for a moment. *Yorick* seems to have infected thee; the wit and Rhenish seem to have been flowing on, while thy locks have been hourly turning from their early brown to their present sexagenarian silver.

And has the wing of time swept thee away, thou hoary-headed chronicle, old Robert L——? Thou who art mingled with the purest recollections of my childhood, and who returnest often and often to my memory, but oftenest when I walk across a fair, and well-garnished church-yard. I fancy I see thee now, in the little distant church-yard of W——, with thy coat of faded sky-blue, and thy long silver locks,

bending as thou wert amidst the weight of years. I never remember thee otherwise than I now describe thee:—that self-same coat—almost a part of thee: but thy cheerful face, thy cheerful heart, thy cheerful voice and spirits, and that warm, mild eye—How do I remember these! How often have I followed thee to thy domestic haunts, and teased thee amidst thy unsextonlike occupation of making wooden rakes for the hay-harvesters—played with thy tools in mock labour, and then hid them from thee: and how often have I seen thee with thy notable dame chirping thy joyous thoughts beside thy chimney-hearth, beneath that roof which my benevolent father gave thee for thy life. In these—in all thy occupations, thou wert the same: thou hadst a benison and a smile for all; and I was happy to have thy hard hand stroking down my flaxen locks; gently chucking me under the chin, and filling my pockets with fine swan-egg pears, from the high tree opposite the door of thy quiet dwelling.

I have frequently observed that sextons generally possess good memories, not only of persons, but also of things and circumstances. I do not mean to insist that their occupation confers this quality—but that it affords inducement towards it there can be no doubt, and this in their situation is an ample source of cheerfulness. To the sexton, death is so familiar—he frequently overleaps its physical effects in his contemplations. He goes with you from this grave to that—for every grave he hath an anecdote;—and if its tenant ever uttered a jest, the rogue remembers it, and repeats it, with as much glee as if it had been the child of his own fancy, when in truth it has been only a foundling and nurse-child. He is a great relater of incidents, and therefore generally prattles,—and your prattle is a glorious provocative to one kind of cheerfulness. In his mind, the dead and the living may be said to be both living: he is the master of the ceremonies—the major-domo, and introduces them to social intercourse; and, what is more, he equalizes all. Your living peer and your dead peasant have a sympathy through his gossip; and the proud peer listens with real interest to the history of the departed peasant, whom in life he would have passed by unheeded. Can there be a kindlier office, or a more cheering and cheerful one, than that of such a go-between. How importantly he conducts you through the labyrinths of his territory; he is the repository of the secrets of the dead, as to where they have hid themselves, except when the ostentatious tomb-stone blabs the secrets. He attends you with as much ceremony as a connoisseur would assume in

conducting you through the rarities of his gallery or museum. No one knows half so much as he does: he smiles at his conscious knowledge of the information you wish to obtain—he smiles more (at your ignorance or his triumph) when he has satisfied your interrogations—but oh! what a smile is the last, when your half-crown tickles his hard palm; for then the dreams of the warm chimney-corner, and the foaming cup, and anon, drinks five fathom deep, in his chosen potation to the health of curious strangers and inquisitive stragglers.

——“Your humble servant, Sir,” said a sexton to me as I passed through the church-yard of B——, and, with a smile, the old man paused and rested on the brink of a grave in which he had been busily employed, and wiped the dew from his brow. “Your humble servant, Sir,” said he again—apparently wishing to court conversation. I suppose he took me for a dead hunter, and fancied I wished to pry into the secrets of his tenantry. There was a sedate foolery about his manner, which on second-thoughts invited me to make his acquaintance: he seemed to be a grave humorist—an obtuse jester.——“You are no servant of mine, though you may be humble,” said I; “I want none such. My time is not come. I am sweet, wholesome, locomotive, and still likely to remain so. Go to your earth-worms, and to them you may bend, cap in hand, and say, ‘your humble servant—for you spread their banquet, and art a brave seneschal to their luxurious supper—old Life-in-death!” “Ha! Ha! Life in death—‘faith that’s good. Life in death, quotha”——said the old man, tickled by the epithet, to which he had unwittingly given the cue. We were on terms immediately; he was my chosen friend—my equal:—no more my humble servant.

How doth a smack of good humour open the heart! The old fellow jumped on his hobby-horse of “graves and tombs and epitaphs”—(many a waggish rhyme he gabbled over to me)—and no improvisatore, with all his fire, ever gave more eloquent effusions than this old chronicler did in his way. I remember one of his epitaphs, on three children buried in one grave,—

Under this stone lie babies three,  
That God Almighty sent to me;  
But they were seized by ague fits,  
And here they lie as dead as nits!

“You see, your honour,” said he, “I am a bit of a wag.

Heigho!—the days are gone—the days are gone.”

Between a sigh and a chuckle, the rogue continued—"I am but a boy yet—I am but eighty-six,—I have had five wives, and they were all of them good ones. There was Margery the first—I mean my first wife's name was Margery—not that she was the first of Margeries:—oh! poor Margery, bless her blue eyes! there she lies with the violets and cowslips over her head. Then I had Joan:—ah! Joan was a rare good 'un. I liked her better, 'cause she kept Margery more in my mind, and I seemed to have two wives at once (and not against the law either.) There she lies—there she lies;—and there I thought I should have lain too, 'til once on a time I saw Dorothy—and Dorothy won my heart, as I saw her milking the old red cow in the pasture, one fine May evening. In a week after I saw Dorothy, she and I became one. I was always an attractive one to the sweet sex—Heigho! heigho! We spent many happy days together; but she, like the rest one day gave me the slip, and—bless her black eyes, there she lies amongst the others with a handsome head and footstone. Then there was—let me see—who was the last I told your honour of? Margery, Joan, Dorothy, and—oh! Dorothy was the last I mentioned. Then there was Peggy and Bridget:—Bridget was the last of the flock: ah! bless em all—bless 'em all: there they are, all in a row; and I never let one grave have more violets than the other, though they spring the freshest over Margery, and so I am often transplanting from her to give to the rest. They were all of them good ones—all—all. Pray, your honour, how many wives have you had?"—This home question struck me at the moment in a very odd way, not having at that period of my life been able to boast even of one-fifth part of the old man's late possessions.

It seemed to be a trick of the old man's calling to dwell on matters of this kind; and I almost fancied he married five wives for the chance of seeing their five violet-covered graves, ranged in neat and becoming order in the chosen spot of all his contemplations. I indulged in a little further parley with this humorous rogue, and then bade him farewell; but not before he had gathered me a violet off each of the five graves, and placed them firmly in my button-hole.

There was old Tom P——, a merry old rogue, who not only dug graves and composed the dead, but also peeped at Parnassus, and composed epitaphs—composed *to order*. Besides this, he always used to keep a stock on hand, containing tributes to more virtues than any man, woman, or child ever possessed, and sold them at two-pence per line. Tom

was a very mighty man in his way, and all the wit of the village flowed either from his tongue or his inkstand. If John Milton had been half so celebrated a poet during his life, it would have well nigh turned his brain, or any other brain a degree weaker than that of the village poet.

Tom had never dreamt of Lindley Murray's two tomes of English grammar, and had never heard of the existence of the science which they taught: I cannot therefore say he set them at defiance: certain it is he never cherished that branch of human attainment.

I was sitting in his chimney corner one day, enjoying his sharp uncouth humour, when, after a slight knock at the door, a widow-like looking personage, dressed in deep mourning, lifted the latch and made her appearance amongst us. Tom was in full expectation of a job, and after bowing a most reverential and obsequious bow, and handing the lady a chair, he sat quietly turning up the whites of his eyes in steady anticipation of his orders.

"Mr. P——," said the widow in a whining, tremulous tone, "I want an epitaph to the memory of my poor dear man:—you know he was a tender kind-hearted lamb to me,"—"He was a tiger," muttered Tom.) "and I want something that will explain the character,"—"He had none that will bear explanation," said he in a whisper.) "You know, Mr. P——," proceeded the lady; "he was charitable, affectionate, sober, religious—in short, he was"—here she managed to squeeze out her first tear.

"I'll fit him immediately ma'am," interrupted Tom: "in the mean time, ma'am, please to run your eye over these patterns," handing her a greasy dogs-eared MS. volume, "and if none of those will do—I will make him a stave on purpose." The widow turned and turned again—read and re-read—but there was nothing amongst the sample that answered the throbbing of her sensitive heart; at length she closed the volume in despair, and begged of Tom to execute a *bran* new one in his best style.

The poet-sexton held consultation with the ceiling, as other knowing persons sometimes do, in the fullness of deep thought and reflection, then fixed his rolling eyes upon a well-smoked flitch just swinging above him, rubbed his hands, raked together the embers of his fire, and sat with pen in hand and spectacles on nose, and, as the poet Collins says of melancholly,

"Like one inspired."—

At length the liquid lines were penned, and after a few expressive ahems! Tom read as follow;—

“ Under this stone  
Lies Mister Bone;  
He lying lived, and lying died,  
For, dying or living, he always lied:—”

“ Oh! Mr. P——,” interrupted the widow, “ the poor soul always told the truth to the best of his ability.”—“ Yes, ma’am, to the best of his *ability*, I know he did; but you know ma’am, he had been bed-ridden for many years,” replied Tom, “ and therefore he lived lying, and died lying.” The rogue turned round and gave me a knowing wink, expressive of his high sense of his own ingenuity. The widow’s silence showed her scruples were at an end, and the author proceeded in the recitation of his production:

“ His virtues under a bushel were hid,”

(“ I mean under a bushel of vices,” said Tom, in a half audible whisper to me;)

“ But he did as he liked, and liked what he did,”

(“ He was drunk every day,” muttered Tom aside.)

“ And I his survivor and widow dear,  
Come here every day with a sigh and a tear;  
And I says to all husbands, ‘ take copy from he,  
And make ready to follow him like unto me.’ ”

“ Thank you—oh! thank you, Mr. P——! you are a clever man! Oh! if the poor dear departed lamb could but hear how nicely you have spoken of him! Pray, Mr. P——, how much am I to pay you?” “ Twenty-pence, if you please ma’am—two-pence a line—long and short together: the long ones ought to be two-pence half-penny, but I had rather give than take.” The widow forthwith paid her pence; and having pocketed what might have been called an affront, but which she took for an epitaph, she made her curtesy in apparent delight; and it was a fine thing to see the face Tom made when he had shut the door upon her. *Munden* is the only man who could give an idea of that extraordinary phiz.

“ What a dottrel that old woman is!” said he. “ That rascal of a husband led her the life of a *niger-slave*, and she was spaniel enough to like him the better. However, twen-

ty-pence is well earned: those who understand the king's English will see I have given the knave his due, and the widow goes home pleased withal—for a “knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.”

I have not space to copy more of Tom's choice morsels, but they were all smart in their way, or, as I should rather say, in *his* way. I could give twenty other instances of the cheerfulness of sextons, but I have indulged in my rambling gossip long enough, and I am sure my readers can support my few observations from their own experience.

To conclude this desultory subject:—there is a moral beauty in cheerfulness wherever it exists: it becomes every person, and every period of life; but a cheerful old age is the choicest of earthly blessings. When I see the gray-haired sexton smiling and chirping amidst the labour of his vocation, I think of the spreading ivy on the ruin that flourishes the freshest and greenest amidst the scenes of desolation and decay.

G. F.

For the Port Folio.

## ON THE PRINCIPLES OF TASTE.

(From the French.)

MOST writers on the fine arts have treated this subject with more ostentation than exactness or simplicity. Of this we have an example in the manner in which they speak of poetry. They think they convey a just idea when they say that it embraces all the arts: that it is composed of painting, music and eloquence.

As to eloquence; it speaks, it demonstrates, it relates. Like music it has a regulated measure, of which the tones and cadences form a kind of concert. Painting designates objects, and clothes them with colours in every variety of shade: she uses colours and the pencil; she employs melody and harmony: she shows truth, and makes us love it.

Poetry embraces every subject. She seizes upon the most brilliant pages of history: she ranges through the fields of philosophy: she rolls her eye upward, and traces the motions of the stars: she plunges into the earth, and investigates the secrets of nature: she walks in the receptacles of the dead, to behold the rewards of virtue and the punishments of vice. When she has exhausted this world, she creates a new sphere, which she embellishes with lofty edifices, and peoples with a

new race of men, endued with those qualities which her fancy has invented. It is a species of magic: she deceives the eye, the imagination, and even the judgment, and thus produces real pleasure by chimerical inventions. This is the manner in which writers usually speak of poetry.

They hold nearly the same language of the other arts. Enraptured with what so much occupies their own minds, they lanch into pompous descriptions, instead of precise definitions: or if they do not make the attempt, they often mistake the accessory for the principal, or the principal for the accessory.

It is our object to draw the veil which obscures this subject, to establish the true principles of the arts, and to fix the notions which belong to them with as much precision as possible.

This treatise is divided into three parts. In the first we shall examine the nature of the arts, their concurrences and essential differences. We shall show, from the very formation of the human mind, that the imitation of nature should be their common object; and that the only difference between them consists in the various means which they employ to accomplish this purpose. The means by which painting, music and dancing accomplish their respective purposes, are colours, sound, and gesture: that of poetry is discourse. Hence we perceive, on the one hand, the intimate connexion amounting to a species of fraternity, which unites all the arts, all children of nature,\* pursuing the same end, and regulated by the same rules: and on the other the particular differences, which separate and distinguish them.

After having established the nature of the arts by the genius of man which produces them, it was natural to think of the consequences which might be deduced from it: the more so, because taste is the criterion by which the fine arts are judged, and reason itself lays down no rules but in accordance with taste. If it be found that taste and genius are in unison, and that they concur in imposing the same laws upon the arts generally, and upon each in particular, we shall have additional evidence of our first principle. This is the

\* *Etenim omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quâdam inter se continenter. Cic. pro. Archia poeta.*

This may be illustrated by reflecting on the impressions made upon our mind by the group of Laocoon. We can at any moment bring to the mind's eye the writhings of the sufferer, and the contortions of the snakes; but whether we are indebted for this picture to the poet or the sculptor, it is not easy to distinguish.

object of the second part, in which it is shown, that good taste in the arts is in strict conformity with the principles laid down in the first part: and that the rules of taste are nothing more than deductions from the principle of imitation. For if the arts are essentially imitators of nature, it follows that a true relish for nature must be good taste in the arts. This consequence is demonstrated in several chapters, in which we endeavour to show what is taste, on what it depends, how it is destroyed, &c. and all these chapters constantly keep in view the general principle of imitation which embraces the whole. These two parts contain the demonstrations which flow from reasoning.

The third contains those proofs which are furnished by the artists themselves. This is the theory confirmed by the practice.

#### PART I.

*In which the nature of the Arts is ascertained from the genius which produces them.*

It is not necessary that we should commence with an eulogium upon the arts in general. They are their own best panegyrist: all the world feels their benefits. They have built towns: collected the wandering tribes of man, polished his manners, softened his heart, and qualified him for society. Destined to charm our senses and to serve our wants, they have become, in a measure, a second order of elements, the creation of which nature reserved for our own industry.

#### CHAPTER I.

*Definition, division, and origin of the Arts in general.*

AN art, in general, is a collection of rules to direct the best manner of doing that, which may be done well or ill. For that which can only be done well or ill, has no need of art.

These rules are no more than general principles, drawn from particular observations, frequently repeated, and always confirmed by the repetition. For instance, we observe that an orator displeases his audience, if in his opening he manifests a spirit of haughtiness, or an overweening degree of self-confidence: from this, we lay it down as a general rule, that an exordium should be modest. Thus every observation contains a precept, and every precept grows out of observation.

The first inventor of the arts is want, the most ingenious

of all masters, whose precepts are, of all others, the best understood. Cast naked upon a naked earth, to use the language of Lucretius and Pliny, with cold, heat, and wet to encounter, externally, and the internal clamours of hunger and thirst to appease, man could not long remain inactive. He was forced to seek for the means of subsistence, and he succeeded. When he found the articles, he improved them, to render the use more certain, more easy, more satisfactory, as occasion might require. Thus, when he felt the inconvenience of rain, he sought a shelter. If this was a tufted tree, it soon occurred to him to twine the branches together that he might be better protected. In process of time he connects other trees with the first, and he has a more certain, commodious, and extensive covering for his family, his provisions, and his herds. As observations multiply, industry and taste having daily suggested something new to the first essay, either in the embellishment or improvement of the edifice, there is formed, in the course of time, a body of precepts called architecture, which is the art of building houses in a solid, commodious and decent manner.

Similar observations were made upon other matters having relation to the means of preserving life, or of promoting its pleasures and comforts: thence arise the arts of necessity and convenience.

After necessity and convenience were gratified, there wanted but another step to attain the agreeable, which is a third order of luxuries: for the convenient, holding a middle rank, between the necessary and the purely agreeable, partakes of both.

Thus we may distinguish three species of arts, with respect to the ends which they propose.

The objects of the first are the wants of men: nature, which has exposed man to a thousand evils, and abandoned him to them from the moment of his birth, seems to have determined that the remedies for these miseries, should only be obtained by his industry and labour. Thus we have the *mechanical arts*.

Pleasure is the end of the second. These arts are produced in the moments of pleasure, and under the influence of abundance and tranquillity. They are called the *fine arts*. These are music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and the art of gesture, or dancing.\*

The third rank contains those arts which have for their

\* The drama may be regarded as one of the fine arts, since in fact it is a combination of the whole, giving vitality to each. *Tr.*

objects, pleasure and utility combined: such as eloquence and architecture. Necessity gave birth to them, and taste has brought them to perfection. They hold a middle rank between the other two.

The arts of the first order employ nature as they find her, only for use and service. Those of the third, employ her, by polishing her, for use. The fine arts do not employ her at all: they do no more than imitate her after their own manner, which we shall explain in the ensuing chapter. Thus nature only is the object of all arts. She is the source of all our wants, and all our pleasures: the mechanical arts and those of taste were only made to draw them from her.

We speak now only of the fine arts, that is, of those which have pleasure for their object: and that we may the better understand what they are, we shall recur to the causes which produced them.

Man made the arts, and for themselves they were made. Tired of the uniformity of those enjoyments which simple nature afforded, and finding themselves in a situation to receive pleasure, men had recourse to their genius to procure a new order of ideas and sentiments, which would revive the mind, and reanimate their taste. But what could genius effect, restrained in its richness and views from overstepping nature? labouring, too, for men whose faculties were restricted within the same limits? All her efforts were directed, necessarily to the task of selecting the most enticing objects of nature, from which to form an exquisite whole, more perfect than nature herself, and yet without ceasing to be natural. This is the fundamental principle of the arts, upon which the artists of all ages have proceeded. Wherefore I conclude, 1st, that genius, which is the parent of all the arts, should imitate nature: 2d, that nature is not to be imitated in her ordinary appearance, as we behold her every day: 3d, that taste, for which the arts are made, should be satisfied when the objects of nature have been well chosen and well imitated by the arts. Thus, all our demonstrations, tend to establish an imitation of nature, from the very character of genius which produces them. taste, which decides upon them, and the practice of the best artists.

---

#### CHAPTER II.

*Genius has produced the Arts only by imitation.*

THE human mind can create but imperfectly: all its productions carry the evidence of a model. Even those mon-

sters which a disordered imagination sometimes places before our eyes, cannot be composed but from materials furnished by nature. If genius, through caprice, from these articles, forms an assemblage contrary to the laws of nature, in degrading nature she debases herself, and becomes a species of madness. The limits are marked, beyond which, if genius wander, it is lost: a chaos rather than a world is formed, and disgust rather than pleasure is excited.\*

Genius then which labours to please, neither ought, nor can, transcend the bounds of nature. Its powers consist, not in searching after what might be, but in the discovery of what actually exists. Invention in the arts is not the faculty of creating objects, but of finding them out and ascertaining their uses. And those men of genius who discover most, discover nothing that did not exist before. They are not creators but in consequence of reflection: and they only reflect that they may acquire the power of creating. The most insignificant objects excite them: because they bear in their minds a mass of intellectual spirit ever ready to be employed. Genius is like the earth, which produces nothing without seed. This comparison, far from impoverishing the artist, tends to point out to him the extent and source of his real wealth, which is inexhaustible: since all the knowledge which can be acquired becomes the germe of productions in the arts. Genius has no other limits, as it regards its objects, than those of the universe.

Genius ought then to have an aid to elevate and sustain her, and this aid is nature. She can neither create, nor can she destroy. Genius can therefore only follow and imitate nature, and therefore all that genius produces is the creature of imitation.

To imitate is to copy a model. This term contains two ideas: 1st, the original or prototype, containing the traits which we wish to imitate: and 2d, the copy which represents them.

Nature, that is to say, every thing that exists, is the prototype or model of the arts.

To explain this, we may distinguish, as it were, four worlds: the existing world or universe, actual, civil, physical, and moral, of which we compose a part: the historical world, which is peopled with great names, and filled with splendid achievements: the fabulous world, composed of imaginary gods and heroes: and the ideal or possible world, or all ex-

\* See Southey's *Curse of Kehama*, where all the splendour of a poetical mind is lost in our disgust at many of the passages. *Tr.*

isting beings in general, from which imagination draws individuals, which it depicts in all the modes of existence and propriety. Thus Aristophanes draws Socrates, a subject taken from society then existing. The Horatii are taken from history: Medea from fable: the miser from the possible world. This is, in general, what we call nature. It is necessary as we have already said, that the industrious imitator should have her constantly before his eyes. Wherefore? because she comprehends all the plans or models of regular works, and the designs of all those ornaments which can please us. The arts do not create their own laws: these are independent of their caprice, and are invariably traced from nature.

What then is the province of the arts? It is to transplant the traits of nature, and to exhibit them under aspects of a different character. Thus the chisel of the statuary converts a block of marble into the representation of a hero. The painter, by his colours, exhibits on canvass, all visible objects. The musician, by artificial sounds, makes a tempest rage when all is calm, and the invention and melody of the poet fills the heart with feigned images, and fictitious sentiments, which are often more pleasing than those which are true and natural. Whence I conclude, that the arts, in every thing properly so called, are no more than imitations or resemblances, of what does not actually, but only appears to exist: and that the foundation of the fine arts is not the true but the probable. This consequence is so important that we shall proceed to illustrate it by application.

What is painting? an imitation of visible objects. It has nothing of the true or real: all is a phantom, and its perfection results from its resemblance to the reality.

Gesture may very well regulate the tones and attitudes of an orator in the rostrum, and of a man in conversation.\* But it is not in these respects that they properly belong to the arts. They may also wander astray, the one in those caprices in which sounds clash without design, the other in the leaps and starts of phrenzy: but neither of them in these cases, is within its proper limits. In order that they should be so, they must return to imitation: that they should form an artificial representation of human passions. It is then that we recognize them with pleasure, and that they impart a kind and degree of sentiment which satisfies us.

\* See the representation of Rolla saving the child of Alonzo. That particular attitude is not necessary, but it pleases the eye, and fills it with sentiments of the elevated character, and protecting power of the chief.  
Ty.

Poetry is nothing but a fiction. In her pages the wolf has the traits of a powerful and unjust man; the lamb those of oppressed innocence. The Eclogue offers to our contemplation, tuneful shepherds, which are no more than resemblances, or images. Comedy holds up the portrait of an actual miser, which is effected by grouping the traits of avarice.

Tragedy is not poetry, but as it is an imitation. Cæsar quarreled with Pompey. This is not poetry, it is history. But conversations, motives, and intrigues have been invented, according to the ideas which the history of those times impart; this becomes poetry, because this alone is the work of genius and art.

The epic is only a recital of possible actions, presented with all the characteristics of reality. Neither Juno nor Eneas ever said what Virgil has imputed to them; but they might have held such language, and this is enough for poetry. It is a continual falsehood, with every appearance of truth.

Thus all the arts, in every thing that they produce truly artificial, are nothing more than imaginary things, fictitious beings, copied and imitated from the truth. For this reason we always place nature in opposition to art: that we hear nothing but the remark that we must follow nature: that art is perfect when it represents perfectly: in short, that the most exquisite productions of art are those which imitate nature so faithfully that we take them for nature herself.

And this imitation for which we have so natural a propensity, since it is the guide and director of man, *vivimus ad exempla*, is one of the principal sources of pleasure which the arts produce. The mind dwells upon the original and the copy: and the judgment which it forms, makes an impression so much the more agreeable, as it is an evidence to us of our own penetration and intelligence.

This theory is not new. We find it in all the ancient writers. Aristotle commences his Poetics by laying down the principle that music, dancing, poetry and painting are imitative arts. To this all the rules of his treatise are reduced. According to Plato, to be a poet, it does not suffice to narrate, he must feign and create what he recounts. In his Republic he condemns poetry; because, being essentially an imitation, the objects which it copies might affect the manners.\* So, too, Horace, in his Art of Poetry:

Si fautoris ages aulæa manentis,  
Ætis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores;  
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.

\* Plutarch explains this so clearly, that we must cite the passage. "Plato

Why do we attend to the manners but that we may copy them?

Respicere exemplar morum vitæque jubebo  
Doctum *imitatorem*, et vivas hinc ducere voces.

*Vivas voces docere*;\* that is, follow nature. The whole may be expressed in this precept, *ex noto fictum carmen sequar*—from well known tales the fictions raise. I may feign what is well known: the reader will be deceived: he fancies that he beholds nature herself, and that nothing is easier than to do the same thing. But my production is the work of genius, to which a moderate mind is wholly inadequate—*Sudet multum frustra que laboret*—Ars. Poet. l. 240.

The very terms which the ancients used in speaking of poetry show that they considered it as an imitative art. The Greeks called it *ποίησις* (fabrico) and *μιμεῖσθαι* (imitari)—the Latins translated the first term *facere*—the best authors said *facere pœma*, i. e. to forge, fabricate, create: the second they rendered by  *fingere* and *imitari*, which equally signify imitation, such as we behold in the arts, or a real and moral imitation, such as we see in society. But as the meaning of these words, in the lapse of time, has been extended, perverted or narrowed, principles which were stated with perspicuity by their authors, have been mistaken, or involved in obscurity. By *fiction* they meant those fables in which the poet employs the intervention of Gods, who compose a part of his machinery; because this part of fiction is the most noble. By *imitation*, not simply an artificial copy of nature, but all sorts of imitation in general. Whence it follows that these words, having no longer their original meaning, they are no longer proper to designate poetry, and the language of the ancients, has been rendered unintelligible to many readers.

From what has been said, it results, that poetry consists in imitation. So it is in regard to painting, dancing, and music: Nothing is real in those arts: all is imaginary, feigned, copied, artificial. It is this which constitutes their essential character in opposition to nature.

himself," he says, "teaches us that poetry consists only in fable: and he defines fable to be a false recital, resembling the truth. Narration tells us what has occurred: fable is the image and representation of this narration. And there is as great a difference between the author of the fable and the narration, as there is between the latter and the actor."

\* See Mr. Francis' note on this—4 Franc. Hor. 250. Tr.

CHAPTER III.

*Genius should not imitate Nature such as she is.*

GENIUS and Taste are so intimately connected in the arts, that there are cases in which we cannot write without appearing to confound them, nor separate, without depriving them of their peculiar functions. This is what we shall attempt in this place, where it is impossible to say what genius should do in imitating nature in the absence of taste, which is its guide. We are obliged to touch lightly upon this point here, to prepare the reader for what follows: but we shall examine it more thoroughly in the second part.

Aristotle compares poetry with history. The difference, according to him, does not consist in the form or the style, but in their very nature. History describes what has actually happened: Poetry, as it might have been. The one is bound to adhere to the truth: it creates neither persons nor events. The other is only restricted to the probable: it invents and imagines at will: it describes from its own resources. The historian furnishes examples such as they are, often imperfect. The poet presents them as they ought to be. And this is the reason, according to the same writer, (Aristotle) why poetry is more philosophical and more instructive than history.\*

Upon this principle we may conclude that the arts are imitators of nature; that would be an excellent imitation which would not copy her servilely; but which, selecting proper objects and traits, would present them with all the perfection of which they are susceptible: in a word, an imitation in which we should behold nature, not as she actually exists, but such as she might be, and such as the mind might conceive.

What did Zeuxis do when he resolved to paint a perfect beauty? Did he undertake to draw the portrait of some particular female, whose picture was historical? He collected all the several traits of several beauties then living: from these he formed in his own mind a fictitious combination, and this idea was the prototype or model of his picture, which was probable and poetical in its totality, and was only true and historical in its separate parts. This is the example which

\* Horace goes much farther than the Stagirite, for he affirms of Epic poetry, which is acknowledged to be inferior to tragedy in point of instruction—that it is more philosophical than philosophy itself.

Qui sit quid pulchrum, quid turpe quid utile, quid non,  
Plenius et melius Crysippo et Crautore dicit. *Tr.*

artists furnish: this is the course which they ought to pursue, and it has been the practice of all the great artists without exception.

When Moliere wished to depict Misanthropy, he did not seek an original in Paris of which he might make an exact copy: this would have been no more than a history—a portrait—he would not have accomplished more than half his object. But he collected all the traits of a morose humour that he could find in human nature; to this he added all that his own genius could furnish of the same kind. From these traits combined and assorted, he drew a character which was not only just, but probable. His comedy is not the history of Alceste, but the picture of Alceste is the history of Misanthropy in general. By this means he has illustrated that passion much better than if he had been a scrupulous historian, tracing the life and character of an actual misanthrope.\*

These two instances will serve to give us a clear and distinct idea of what is called *beautiful nature*. It is not what actually *does*, but what *might* exist—the true beautiful, which is represented, as if it actually existed, with all the embellishments and perfections which it is capable of receiving.

This does not prevent the real and true from becoming subjects of the arts. In Hesiod the muses are made to speak thus: “we know how to give the appearance of truth to falsehood, and we also can sing what is true without any mixture of fiction.” If an historical fact is found to possess sufficient attractions for a poem or a picture, the painter and the poet, both set to work and embellish it according to their several arts. When Le Brun painted the battles of Alexander, he found in history the fact, the personages, and the scene: still, what invention, what poetry does he not display! the disposition, attitude and expression are the creations of genius. Thus art builds itself on the foundation of truth. And it may mingle it so adroitly with fiction, as to form a whole of the same nature.

\* Plato, in his Republic, has the same idea in speaking of statuarists, “who collect together the most beautiful points in different bodies, in order to compose one more perfect, to which no human body can approach in regularity and symmetry.” It was a common saying among the ancients, he is as beautiful as a statue, and we say of a woman exquisitely beautiful, that she is like a picture. In that sense also, Juvénal, to convey a more adequate idea of the horrors of a tempest, calls it a *poetical tempest*.

omnia fiunt  
Talía, tam graviter, si quando *Poetica surgit*  
*Tempestas*—Sat. XII.

Atque ita mentitur, sic verisfalsa remiscet,  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum. *Hor:*

This is the course generally pursued in epics, tragedies, and historical paintings. As the fact is no longer in the hands of the historian, but has been delivered over to the artist, who has a right to attempt every thing which can promote his design, he breaks it up, if I may so speak, in order to give it a new form: he adds, retrenches, or transposes. If it be a poem, he prepares plots, intrigues, &c. for the germe of all is supposed to be in history, which it is his business to illustrate. If the foundation be fictitious, the artist then enjoys his privileges in their fullest extent, and creates whatever he requires. It is a privilege which we grant, because he is obliged to please.

(To be continued.)

---

For the Port Folio.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Judge Gould, of Lichfield, who has been occupied for many years as a teacher of law, has issued a "Warning and Protest" against the publication of the lectures which he has delivered to his pupils. He does not know whether any such design is in contemplation, but he infers the fact from the circumstance of an inquiry having been made, at the Department of State, of which he was immediately apprised, whether any copy-right had been taken out for them. The delivery of these lectures, the Judge considers as merely a sale or assignment of a single copy to each pupil, which copy he has no right to make public, or to multiply, by printing or otherwise, without the consent of the author. He declines "obtruding an argument upon the public," but he refers us to an English decision on the subject, in which the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) granted an injunction against the publication of Dr. Abernethy's oral lectures, without his consent. How that injunction would stand in an action at common law, is yet to be seen, and therefore it is not an authority even in England. It is the opinion of one of the most learned lawyers of this time, and therefore to be respected. Still it is only a decision in equity, and as to equity—why, says Selden, one Chancellor has a long foot and another has a short foot. We do not see how an exclusive privilege can be granted for uttering and vending a particular form of words and phrases, without depositing an exemplification in a pub-

lic office. How could a pretended infringement be proved? But there is still less occasion for an argument from us, than from the worthy gentleman whose intellectual labours are thus invaded. Long may he enjoy the fruits of them. Should the meditated piracy—so to speak—be put into execution, we are confident that the honourable feelings of the American bar, will render it an unprofitable, as it would be, a dishonourable enterprise. We ought not to conclude this paragraph without some notice of the manner in which Mr. Gould has been made acquainted with this scheme. It manifests an attention to the feelings and interest of individuals highly creditable to the eminent individual, to whom the chief department of state has been confided.

The following is an extract from a Jubilee Oration, delivered in Ohio. The Orator was probably enjoying by anticipation the “choice nectar” that was to follow the delivery of his speech. “And if we may be allowed to draw a fanciful supposition at that instant on a presentation of a copy (of the Declaration of Independence) to Jove, by the Goddess of Liberty, he exclaimed with a voice of thunder, ‘Mercury! Mercury!! Tell Bacchus to roll out the barrels—fill the goblets with the choicest nectar: for this day a nation is born, ‘The Queen of the world and the child of the skies.’”

In describing a boat-race at Easton, one of the newspapers of Maryland gives us the following specimen of literary finery:

“The day was *serene* and *bright*—the skill of the oarsmen caused the *glittering* blades to cleave the *smooth* surface of the waters with precision *harmonious* to the eye and ear, whilst their *vigorous* arms propelled with *graceful* sweep the *swift* prows through the *rapid collecting* foam. The boats fly over the bosom of the *beautiful* Tread Haven with *inconceivable* swiftness, and the *receding* shores *rapidly* retire from their view.”

The following is extracted from the *Alexandria Herald*.—Every thing that relates to the great and good man, who is the subject of it, awakens the liveliest interest among that portion of the American people, who have never been deluded by the calumnies of Paine, Callender, the Aurora, and the author of the anonymous letters in the appendix to Marshal's Life of Washington. We cannot believe that such a journal as is spoken of, would have been committed to “indiscreet” hands, and if “honour” require that it should be preserved in the repository to which it was consigned, we are at a loss to conceive upon what grounds the “commu-

nity" are "entitled" to violate it. They order matters differently, however, in the *Herald*, the editor of which, speaks of these high matters as lightly as if he were about to "treat" his readers with the secrets of a young lady's love-letter.

"At the time of General Washington's death, it was stated in the newspapers, that he had left a journal of his life from the time he entered into public service, down to the day when he became incapable of continuing it. It may not, at this time, be improper to ask whether such a journal does, or ever did exist? and if so, whether the author gave any directions as to the disposition to be made of it?

"In reply to the above inquiry, we are enabled to say, that a journal of the kind referred to, does exist—and is now in the possession of a young gentleman of this place, from whom we have, some time since, had the promise of being favoured with a few extracts. He has refrained complying with his promise, from feelings of delicacy, which, though honourable, we think, ought not to exist in regard to the paragon of a man, whose very minutest acts the community, not of this or that city, or state, or country, but of the whole civilized world, conceive they are entitled to. We have little doubt, however, that the young gentleman of whom we have spoken, if he be left to his own good discretion, will no longer withhold the treat which he has in his power, of furnishing from this inestimable treasure."

It is proposed to abridge Mr. Colden's *Life of Fulton*, and by combining it in that shape with several unpublished essays of Mr. F. to form a volume for the benefit of his orphan children. The essays are said to exhibit the character of the writer in a new and interesting light, and are calculated to favour the cause of science and of sound thinking. The publication of this volume, we hope, may be executed at an early day, and an opportunity afforded to every friend of the memory of one, who has proved himself a public benefactor, in so large a sense, to discharge, in some degree, the large debt of gratitude that is due to him.

A person in New-Orleans, who solicited the honour of pronouncing an eulogy on Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, not being gratified by the authorities, anticipated the ceremony by publishing his eulogy the day before that of the orator elect was delivered. It is said to be sad stuff, and, among other follies, to declare, that "the admirers of the 'benefactor of humanity,' will establish a pilgrimage to Monticello, as holy and as pure as that of the tomb of Jesus Christ is to a Christian."

Mr. Poletica, in his recent work on the United States, speaks in the following terms of the ladies of this country:—

“Women in the United States enjoy a reputation for morality, which the most violent defamers of that country have never dared assault. They assiduously fulfil the duties of wives and mothers. Their deportment is modest, decent, and very reserved.”

“The beauty of the women of the United States is generally acknowledged. But it is of so transient a character, that a sentiment of compassion immediately mingles itself with the pleasure you experience in beholding the young American beauties, who assemble together in their evening entertainments. You involuntarily compare them to delicate flowers, that wither before the slightest breath of a northern wind. The frequent changes in the temperature of the air which distinguishes the climate of the United States, exert a fatal influence on the health of the inhabitants and the beauty of the women.”

It is said in the *Leeds Intelligencer* that Mr. Jeffrey is about withdrawing from the *Edinburg Review*. The firm of Longman & Co. of London, had regularly paid to Constable & Co. a moiety of the salary of Mr. Jeffrey, (350/) for each number of the *Review*, which he suffered to remain in Constable's hands, together with the moiety due from that house. Since their failure, he has, it is said, demanded the whole from Longman & Co., and the payment is resisted.

M. Le Vasseur, who accompanied General Lafayette in his American tour, has written a letter to a friend in Virginia, in which he says:—

“The desire to make our countrymen acquainted with what is beautiful, simple and admirable, in the institutions of the United States, has suggested an idea, which appears a happy one, and will obtain, I sincerely hope, your approbation. It is the publication of a monthly Journal, the *Revue Americaine*, a periodical paper, of from eight to ten sheets of letter-press; whose special purpose is to demonstrate by facts, the immense advantages of the system introduced in your country, and to make the Europeans more exactly acquainted with the happy results, which such wise institutions have procured to the United States. It will be our endeavour to take advantage of all the discoveries in the sciences, manufactures, and agriculture, which enrich the two Americas—we intend also to follow them in the progressive increase of their literature. The stockholders in this useful undertaking are gentlemen very well known and highly respectable. The

editorship is to be confided to a young gentleman, who is my friend, and was my companion in arms, whose talents, sentiments, and perfect integrity, are sure guarantees of the excellence of his work."

Captain Parry's *Journal of a third voyage for the discovery of a North-west Passage, &c. performed in the years, 1824-5, &c.* communicates nothing new on this subject. It was in fact, less successful than his former voyages, owing to an unavoidable accident. The summer of 1824, was spent in combatting with the ice in Baffin's Bay. For this purpose extraordinary machinery was employed, and no doubt the vessels were strained. They were obliged to take up their winter quarters in Port Bowen, lat. 73° lon. 89°, and were detained there until 20th July, 1825. After sailing a few miles back along the eastern coast of the inlet, one of the ships, the *Fury*, on the 1st of August, stranded; and after nearly a month had been spent in endeavouring to heave her down, it was found necessary to abandon her. His own ship, the *Hecla*, being now encumbered with a double crew, and the season far advanced, Capt. Parry returned to England, where he arrived in October.

*The Story of Isabel, by the Author of the Favourite of Nature*, is an evangelical novel, and may suit those readers who are willing to see the precepts of religion mingled with the fictions of romance, provided, moreover, they belong to the established church. If they do not enjoy this inestimable privilege, they may find themselves offended by a spirit of intolerance of the straitest sort. Were it not for these revolting features, we should pronounce a very favourable opinion of this novel.

Mr. Ayres has published about ten thousand copies of the *Life of Lafayette*, by the late Robert Waln, jun. He has issued proposals for printing the *Life of Bonaparte*, by Sir Walter Scott, in two vols. 8vo.

A very useful little volume, under the title *Experiments to determine the comparative value of the principal varieties of Fuel*, has just issued from the press. It is from the pen of Mr. Marcus Bull, of this city, and bears evidence, throughout, of the accuracy and unwearied patience for which that gentleman is distinguished. The objects of his inquiry are to ascertain the cheapest kind of fuel and the most economical mode of using it. In the slight sketch which we give of the literature of the day, it would be impossible to introduce such a detailed notice of Mr. Bull's experiments as would convey to the reader, an adequate idea of their utility. Those

who are interested in the important subject to which they relate, must purchase the book and study it thoroughly.

The following passage, which we have translated from the *Revue Encyclopédique*, will show how favourably Mr. Bull's labours have been regarded by the *savans* of Paris:—"This performance is particularly remarkable for its accordance with the results of experiments made in Europe of a different character. Mr. Bull carefully describes those which he has pursued, and this part of his book is not the least instructive. He compares his inquiries with those of Lavoisier, Crawford, Dalton, and Rumford, and estimates the degree of exactness which they may have attained. He next describes his apparatus and modes of weighing; his methods of calculation and the principles upon which they are founded. He reviews every thing of importance that has been done on this subject in France, Great Britain, and his own country, and turns to advantage every thing that he collects. His experiments were prosecuted during a period of six months, and extended to forty-six kinds of wood, to coal from seven mines in America, to those of England, and particularly some kinds of charcoal; and, finally, to a mixture of coal, charcoal, and clay, which is used in America as well as in some parts of Europe. The memoir of Mr. Bull is the most complete that has hitherto been published on the subject of fuel, which is so important an article in domestic economy. It is to be wished that it may be translated into French, in order that its usefulness may be more extensively diffused.

R. DESILVER has issued proposals for publishing "*A Collection of Ancient and Modern Jurisprudence.*"

Under the above title, adopted as a convenient designation of a work which will necessarily be miscellaneous in its materials, it is proposed to submit to the profession a series of numbers, which will comprise, in a cheap and commodious form, a variety of works, and parts of works, useful in a law library, but difficult to be procured, or too expensive to be in general use. It is scarcely necessary to remind the well-read Lawyer, that in the bulky tomes which have been bequeathed to the profession by the ancient "sons of the law," there is much valuable matter that might be extracted from the mass of learning, now useless, except as exhibiting juridical lore or professional expertness. Of the two folio volumes, for instance, of the works of Sir Leoline Jenkine, nothing is now practically useful to an American lawyer but the sections which relate to maritime law. They do not amount to a twentieth part of these learned labours; yet to

obtain this small portion, the whole must be purchased.—Domat and Rutherforth might be cited also as instances of authors whose volumes might be advantageously abridged for the use of American students. Numerous valuable tracts could be selected and preserved in this manner, and by being embodied in a volume, with the useful helps of indexes, could be brought into service with promptness and certainty of citation. There are, moreover, in the old books, which, it can scarcely be expected, will ever be brought out of their primitive black letter, many insulated adjudications which still retain their places in argument, and still secure for their authors a niche in the professional library.

Reports of distinguished jurists, on particular branches of the law, in various states of the Union, such as Mr. Livingston's on the Laws of Louisiana, Mr. Ingersoll's on the Criminal Code of Pennsylvania, &c , and, occasionally, sound and efficient speeches in the congress or the respective legislatures of the nation, might thus be preserved.

Translations from the dead and living languages, of suitable treatises, will also find a place in this compilation.

The publisher does not find it necessary to enter into a more particular detail of the objects embraced in these views, as it is not his intention to offer a regular journal to the profession, which must be paid for by the year, without regard to the convenience, the judgment, or the taste of the subscriber. Every number will be complete in itself, or form a part of some entire work.

By the use of double columns and a compact type, large volumes will be reduced to comparatively few pages, and thus many useful matters be placed within the reach of the profession at an expense of at least a third of what has heretofore been paid.

The first number will contain a translation of a work on the jurisprudence of sovereign nations, by HUBNER, a writer who has been distinguished as "*the champion of neutral rights.*"

An *Analytical Digest of all the reported decisions* in the United States, will convey to practitioners a view of the progress of our own jurisprudence.

A synopsis of such recent British decisions as may appear useful to an American lawyer, may form another department of the proposed work.

"*The Lay of Gratitude,*" a collection of Poems, by Daniel Bryan, occasioned by the visit of Lafayette to this country,

is thus noticed in an article which we translate from the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

"There is nothing in history to be compared with the voyage of general Lafayette to America. A simple individual embarks from the old country in a ship in which other persons are passengers with him. He is without any attendants, protected by no flag, preceded by no proclamations, for he is neither a sovereign nor the representative of one,—and yet all the vessels sailing from Europe before him, carry to the new world the intelligence of his intended departure. At his approach, the telegraph announces that the *Guest of the Nation* is about to touch the soil of the United States. A thousand boats with banners flying, welcome the Cadmus which bears the noble visitor. He disembarks amidst the roar of artillery and the acclamations of a countless multitude, and scarcely has he landed when the profound emotion inspired by his presence, extends itself to all the confederated people of this vast empire. The magistrates are presented to him; the old men, remnants of those soldiers who fought with him, hasten to behold the French general who was the first to devote himself to the cause of their independence. Young females strewed his path with flowers: the youngest infant, a growing generation, which may hereafter describe this imposing spectacle, carried on their breasts the portrait of the hero whom their fathers welcomed: every where on his rout he passed under triumphal arches: riches were thrown at his feet; and when, after this visit, or rather this triumphal march of a year, Lafayette returns to his native country, we hear, long after, from the borders of America, Songs to the glory and honour of this citizen of two worlds.

"In the glowing language of patriotism and republican enthusiasm, Mr. Bryan has recounted some of the principal events in the life of this illustrious personage, and particularly those of his last visit to the United States. All is not equally good in the collection of this American poet, but the admirers of poetry will distinguish many passages full of spirit and imagination: such, for instance, as *The Greeting*, a piece (*supposed to be*) addressed to the general on his arrival at Yorktown, and *The Valedictory*, a poem in which we find a versification of the beautiful farewell address of the president of the United States and the national Guest."

*Poetry.*

## SONG.

Oh! what is woman's tongue?  
 'Tis an organ composed of most wonderful stops,  
     Delighting, affrighting,  
     Amusing, abusing,  
     Eighteen and threescore,  
     High, low, rich and poor,  
 Peers, parsons and poets, prigs, pedants and fops,  
 And is seldom or never unstrung.

But what words can set forth,  
 All its magical worth,  
 When in tones, which a Seraph might borrow,  
     It ill fortune doth sooth,  
     Blunts adversity's tooth,  
 Steals the tear from the eyelid of sorrow.

When pleasure abounds,  
 Its enlivening sounds,  
 Give to rapture's soft accents new breath—  
     Rouse the hero to arms,  
     Check the rising alarms,  
 And guide him to conquest or death!

But how alter'd the tone,  
 When wounded he's thrown,  
 Where pale sickness her vigils doth keep,  
     Its soft lullaby then,  
     Draws the sting out of pain,  
 And sends even anguish to sleep!

But when the noisy tempests chatter,  
 Mercy on us! what a clatter!  
 How the sharps ring in our ears,  
 Every note how discord tears!  
 Then are all the changes rung,  
 Thro' the flights of woman's tongue—  
 Like the drum, it sounds alarms,  
 Like the trumpet, wakes to arms,  
 Like the fife, it whistles shrilly,  
 'Till its piercing wild notes thrill ye—

Subduing soon, the horn it tries,  
 And in softening murmur dies.—  
 Like the harp, its measures sweep  
 Reviving pleasure's round to keep,  
 Then, like the flute, it lulls to sleep.

Soon like the sweet guitar,  
 Which lovers slyly seek  
 When morn's soft blushes break,  
 It tinkles through the window bar,  
 And calls on Love to wake.

Thus ev'ry day,  
 Does this organ play,  
 Its pleasing, teasing,  
 Cheering, fleering,  
 Jingling, tingling,  
 Stealing, pealing,  
 Darting, smarting,  
 Creeping, sweeping,  
 Gliding, chiding,  
 Coaxing, hoaxing,  
 Never ending roundelay—  
 With drums, guitars, and trumpets' sound,  
 Harps, horns, and flutes make up the round,  
 Of woman's endless roundelay.

---

#### VIEWES OF NATURE.

The fair writer of "Solitary Hours," has shown that she can invoke the cheerful muse, with vividness and truth. Her doctrine is sound and beautifully inculcated.

A fair place and pleasant, this same world of ours!  
 Who says there are serpents 'mongst all the sweet flowers?  
 Who says every blossom we pluck has its thorn?  
 Pho! pho! laugh those musty old sayings to scorn.

If you roam to the tropics for flow'rs rich and rare,  
 No doubt there are serpents, and deadly ones, there—  
 If none but the rose will content ye, 'tis true  
 You may get sundry scratches, and ugly ones too.

But prithee, look there, could a serpent find room,  
In that close woven moss, where those violets bloom?  
And reach me that woodbine (you'll get it with ease)  
Now, wisecacre! where are the thorns, if you please?

I say there are angels in every spot,  
Though our dim earthly vision discerneth them not;  
That they're guardians assigned to the least of us all,  
By Him who takes note if a Sparrow but fall;

That they're ay flitting near us, around us, above,  
On missions of kindness, compassion, and love,—  
That they're glad when we're happy, disturbed at our tears,  
Distressed at our weaknesses, failings, and fears;

That they care for the least of our innocent joys,  
Though we're cozened like children, with trifles and toys;  
And can lead us to bloom-beds, and lovely ones too,  
Where snake never harboured, and thorn never grew.

---

The following lines, from the same volume, are warm  
from a soft and affectionate heart.

I never cast a flower away,  
The gift of one who cared for me,—  
A little flower, a faded flower,  
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu  
To things familiar, but my heart  
Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,  
E'en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word, "farewell,"  
But with an utterance faint and broken;  
And heart-sick longing for the time  
When it shall never more be spoken.

---

### GOUT AND ROGUERY.

In Broad-street buildings, on a winter's night,  
Snug by his parlour fire, a gouty wight  
Sate all alone, with one hand rubbing  
His leg, rolled up in a fleecy hose,  
While t'other held beneath his nose

The Public Leger, in whose columns grubbing,  
He noted all the sales of hops,  
Ships, shops, and slops,

Gum, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,  
Tar, tallow, turmerick, turpentine, and tin,  
When, lo! a decent personage in black

Entered, and most politely said,  
'Your footman, Sir, has gone his nightly track  
To the King's Head,  
And left your door ajar, which I  
Observed in passing by,  
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice.'

"Ten thousand thanks! how very few get,  
In time of danger,

Such kind attentions from a stranger!  
Assuredly that fellow's throat is  
Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.  
He knows, too, the unconsionable elf,  
That there's no soul at home except myself."  
"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave,  
"Then he's a double knave.

He knows that rogues and thieves by scores  
Nightly beset unguarded doors;  
And see how easily might one

Of these domestic foes,  
Even beneath your very nose,  
Perform his knavish tricks!  
Enter your room as I have done,  
Blow out your candle *thus*—and *thus*  
Pocket your silver candlesticks,  
And walk off—*thus*."

So said, so done—he made no more remark,  
Nor waited for replies,

But marched off with his prize,  
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

---

### A SERENADE.

Wake, Lady, wake! the midnight moon  
Sails through the cloudless skies of June,  
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream,  
Which, in the brightness of their beam  
One sheet of glory lies;

The glow-worm lends its little light,  
And all that's beautiful and bright  
Is shining on our world to-night,  
Save thy bright eyes.

Wake, Lady wake! the nightingale  
Tells to the moon her love-lorn tale;  
Now doth the brook that's hushed by day,  
As through the vale she winds her way  
In murmurs sweet rejoice;  
The leaves, by the soft night-wind stirred,  
Are whispering many a gentle word,  
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,  
Save thy sweet voice.

Wake, Lady, wake! thy lover waits,  
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates:  
Here is a garment rich and rare  
To wrap thee from the cold night-air;  
The appointed hour is flown;  
Danger and doubt have vanished quite,  
Our way before lies clear and right,  
And all is ready for the flight,  
Save thou alone.

Wake, Lady, wake! I have a wreath,  
Thy broad fair brow should rise beneath;  
I have a ring that must not shine  
On any finger, love, but thine—  
I've kept my plighted vow;  
Beneath thy casement here I stand,  
To lead thee by thy own white hand,  
Far from this dull and captive strand,  
But where art thou?

Wake, Lady, wake! She wakes, she wakes,  
Through the green mead her course she takes—  
And now her lover's arms enfold  
A prize more precious far than gold,  
Blushing like morning's ray;  
Now mount thy palfrey, maiden kind,  
Nor pause to cast one look behind,  
But swifter than the viewless wind,  
Away, away!

H. N.

## AN INCANTATION.

From the London Times.

*Sung by the Bubble Spirit.*

*Air*—"Come with me, and we will go  
"Where the rocks of coral grow."

Come with me and we will blow  
Lots of Bubbles, as we go;  
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope  
Drew from fancy—or from soap;  
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent  
From its frothy element!  
Come with me, and we will blow  
Lots of Bubbles, as we go.

Mix the lather, Johnny W—lks,  
Thou, who rym'st so well to "bilks;"\*  
Mix the lather—who can be  
Fitter for the task than thee,  
Great M. P. for *Sudsbury*!  
Now the frothy charm is ripe,  
Puffing Peter, bring thy pipe,—  
Thou, whom ancient Coventry  
Once so dearly lov'd that she  
Knew not which to her was sweeter,  
Peeping Tom or puffing Peter—

Puff the bubbles high in air,  
Puff thy best to keep them there.  
Bravo, bravo, Peter Me—re!  
Now the rainbow humbugs† soar,  
Glittering all with golden hues,  
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews—  
Some reflecting mines that lie  
Under Chili's glowing sky,  
Some, those virgin pearls, that sleep  
Cloister'd in the southern deep;

\* Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names. Marvel thought so when he wrote

———"Sir Edward Sutton,

The foolish Knight who rhymes to mutton.

† An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against War, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, apostrophizes him—"thou rainbow ruffian!"

Others, as if lent a ray  
 From the streaming Milky Way,  
 Glistening o'er with curds and whey  
 From the cows of Alderney!  
 Now's the moment—who shall first  
 Catch the Bubbles ere they burst?  
 Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,  
 Br—gd—n, T—ynh—m, P—lm—rst—n;—  
 John W—lks, junior, runs beside ye,  
 Take the good the knaves provide ye!\*  
 See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,  
 Where the *Shareman*,† Br—gd—n, stands,  
 Gaping for the froth to fall  
 Down his swallow—*lye* and all!  
 See!——

but, hark, my time is out—  
 Now, like some great water-spout,  
 Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,  
 Burst, ye Bubbles, all asunder!!!

[ Here the stage darkens—a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra—the broken Bubbles descend in a soponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the *Dramatis Personæ*, and the scene drops, leaving the Bubble hunters—all in the suds.]

---

## THE MILK-MAID AND THE BANKER.

A Milk-maid with a very pretty face,  
 Who liv'd at Acton,  
 Had a black Cow, the ugliest in the place;  
 A crooked-back'd one,  
 A beast as dangerous too, as she was frightful,  
 Vicious and spiteful,  
 And so confirm'd a truant, that she bounded  
 Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.  
 'Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,  
 For then both cord and cow eloped together.

\* "Lovely Thais sits beside thee,

"Take the good the Gods provide thee."

† So called, by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the *ca*, in the word  
 "Chairman."

Arm'd with an Oaken bough, (what folly!  
 It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly,)  
 Patty one day was driving home the beast,  
     Which had as usual slip'd its anchor,  
     When on the road she met a certain Banker,  
 Who stop'd to give his eyes a feast  
 By gazing on her features crimson'd high  
 By a long cow-chase in July.

"Are you from Acton pretty lass?" cried he.  
 "Yes," with a curtesy she replied;  
 "Why then you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?"  
     " She is my cousin, Sir, and next-door neighbour."  
 "That's lucky—I've a message for the wench,  
     Which needs despatch, and you may save my labour.  
 Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,  
 But mind, you owe me one—I've only lent it."  
 "She shall know, cried the girl, as she brandish'd her  
     bough,  
     "Of the loving intentions you bore me;  
 But as to the kiss, as there's haste, you'll allow  
 That you'd better run forward and give it my Cow,  
 For she at the rate she is scampering now,  
     Will reach Acton some minutes before me."

---

### RURAL RETIREMENT.

Remov'd a step above the dreary cell,  
 Where struggles squalid poverty in vain,  
 How sweet on nature's soft ascents to dwell,  
     Where health and quiet bless the village train;

To hail the soft-ey'd morning's golden ray,  
 With grateful hearts where mild devotion glows;  
 Well pleas'd to meet the labours of the day,  
     And taste those sweets which industry bestows;

The temp'rate meal, the well-earn'd leisure hour,  
 To books devoted, or the garden's care;  
 To mark the beauties of each op'ning flower,  
     Nature's gay children, exquisitely fair;

At eve to leave life's bustling cares behind,  
 The purest breath of heaven to inhale;  
 Dispensing health and vigour to the mind,  
     Soft as it blows along the blossom'd vale;

O let me still enjoy those chaste delights  
Which bloom in nature's yet untainted fields;  
Bright days, untroubled slumbers, peaceful nights,  
And all the sweets which rural quiet yields!

Could any higher wish the mind beguile,  
The cottage still would best my fancy please;  
*A little competence* to lighten toil,  
To nurse my flowers, and taste sweet letter'd ease.

But hence, ye sordid joys of bloated wealth!  
Let power and titles be to others given;  
Life's humble walks I choose, where peace and health  
May smoothe my passage to a peaceful heaven.

---

### SMILES.

From the poems of the late Mrs. Radcliffe.

It was a smile, a fleeting smile,  
Like a faint gleam through Autumn's shade,  
That softly, sweetly, did beguile,  
As it around her dimples played.

What are smiles, and whence their sway;  
Smiles that, o'er features stealing,  
To the gazer's heart convey  
All the varied world of feeling?  
What are smiles?

Do they dwell in beauty's eye?  
No! nor in her playing cheek,  
Nor in her wavy lip—though nigh—  
Seems the glancing charm they seek.  
Where do they dwell?

Where? Their home is in the mind;  
Smiles are light—the light of soul!  
Light of many tints combined,  
And of strong and sure control,  
Smiles are light.

There's a smile—the smile of joy,  
Bright as glance of May's fresh morn;  
And one, that gleams but to destroy,—  
'Tis the lightning smile of scorn.

There is a smile of glow-worm hue,  
That glimmers not near scenes of folly,  
Pale and strange, and transient too,—  
The smile of awful melancholy:

Like to the sad and silvery showers,  
Falling in an April sun,  
Is the smile that pity pours  
O'er the deed that fate has done.

Dear is friendship's meeting look;  
As moonlight on a sleeping vale,  
Smoothing those the sun forsook,  
So does that o'er care prevail.

---

### EPIGRAM.

The Irish had long made a deuce of a clatter,  
And wrangled and fought about *meum* and *tuum*,  
Till England stept in, and decided the matter  
By kindly converting it all into *suum*.

---

For the Port Folio.

### THE ALBUM.

IN Pliny's Natural History we find a curious receipt for making the Roman Friendship, a cordial that was universally esteemed in those days, and very few families of any credit were without it. Pliny says, that they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in the greatest perfection.

The old Roman Friendship was a composition of several ingredients, of which the principal was Union of Hearts (a fine flower, that grew in several parts of that empire,) sincerity, frankness, disinterestedness, pity, tenderness—of each an equal quantity; these all mixed up with two rich oils, which they called perpetual kind wishes, and serenity of temper. The whole was strongly perfumed with the desire of pleasing, which gave it a most grateful smell; it was a sure restorative in all sorts of vapours. The cordial thus prepared was of so durable a nature, that no length of time could

corrupt it; and what is very remarkable, says our author, it increased in weight and value the longer you kept it.

The moderns have greatly adulterated this fine receipt: some of the ingredients are not now to be found; but what they impose upon you for Friendship is as follows: outward profession, a common weed that grows every where, instead of the flower of union; a desire of being pleased, a large quantity of self-interest, convenience and reservedness, many handfulls; a little of pity and tenderness (but some pretend to make it up without any of these two last,) and the common oil of inconstancy, which, like our linseed oil, is cold drawn every hour, and serves to mix them together. Most of these ingredients being of a perishable nature, it will not keep, and shows itself to be counterfeit, by lessening in weight and value.

---

The following anecdote is highly illustrative of the spirit of Warburton, the author of the Divine Legation of Moses. Nobody ever saw him, it has been said, without being impressed with the loftiness of his character. He was one day in conversation with his bookseller, when Churchill, came into the shop, and silently observed the Right Reverend speaker. When the latter departed, Churchill affecting not to know who he was, asked the bookseller what was the name of the clergyman who had just gone out; and on being told that it was Doctor Warburton, the bishop of Gloucester, he exclaimed, "Dr. Warburton! why he looks as if he would say to the Apostle Paul, if he should meet him, *D—n you, hold my horse.*"

---

Lord Bacon says that when a learned man dies, who has been long a-making, a great deal dies with him.

*Epigram sent with a couple of Ducks to a patient.* By the late Dr. Jenner.

I've despatch'd, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,  
To say that Miss \* \* \* is very much better:  
A regular Doctor no longer she lacks,  
And therefore I've sent her a couple of Quacks.

In the mythology of the Greeks we see a strange mixture

of the mysticism of Egypt, with the bolder fictions of Persia and the rude traditions of the barbarous islanders. From these scattered hints the active and loquacious genius of Greece formed bulky systems and ingenious fables. Their history is of a similar kind. Whatever eminent or curious was related of the heroes of other countries Greece, without hesitation, transferred to her own; and, though later in civilization than many other countries, what she wanted in antiquity she determined to compensate in industry. She arrogantly assumed honours to which she had no right, while the manner in which she asserted them, and the proofs which she adduced, served only the more to betray her plagiarisms to posterity. It is impossible to read the ethics of Plato, or even of Aristotle, and not discover traces of foreign science. These authors are frequently mystical and visionary, and write in a style not at all consistent with the usual accuracy and clearness of their nation. In a word they are sometimes engaged on topics which they do not understand.

The historical writings of the Greeks seem to be almost as fabulous and *factitious* as their mythological. They cannot claim the implicit confidence of posterity. There were not in ancient times, as in modern, different writers who recorded the same parts of history, and confirmed or contradicted the statements of one another. Raleigh, Godwin, Volney, and other learned men infer from their researches in antiquity "that all ancient history is a mere tissue of fables." As to the epic poems of the ancients, they are so wild and extravagant, so improbable and incredible, that they are obnoxious to the ridicule and sarcasm of the Castle of Otranto, or the Memoirs of Baron Munchausen. Some of the episodes in the Iliad and Æneid remind one of the stories which garrulous old women relate in country villages to entertain the staring listeners who surround the blazing hearth on winter evenings. Do these poetical romances of the fabulous ages of the world convey any moral or useful instruction to the reader? No. Their direct tendency is to propagate the noxious race of despots and conquerors. Are the examples of those emanations from the poet's fancy, Achilles, Hector, and Æneas fit models for the imitation of modern youth in schools and colleges? Do the Epistles of saint Paul praise and recommend the maxims and conduct of heathen philosophers and warriors to the attention of proselytes to the gospel? The main use of ancient poetry is to amuse the very small number of persons whose industry and copious means enable them to read it with facility.

For the Port Folió.

## MERRIMENT.

"I jest to Oberon and make him laugh."—*Shakspeare.*

*Wilkes.*—At the period of Wilkes' popularity, every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, in marble, he stood upon the chimney-piece of half the houses in the metropolis; he swung upon the sign post in every village, of every great road through the country. He used himself to tell with much glee of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked—looking up she murmured within his hearing, in much spleen, "he swings every where but where he ought!" Wilkes passed her, and turning round, politely bowed.

The wife of a sexton belonging to one of the churches in Whitehaven, was last week interrupted in the middle of an harangue upon the hardness of the times, by a person who offered to sell her a couple of ducks. "Ducks!" exclaimed she, "how can I buy ducks, or any thing else—we have not buried a living soul these six months!"

The Mr. Bish, referred to in the following epigram, is a rich London lottery contractor, who recently failed in an attempt to be elected to the House of Commons, and relinquished, after he had obtained it, the lease of Drury-lane theatre. The epigram refers to those two events.

*On a late Parliamentary and Theatrical transaction.*

With his "Houses" Tom Bish has had luck there's no doubt of—  
A luck which will soon make his cramm'd pocket thin:  
For he's *in for* the one that he wants to be *out of*,  
And *out of* the one that he wants to be *in*.

A celebrated lawyer, of Boston, once concluded an eloquent harangue to the jury against the prisoner, with "He bared his arm, gentlemen, he bared his arm to heaven, and—stole the sugar."

A lady in New York, perceiving her maid, a raw Irish girl, throwing the end of a rope into the cistern and moving it to and fro, inquired the cause, and found that she had lost the pail, and was trying to recover it. The lady told her to take the cistern pole. "Och, madam," said she, "I know better nor all that, sure, for on me passage from me own country, Pat Dougherty fell overboard, and sure they did nothing at all at all, but jist threw the end of a rope to him, and he took a-hold directly and jumpt aboard again."

OCTOBER, 1826.—NO. 288. 44

A tradesman in Bath, England, has these lines printed upon his shop bills. We beg leave to dedicate them to our delinquent subscribers:

My books are so crammed and bad debts I've so many,  
I'm resolved that in future I'll not trust a penny,  
Giving credit to friends, often friendship endangers,  
And I hope ne'er again to be cheated by strangers.

### ANECDOTES.

The following epitaph is copied from a tomb in the vicinity of Port Royal, Jamaica:—"Here lieth the body of Louis Caldy, Esq., a native of Montpelier, in France, which country he left on account of the revocation. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred at this place in 1692, but by the great providence of God, was, by a second shock flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterwards."

Some person observed to Le Clerc: "I think '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*' is a good saying." "*De mortuis nil nisi verum*," said Le Clerc, "is a better." "Why so?" "Because truth can do no harm to the dead, and may do great good to the living."

Lately in a church north of the Tweed, an intimation was read from the pulpit in aid of a sufferer from fire. The collector at the door flattered himself that he had been unusually successful as he fancied he saw a gentleman put a note in the plate. On counting it up however, the note did not appear to have been issued from any bank, but merely bore these monitory words:—"Let them insure and be hanged to them."

### OBITUARY.

September 1.—At his seat, in Cheltenham township, the Honourable Joseph B. M'Kean, President of the District Court for the City and County of Philadelphia, in the 63d year of his age.

September 2d.—Anna Maria Walsh, wife of Robert Walsh, Jr. Esq. aged 37 years. In announcing the death of this excellent woman, it would be unworthy of her to indulge in the usual strain of funeral panegyric. The strength and purity of her character and virtues will be better delineated by the simplicity of truth. She was called to the exercise of the duties of a daughter, for many years, to an aged and afflicted mother, who now survives her, and she performed them with an exemplary and untiring devotion. As a wife she was the

affectionate companion of her husband, who found in her intelligence and acquirements, a perpetual source of gratification, and in the unchanging serenity and cheerfulness of her temper, the most delightful comforts of a home. But it is to her children that this bereavement is peculiarly afflicting and irreparable—So gentle, yet firm in her discipline; so vigilant of every thing that concerned their health or happiness; and so reasonable, tender and uniform in her government, that she presented the relation of mother and child, at once, in its most strong and amiable respects. The friends of her husband and herself, for they were the same, can never forget the kind welcome of her hospitality, and the pleasure derived from her conversation and manners. It may safely be affirmed of her, that she never had, and never deserved to have, an enemy.

September 10th.—John Hall, formerly Secretary of the Land Office for the State of Pennsylvania, Marshal of the United States, for the District of Pennsylvania, &c. in his 67th year.

In New York. William P. Van Ness, without a moment's sickness or any apparent pain. After having filled several honourable public stations under the State Government he had been for the last fourteen years, the United States' District Judge for the Southern District of New York. During that period the vast business of the District court of New York constantly presented the most important questions—many of them almost without precedent in public or commercial law.—These constantly brought before him the exercise of the highest legal talents of the State and even of the Nation. In the discharge of these judicial duties he displayed a truly legal and original mind, capable of seizing and elucidating the most difficult and complicated subjects; while in all his written opinions he gave equal evidence of various learning and elegant scholarship. Judge Van Ness died in the 49th year of his age.

---

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not agree with our correspondent at Abbeville, S. C. in the opinion that his "Stag Dance" is mere "dog-grel." It is something better, but the topics are not of the most alluring description for the pages of a polite miscellany; and we would suggest to the author that his muse is worthy of a better occupation than that of recording the orgies of bacchanalian frolics. We shall be glad to receive the "Tale."

For the Port Folio.

## ABSTRACT OF PUBLIC OCCURRENCES.

*September, 1826.*

**Maine.**—At the annual commencement at Bowdoin College, the performances displayed much strength of intellect and chastity of taste. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 31 persons, and 6 received that of A. M.—*Steam-boat accident.* This has become a regular title in our newspaper paragraphs, and it is not to be regretted that these disasters are brought before the public in this manner. If travellers will not insist upon a due regard to their rights in the ordinary modes of public conveyance, where the payment of passage money is a guarantee of at least ordinary diligence and good conduct, these frequent notices may bring into operation some more efficient means, through legislative interference, than the common-law affords. The shores of Maine have been coasted for some years, by these vessels, without any serious disaster, until the present month. On the 23rd. inst. the *Patent*, captain Crab, from Eastport, with 50 passengers, came in contact with the *New York*, captain Harrod, a steam brig running at the rate of 10 knots. It was near the bold shore on the Northport side of the bay, called the Bluff, and the shock was dreadful. It was expected that the *Patent* would immediately sink, but fortunately the *New York* came upon her at the spot where there was the greatest resistance. Much damage was done to the vessel, but no lives were lost; but several were wounded, and many were placed in circumstances of great peril. It is understood that a legal investigation

of the subject will take place.—On the day following this catastrophe the *New York*, after repairing the slight injuries which she had sustained from this occurrence, set sail from Belfast for Eastport, and on the evening of the same day, when about four miles from Petit Manair Island, she was discovered to be on fire. It was found necessary to abandon her, and the passengers and crew were safely landed upon the island. The vessel, after burning to the water's edge, sunk in 40 fathoms water.

**New Hampshire.** In this state there are now upwards of 50 cotton and woolen factories, which send into the market, annually, about 30,000 000 yards.—It is stated that several people have been injured at Dover by eating the "Bull's Eye Mackarel," a poisonous species of this fish, which is said to be well known among the dealers.—An extraordinary flood, occasioned by a heavy rain on the White Mountains, has produced among other disasters, the sweeping away of an entire family. Between Concord and Newport seven bridges were carried off. In mill-dams, and machinery great losses were sustained. The Merrimack river rose, in one night, at Haverhill, twelve feet.

**Nancy's Hill.**—A few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains, in the valley of the Saco, is a little rise of land called "Nancy's Hill." It was formerly covered with a thick growth of trees, a little cluster of which is yet suffered to remain, probably from the sad story connected with the spot. The pass through

the Gap of the mountains was discovered by Nash, a hunter, who, with others in their excursions long before the settlement of that part of the country, used to make this hill a resting place, and draw together the thick bows and tops of the smaller trees so as to provide a temporary shelter. This spot for years after inhabitants began to settle along the rivers, was a common halting-place, and the grantees of our northern townships, many of whom lived in and about Portsmouth, passed over this route to their lands. Col. W—, of Portsmouth settled upon his fine township of Dartmouth [Jefferson] in 1773; among his domestics was Nancy—, a young woman of respectable connections, who had fallen deeply into love with a young man also in the same service. At the close of autumn they had agreed to go to Portsmouth, where they were to be married: and the girl, confiding in the attachment of her lover placed in his keeping her little stock of money, the hard earnings of several years of industry. For some cause or other, she was induced, before the day fixed for their departure, to visit Lancaster. When she returned, the young man was gone and she determined to follow him. The snows of an early winter had already fallen to some depth; there was not a house between Dartmouth and Barlett, a distance of thirty miles; and the way through the wild woods a foot path only. The family labored to dissuade her from the journey: but she persisted in her design, and wrapping herself in her long cloak, proceeded on her way. Snow after snow succeeded, and the very sky seemed to glisten with frost for several weeks, when some persons from Barlett, passing up this route, reached the hill at night. On lighting their fires, an unearthly figure stood before them, beneath the bending branches, wrapped in a robe of ice, and reclining her head as if in sleep against the trunk of a large tree.—It was the lifeless form

of *Nancy*, who, fatigued with her journey thus far, had stopped here to rest, and falling asleep, died of the intense cold. *N. H. Journal.*

*Massachusetts.* This venerable commonwealth has long been celebrated as the land of notions: and of all the notions which was ever conceived within her territory, the following which we transcribe from one of her papers, may be cited as one of the most extraordinary. "A farmer, in the neighbourhood of Boston, last year, raised a brood of mongrel geese. One day in the fall, a day which had been fixed upon for sending them to market, they all, with one accord (*predicting perhaps the destiny which awaited them, with that foresight which enables them to foretell the changes of the weather*) in the sight of their astonished owner rose on the wing, and bent their way to distant climes, from which they have never returned. The father of the flock of the wild-goose breed remained, and still remains behind,"—to write this strange eventful history we presume. But the commentary of this gander in natural history, ought not to be overlooked.—"Whether," says the writer, who takes the safe side by speaking doubtfully—Whether he (the gander!) was accessory to the movement by which they gained their freedom, has not been ascertained!"

By the last annual returns on the public schools, it appears that the annual expense of the schools throughout the commonwealth is about 699,000 dollars. Each public pupil costs \$2.21 per ann. and each private, \$8.75 and the annual expense of each for books is 80,3-4 cents.

*Rhode Island.* The citizens of Newport have resolved to inter, at the public expense, the remains of commodore Perry, which are to be brought from Trinidad by the orders of the general government.—At the commencement of the Brown University 27 graduates received the degree of A. B. ten, that of A. M. and 6 that of M. D.—The man-

ufactories consume 30,000 bales of cotton annually.

*Connecticut.* The corner stone of the Groton monument was laid on the 6th with great ceremony.—There is now living in Vernon, a woman whose *grand daughter's grandson*, is a member of the Washington College at Hartford.

*Vermont.* At the commencement of the university of Vermont 13 pupils received the degree of A. B. and 5 that of A. M.—A wandering female (supposed to be the one who was roving the woods last winter and spring) has been recently in the vicinity of Pomfret. She is much deranged, and has made her appearance in several houses in a state of nudity. No attempts have been made by the civil authority to take her up.—At Montpelier Anne Lyman recovered \$740 from David Hatch in an action for a breach of promise of marriage.

The candidates for the office of Governor, are *Clergymen*, and both of the Baptist persuasion; and in this state, the "regular" candidate for the office of Counsellor for Rockingham county is also a baptist minister. The duties of a clergyman are wholly inconsistent with the worldly concerns of political life. A minister of the Gospel ought to keep aloof from all other employments than those of his high vocation. The minister of God should not make himself the minister of man.

*New York.* At the commencement at Hamilton College 28 pupils received the degree of A. B. and 12 that of A. M.

*Sale of a wife and two children.* The Oswego Republican says that "not many thousand miles from this village, on the 18th. inst. by virtue of a special contract between the parties, one man sold, bargained and conveyed to another, for and in consideration of the sum of twenty five dollars, good and lawful money of the state of New York, his *wife and two children*; and we are informed that the guarantee has taken

actual possession of the property!!"

About 500 weight of fresh salmon from Lake Ontario, was exhibited for sale in the New-York market on the 14th inst. They were conveyed to this city via the Erie Canal, packed in ice and in fine order. Should they yield a profit, they can be brought to our market every week during the season. They were sold for 31 cents a pound to the first purchaser.

*A Ride and a Duck.*—Michael Harvey, well known as a boatman at Brooklyn ferry, not long since either through carelessness, or the influence of his daily dram, chanced to pass with his boat under the large tide wheel, used by Mr. Watson in boring pumps. The wheel was going at its usual rate, and Michael to save himself from drowning, clung closely to the wheel, and was thus carried over somewhat in the manner that Don Quixote was by the wind-mill. At every revolution of the wheel, poor Michael was soused deeply in the water, and the agitated spectators expected him to lose his hold, and go to the bottom, or break his bones among the timbers of the enormous wheel. But *Mike's* time was not yet come. After six duckings and drainings, Mike preserved his breath—the wheel was stopped and he was dragged out unhurt. As soon as he was able to speak, he said, "I thank ye, gentlemen—come, let us go and have something to drink together!"

*Brooklyn Star.*

*Pennsylvania.* The Franklin High school in Philadelphia has been opened under the most flattering prospects. The room appropriated by the Institute is very large and well calculated for the purposes of the school. It is furnished, upon the most approved plan, with desks capable of holding two pupils each, and arranged in rows leaving passages between them. At these desks 304 pupils can be seated. In the recitation rooms, which adjoin the great room, there are circular seats and tables, at which the lessons are

heard. To prevent noise, the rooms and the stairs are covered with thick carpeting.

The number of pupils present at the opening of the school, was 252, and there can be no doubt, that the school will soon be supplied with the whole number which the rooms can accommodate.

A meeting of the contributors for the relief of the late Thomas Jefferson, was held in Philadelphia on the 27th inst. when it appeared that \$2,414 14 cents had been received, and that the total amount of subscription was \$2,809 47 cents, part of which yet remains unpaid. It was resolved, that the money be paid over to the trustees appointed by his will, for the benefit of his daughter. It is not stated whether the above contribution includes the subscriptions of Mr. Harris, Mr. Short, and general Steele, amounting to about \$1500. Whether it do, the fact would be of little consequence in the history of this transaction. In the opinion of a majority of the nation the name and services of Jefferson during a long series of years, had been placed on the highest pinnacle, yet his party suffered him to go down to the grave in poverty, and distress, at the end of a life the greater part of which he had devoted to their aggrandisement. The disgrace belongs to his party and not to the country. The country gave him honour and affluence equal to all his deserts. His party and his friends loaded him with debt from which his native state gave him leave to extricate himself by vending lottery tickets. Since his death Virginia neglecting to give him bread has voted to grant him a stone.

*Virginia.* Miss Patsy Morris, of Louisiana county has liberated all her slaves, about sixteen in number, with a request that they should be sent to Liberia. She bequeathed \$500 to defray their expenses.—At Petersburg a man has been indicted for imposing upon the Petersburg Intelligencer an account of a mar-

riage which never took place. We are curious to learn the result.—A son of St. Crispin, in the borough of Norfolk, who has vamped himself up into no mean opinion of his skill, "certifies" that he can make a better pair of shoes than all Norfolk can show, black or white." "I will bet \$20 dollars," exclaims this intrepid cobbler, "Let all the bosses send a pair of shoes each, for if I lose my bet, take my \$20, and all the rest draw the money, but if I gain, I shall have all."

*Kentucky.* The work on the Louisville and Portland canal is going on rapidly. About 1000 men are employed.

*North Carolina. Gold.*—Another mine has been discovered, about half a mile from this town, on the plantation of Maj. McComb. It promises to be more valuable than any which has yet been worked in this county. In two days and a half last week, 136 penny weights were obtained by two washers; but their sole business was to wash, others being employed to dig the earth from the mine and convey it to them. The gold lies in a vein of yellowish earth, and has a slight inclination; its length and depth has not yet been ascertained. Its situation is much the most favourable for working of any that has yet been discovered.

The gold obtained during the time above mentioned, was about fourteen penny-weights a day to each hand employed in washing and digging.

*Ohio.*—Since the completion of the New York canal, the merchants of Columbus have turned their attention towards that city, for the purchase of goods, where most articles, it is said, can be had cheaper than at Philadelphia. The transportation costs but little more than half of what was formerly given, and the goods arrive much sooner.

*Indiana.*—Since the treaty of 1818 with the Indians, which secured to the United States most of their territory south of the Wabash, 26 new

counties have been formed in this state, and a small part of the land ceded now contains 50,000 inhabitants. The Indians who made the treaty are 1000 miles distant—far up the Arkansas. Such revolutions are not uncommon in our country in the space of 5 or 6 years; and the progress of them is much accelerated by the cheerful assistance which one backwoodsman renders another in building cabbins, and performing other services. A house is often built, fitted up, and inhabited in a day or two.

The institutions and principles of Mr. Owen of New Harmony, are vigorously attacked in the Illinois (Shawnee Town) Gazette. The critic says—

“In the ridiculous attempt to introduce perfect equality at New Harmony, its whole system is disorderly and inefficient. Its arrangements, which were to put the old world to the blush, are themselves fit subjects for the keenest ridicule. To show the physical strength of the female to be equal with the male, is a great point with these modern philosophers—Field work is endeavoured to be introduced, but meets with proper and suitable resistance by the more virtuous and industrious of the fair sex, while the house idlers submit to their task in the field. Hence the necessary and usual employments, contributing so much to the comfort and convenience of man, become much in disuse, and a cleansheet has been a scarce article in New Harmony.

“A Lady is reported to have worked at the brick ground, when a strong lad, used to the business, might have done as much in a day as the Lady brick maker would in a week. Other Ladies have been ordered to milk cows, who were such novices in the business, that they might almost as well squeeze the tail as the teat, and the latter becomes nearly as dry as the former under such management.

“Farmers were also placed at the loom, and store-keepers in the field,

both equally ignorant of their employment. If any person had attempted to introduce into a new formed association disorder, confusion, and absurdity, they could not have effected it with more complete success than the founder and manager of New Harmony.

“The society, which was itself to establish such superior arrangement as to ruin all individual exertion, is itself in danger of falling; and the new system, which was to give it such firm support, and to render life easy, happy, and comfortable, appears itself in danger of vanishing, ‘and, like the baseless fabrick of a vision, leave but a wreck behind.’”

*Missouri.*—*The Missouri Caravan.*—The company of enterprising citizens which we lately mentioned as preparing another mercantile tour to New Mexico, has left here and entered on the arduous undertaking. Between 89 and 100 persons we believe, constitute the number who have gone on the present occasion—and the wagons and carriages of almost every description, are numerous. The amount of merchandise taken, is very considerable; and, if the adventurers are successful, the foundations of many fortunes will be laid.

It has the air of romance to see splendid pleasure-carriages, with elegant horses, journeying to the Republic of Mexico; yet it is sober reality. In fact, the obstacles exist rather in imagination than in reality. Nature has made a fine road the whole distance.

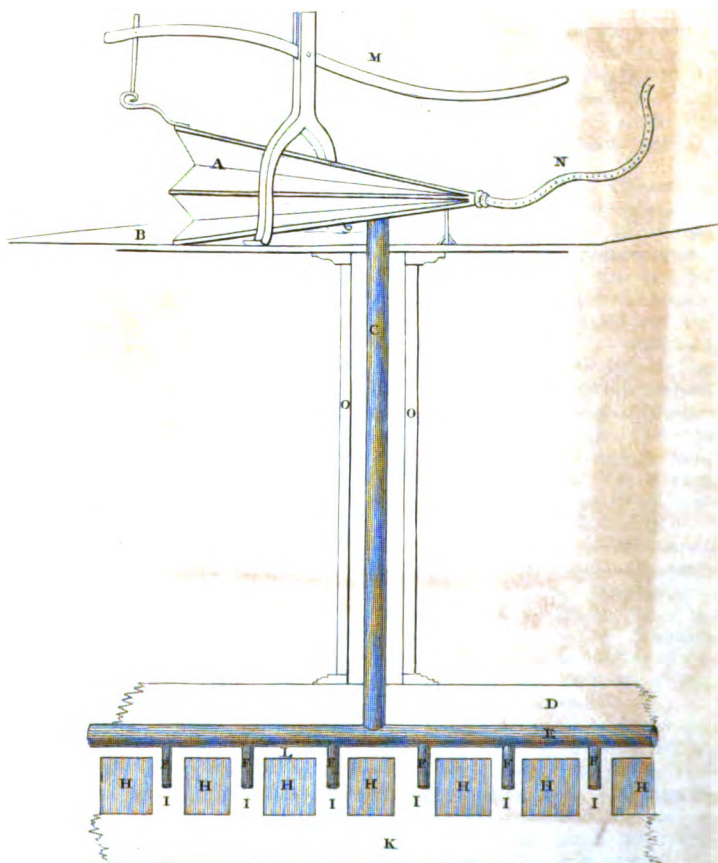
*Louisiana.* The grand jury of Louisiana found a true bill against Z. B. Canonge for killing Theodore Preval in a duel. Canonge had insulted the father of Preval, and in avenging the insult the latter lost his life. The bills against the four seconds were returned *ignoramus*.

*Michigan.*—Washtenaw county, which, 3 years ago, contained but a single white inhabitant, has now a population of 3000.



# AIR PUMP

*for extricating foul Air from Ships.*









**YELLOW SPRINGS**  
CHESTER CO. PENN.



# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

---

For the Port Folio.

*On the Preservation from Decay and the Ventilation of Ships, with a Plan of an Improvement in the Construction of Vessels for that purpose. Abstracted from Documents submitted to the Secretary of the Navy, by Commodore J. Barron.*

[With an Engraving.]

COMMODORE BARRON has recently submitted to the government an improvement in the construction of vessels, which appears to us so well calculated to promote a highly important object that we have obtained permission to publish an account of it in our pages. In these inquiries and experiments we recognize fresh proof of that zeal and intelligence which belong to the American officer.

Among the numerous inventions which distinguish the present age, both for ingenuity and wisdom, it is remarkable that any great and extensive evil should remain without a remedy. We are all aware of the incalculable importance of the art of navigation, and of the attention which has been paid to almost all its details among civilized nations. But, although we have so far improved this art as to have extended our researches to the uttermost parts of the earth, and established an active commerce between the most distant nations; although so many of the perils of the sea have been so far overcome that vessels of insignificant bulk and ordinary equipment venture to encounter the vicissitudes of the longest voyages, yet we are aware that many sources of peculiar

NOVEMBER, 1826.—NO. 289. 45

apprehension still exist. Considering the privations, both mental and physical, the dangers and disappointments to which the travellers of the ocean are exposed, we will readily admit that philanthropy can seldom be better employed than in securing, as far as practicable, their comfort and safety.

Our country has secured to herself lasting renown by the various improvements which she has introduced in the building and rigging of ships, and the discipline of mariners.—With regard to the former, there is yet, perhaps, room for improvement.

The diseases incident to all human nature become peculiarly distressing to those who are precluded from the means calculated for their removal. As sailors are almost always in this predicament, they, more than other men, ought to be protected against exposure to disease. A great deal has been done to this effect, in ship building and naval discipline; but there is yet ample room for improvement, particularly with respect to the means of preventing the decay of the wood.

If there is any truth in the commonly received opinion, that fevers are produced by a gaseous matter emanating from vegetable matter in a state of decomposition or decay, there can be no doubt that in many, if not in all, the instances of epidemic diseases that spread through the crew of a ship, the evil arises from the decay of some part of the woodwork in a confined situation.

It has long been observed that wood will endure for a great length of time when immersed continually in water, or when it is exposed to the open air and kept dry; and that it decays most rapidly when it is exposed alternately to air and water. The timbers, the inner sides of the planks and ceiling of ships, are peculiarly exposed in this manner, as there is always water enough between the ceiling and planks to keep them wet for a considerable height above the keel, by the rolling of the ship, yet not enough to keep them continually immersed. Foul air must then be produced in the confined spaces between the timbers, and very probably collected in large quantity, which may gradually mix with and contaminate the air between decks.

When we consider the effect of yeast, which is vegetable matter, in an active process of decomposition, upon other vegetable matter, inducing it to take on a similar action, we need not hesitate to argue by analogy, that the presence of the matter produced by the decomposition of a portion of the wood will stimulate other portions to decom-

position. Hence an invention to expel the confined and vitiated air from the hulls of ships may answer two purposes, and supply two of the greatest desiderata in naval economy.

It is unnecessary on the present occasion to recount all the means which have hitherto been employed for the expulsion or destruction of foul air. The inefficiency of fumigations has been lamentably exposed, notwithstanding the confidence with which it has been recommended. It is doubtful whether any gaseous matter possesses a destructive influence over the morbidic miasm. But, how plausibly soever the affirmative of this question may be argued, the practice of fumigation cannot be depended on in ships, on account of the uncertainty of the fumigating vapours penetrating to the enclosed receptacles of the foul air. Assuredly no method for destroying or counteracting the effects of foul air can be so well entitled to confidence as one by which the air shall be extricated and entirely expelled from the ship as fast as it is generated. It is evident that if a current of air could be established through all the parts whence the pernicious vapours arise, they could never become so concentrated as to be mischievous. Some have thought that this object would be sufficiently accomplished by the rolling motion of the ship, by which the water that remains after pumping would be thrown between the timbers of each side alternately, thus causing a corresponding motion in the air contained in the same interstices. But a little reflection will convince us that no dependence can be placed on this theory: firstly, because the motion of the water confined between the timbers is limited to a small extent, except only when the ship is becalmed in a rolling sea, or scudding before a stiff breeze; but when sailing by the wind, the motion of a small quantity of water between the timbers and near the keel, would be scarcely perceptible; and when the vessel is at anchor, generally the time of greatest danger from disease, this cause ceases to operate. Secondly, if any foul air is driven from between the timbers by the influx and reflux of water, its only vent must be through the ceiling, inasmuch as the external skin is rendered air-tight from the keel to the plank-sheer, and it is when it gets into the hold or between decks, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended.

Besides all this, it is imprudent to allow much bilge-water to remain in the ship, as there is no doubt that it is capable of absorbing the pernicious matter arising from decaying wood; and instances are not rare, in which extensive and devastating diseases have been attributed, with every appearance of

justice, to bilge-water discharged in port. It would be much better to have one of the pumps so planted as that it may draw out the water to the least possible remainder.

For the purpose of extricating all the air from between the outward planks and ceiling, commodore Barron thought that a bellows might be conveniently fixed, to be fed by numerous branches leading from the intervals between the timbers, according to the plan illustrated in the annexed draught:

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

- A. The bellows, the capacity of which may be from ten to thirty gallons.
- B. The deck.
- C. Communicating pipe, which should be carefully boxed, to prevent injury.
- D. Keelson.
- E. The main cylinder, secured to the side of the keelson, to prevent injury.
- F. Pipes, leading from the cylinder E, into the spaces between the timbers.
- H. Timbers.
- I. Spaces between the timbers.
- K. The keel.
- L. Limber boards, through which the pipes F pass.
- M. The lever, by which the bellows is worked, and which must be fixed to its upper side, as the lower part must be stationary.
- N. Hose attached to the nozzle of the bellows, and passed out of a port to convey the foul air clear of the ship.
- O. Half stanchions grooved, to receive and protect the communicating pipe.

It is evident that, as the bellows, which is furnished with a valve opening inwards, over the communicating pipe is worked, the air must be drawn from the lower portions of the spaces between the timbers, and its place will be supplied by air from above, so that in the process of the work all the air originally contained in these spaces, will be removed.

The simplicity of this contrivance is such, that farther description is deemed unnecessary. With regard to its economy, it may be observed that no plan that has ever been offered for the removal of foul air, requires less expense of materials, time, and labour. A bellows of the largest size, that would probably be used in this way, could be worked by one man; and ten or fifteen minutes use of it, at every

change of watch, would be sufficient to answer the intended purpose.\*

In the draught of this machine, the bellows is represented as being placed on the deck. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that any convenient situation may be assigned it; and its size and figure may be regulated by circumstances.

If the presence of foul air is so destructive to the timbers of ships, as well as to the health of their crews, any modification of the present plan of building vessels, which would render them free from this source of evil, would be an improvement of vast importance.

The plan here proposed is calculated not only to prevent the formation and retention of vitiated air, but also to give greater strength to the ship by a combination of less material than is used in the common method.

Ships should be built in regular frames doweled together, and strongly bolted from the floors to the top timbers, and placed regularly from eight to twelve inches apart; the ceiling, as far up from the keelson as two strakes above the floor-heads, may be flush, and then champered pieces may be let in between the timbers covering the openings between the ceiling and the outside planks, and perforated with numerous smooth holes, through which fresh air may enter to supply the place of that withdrawn by the ventilator. The ceiling should then be partial, up to the strake below the clamps of the lower gun-deck, using, alterably, three strakes of eight or twelve inches wide, according to the size of the ship, over each joining of the timbers; those strakes of ceiling should be somewhat thicker than that commonly used, and they should be let in about a third of their thickness between the timbers, thereby forming a kind of jog and chock work, whose parts would afford mutual support to each other. This would evidently give greater strength to the frame than could be expected from a general ceiling applied in the common way. On each gun-deck a strake should be left out, and the opening should be supplied by shutters attached by hinges, which might be closed in rough weather or in action. All national vessels should be built with bolts secured by screws, wherever they can possibly be used; by which improvement, much valuable material might be saved when it becomes necessary to repair certain parts of the fabric. If

\* The bellows should be worked immediately after the ship has been pumped; when there is much water in her, the pipes F may be immersed, in which case water would be drawn into the communicating pipe instead of air.

this plan were adopted, the strakes of planks could be removed and replaced with great facility, without the loss of a bolt, or the necessity of boring an additional hole. A great advantage would also arise from this improvement in the opportunity that we would possess of inspecting the interior works without loss of time or destruction of materials.

*Note.*—Some objection has been made to the comparison between the furniture of houses and the timber of ships, on account of the difference of size. To this it may be answered, that there are many houses in this and every other civilized country, that have a great portion of their timber as large as that to be found in ships. Look at the steeples of churches, the beams of palaces, state-houses, and stores, and show where there is to be found a corresponding degree of decay by dry rot. This decay is to be attributed to the present mode of building ships, and not to the quality of the timber; for that is the same that it always has been. The grand secret to preserve the timber is to build the ship in such a way as to allow it to contain as little foul air as possible. It is evident that mild and pure air is the best and only means of preserving timber; and, it but requires an unprejudiced examination to convince us of the fact.

---

For the Port Folio.

*A Treatise on Diet; with a view to establish, on practical grounds, a system of rules for the prevention and cure of the diseases incident to a disordered state of the digestive functions.* By J. A. PARIS, M. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 210. R. H. Small. Philadelphia.

“BLESSED be the man,” exclaims Falstaff, “who first invented eating and drinking.” Let him who is disposed to smile at the enthusiasm of this good natured glutton, reflect for a moment on the great share of attention that is devoted to the palate, in all civilized communities, and he will be less disposed to accuse him of extravagance than to acknowledge him a true example of a prevalent vice. Every city, among its principal advantages, boasts of the excellence and variety of its table furniture. Every society, whether the ostensible object of its existence be to improve the human mind or to cultivate the soil; to fatten oxen or to check the progress of luxury; to concentrate capital or to distribute charity, seems to consider that a dinner is a *sine qua non* to

its organization, and the cheer of the table a sure harbinger of its prosperity. Nor have the novelists of the present age neglected the interesting circumstance of a feast, in administering to the pleasures of their readers. Did I say of the present age? Homer regales us with abundant dishes and savoury sauces—Virgil takes the occasion of a meal to introduce a new order of beings; and Sancho Panza, in more instances than one, prefers a good supper to the most glorious enterprises of his incomparable master. No wonder, then, since the most renowned authors have shown their respect for gastronomy, that many of them have exhibited their skill in this art in treatises for the government of the kitchen and recipes for innumerable piquant compositions to gratify the palate. In the present enlightened age we all know that health, the foundation of all relish for ‘good eating’ depends, in no contemptible degree, upon our discretion in this very enjoyment; and there have been men who have attempted to establish the exact ratio between the quantity of indulgence and the durability of the capacity for enjoyment, in this particular, throughout the duration of an ordinary life. But without wasting time in criticising the folly of those who attempt to prolong their pleasures by the invention of artificial stimuli for an exhausted appetite; or the timidity of those who, on the other hand, think it necessary to eat and drink by weight and measure, we will enter at once into a serious consideration of a very interesting and much neglected subject.

There is no more common subject of conversation than that of diet. All men appear to be ready to give an opinion with regard to the momentous questions, what is the most proper kind of food? In what quantities and at what times should it be taken? And although these questions are debated as frequently as remarks are made on the weather, in every company we meet with opinions as opposite as the antipodes. While one attributes his strength, his agility, his rosy cheeks, and all his “revelry in the sunny fields of health” to his indiscriminate use of “fish, flesh, fowl and fodder,” another prides himself on his restriction to a few simple dishes, in the moderate use of which consists his exemption from innumerable diseases.

This extreme diversity of opinion among men who do not make the subject their particular study, is quite natural. But it is much to be regretted that authors who have devoted a great share of time and talents to the investigation of a ques-

tion so interesting to the human race, should express an equal disparity of sentiment.

Much of this difference between philosophers, however, is to be attributed, not merely to the different lights in which they view certain facts, but to the limited view with which too many are contented.

We may here introduce an opinion which is advocated by our present author, and which, if properly examined and pursued might reconcile the opposition existing between various dietetic schools.

“ Dr. George Fordice has urged a serious and conclusive objection to the hackneyed maxim, that ‘ *we ought to live naturally, and on such food as is presented to us by nature,*’ viz: that man has no natural food. It is decreed that he shall earn his food by the sweat of his brow; or in other words, that he shall by his industry, discover substances from whence he is to procure subsistence; and that, if he cannot find such, he must cultivate and alter them from their natural state. There is scarcely a vegetable which we at present employ, that can be found growing naturally. Buffon states that our wheat is a factitious production, raised to its present condition by the art of agriculture. Rice, rye, barley or even oats,\* are not to be found wild; that is to say, growing naturally, in any part of the world, but have been altered by the industry of mankind, from plants not now resembling them even in such a degree as to enable us to recognise their relations. The acid and disagreeable *apium graveolens* has been thus transformed into the delicious celery; and the colewort, a plant of scanty leaves, not weighing altogether half an ounce, has been improved into cabbage, whose leaves alone weigh many pounds, or into the cauliflower of considerable dimensions, being only the embryo of a few buds, which, in their natural state, would not have weighed many grains. The potato, again, whose introduction has added many millions to our population,† derives its origin from a small and bitter root, which grows wild in Chili and at Monte Video.”

The question here naturally arises, whence do those nations, who do not practise the art of agriculture, derive their healthful food; nations who are ignorant of the greatest number of diseases which are the torment of civilized communities.

\* Both rice and oats are nearly imitated by two indigenous productions of the United States.

† Great Britain.

Two important facts are well known, namely, that savage tribes who wander about like beasts of prey, almost unconscious of a home, have no fields or gardens to supply them with the factitious articles of food which are the chief dependence of the inhabitants of cultivated countries: secondly, diseases become more rare as we descend from the enlightened to the savage state of society.

At first sight it might appear that the artificial forms of food were the cause of disease; and that, therefore, the maxim is just, that "man ought to live naturally." But there are many things to be considered between the fact and the conclusion in this case.

In arguing the question relative to the most proper kind of food for man, the very important consideration is generally neglected, that the same food under different circumstances may be either salutary or pernicious: and those circumstances which ought to influence us in the choice of our food are so numerous and analogous as to render it difficult, yet sometimes important, to determine whether boiled meat or roasted, for instance, would be the most proper. Notwithstanding this, there have been arguments of the most imposing character to prove, on the one hand, that vegetables exclusively were intended for our subsistence, and on the other, that animal substance is best adapted to this purpose. Those who have been zealous in this kind of generalization, have even examined the human teeth for the purpose of discovering, through their analogy to those of carnivorous or graminivorous animals, some clue to the truth—from a precept founded in that everlasting and unintelligible argument of sophistry, "the analogy of nature."

If all men were placed under similar circumstances, which should exist even from the moment of an individual's birth, there would exist a reasonable ground of hope that a certain kind of food might be discovered and proved to be the most proper for his species. But this is so far from being the case, that it would be a difficult matter to find even two individuals whose constitutions, occupations, &c. required the same kind and quantity of food.

Instead of speculating on this subject, from facts drawn only from the physical structure of man, if we extend our inquiries into the habits of the various nations of the earth, the climates which they inhabit, and the occupations which they pursue; if we consider the great difference in the kind of diet which they use with equal success as far as regards health, we will see that the question concerning the kind of

sustenance most congenial to our wants, depends on a variety of external and accidental circumstances. The inhabitants of northern countries, bordering on the frozen regions, live, we may say, exclusively, on animal food, and that of the grossest kind—to many of them the oil of marine animals is a chief dependence—the vegetable kingdom affords them but a slight and transient variety, and that also of a nature that would be repugnant to a *civilized* stomach. As we descend into the temperate regions we find a mixture of animal and vegetable diet, and as we approach the equator we find that the luxuriance of vegetation has rendered man careless of animal food. This is a general view which may be supported by facts.

We find, also, that the human system is susceptible of certain impressions from the temperature of the medium in which he is placed. Perhaps the temperature immediately may be the cause of disease, but be this as it may, it is very certain that in a warmer temperature the circulation of the system is more rapid than in a colder, so that a more frequent supply of food is rendered necessary by the continual waste. Another circumstance must be taken notice of, namely, that in colder regions, where the animal circulation is more languid, a more stimulating food is necessary than would be proper in tropical climates. Hence we see the futility of attempting to appoint one kind of food for mankind in general. It appears that a consistent Providence has provided for each climate the kind of food which best harmonises with the local circumstances, for the benefit of the human creation.

These remarks lead us naturally to the consideration of the variety which should take place in the food of men of different professions, constitutions &c., who are similarly situated with regard to climate. In every community we may see examples of men whose habits of living and kind of food extremely differ, yet between whom the balance of health appears to be equiponderant. There are two ways of accounting for this—first, the constitutions of men may be originally different; secondly, various degrees and kinds of exercise place the system in various circumstances with regard to the kind and quantity of food proper for its sustenance. Hence it is that diseases which attack those who indulge in a sedentary life, and which are attributed to the use of rich animal food, are never found among the labouring classes—nor among other men who use the same food, but employ more exercise. We may be called upon to determine what is the best kind of food for the sedentary man. This

would be an extremely difficult question to solve. We can show that many varieties of food have been for a long time successfully used by men who necessarily lead active lives—indeed, it would appear that such men are equally healthy under the opposite influences of plenty and abstinence, of regularity and occasional indulgence. But it is seldom the case that a man can confine himself much in the house and take only a stated *kind* and quantity of exercise and remain free of disease. It would appear that neither the kind nor the quantity of food are so important to health as other circumstances, with which the stomach is not so immediately interested, such as the active employment of the muscular, and consequently the nervous system, the affections of the mind, occasional change of temperature, &c.

We cannot advocate any general system of diet—not even though it should be proposed for a given climate—on the contrary, we are convinced that a rigid observance of any rules for the kind, the quantity, and times of consumption of food, would be attended with pernicious effects, especially to sedentary men. The very beasts, indeed, who form a remarkable contrast to man in the general simplicity of their habits, by their occasional desire for a change of food, evince an instinct which is worthy of observation. But we need go no farther than the physiology of man for arguments in support of this doctrine.

It is a maxim, that a stimulus frequently applied, gradually loses its effect, from the gradual obliteration of the excitability of the part to which it is applied. Hence tobacco ceases to be nauseous to the taste and acquires a new flavor to him who uses it. Hence intoxicating liquors lose their effect on the stomach, &c. &c. Now it is supposed, and, I presume, not doubted, that the presence of food in the stomach, stimulates that organ to the secretion of certain fluids necessary to the process of digestion, and perhaps to other operations, also important. May not the continual repetition of the same kind of stimulus gradually fail in its effect of stimulating the stomach to the full performance of its office? If the affirmative of this question be granted, we need seek no farther into the progress of digestion for a cause why the continuance of any one kind of food, is not expedient to an animal. Among civilized nations, almost every family is accustomed to a certain kind of food: it is also among civilized people that the greatest quantity and variety and condiment is used, for the purpose of stimulating the organs of digestion. We here anticipate an objection, that civilized nations enjoy a greater

variety of food, and in fact have a greater variety on their tables, daily, than the savage tribes, among whom digestion appears to be better accomplished. But it must be remembered that it is not the variety of articles that are taken into the stomach each day, that is to produce the successive and equal stimulations of the stomach, because the same mixture occurs every day, consequently, the same *kind* of stimulation. But the savage feeds one day on raw flesh and another on roasted flesh; the next on fish, and the next on fruits; and in his case there are frequently long intervals of fasting, which must also have their peculiar effect.

Another argument in favour of irregularity of diet presents itself. The system of an animal is constituted of many parts, differing very widely in their chemical as well as in their mechanical construction. All these parts are subject to perpetual decay, and their losses are repaired through the instrumentality of digestion and assimilation. There can be no question that a certain proportion of all the parts of the system is necessary to the proper performance of the functions of the system. Therefore, if the waste of one part is not supplied in proportion to its wants, equally with other parts, a derangement in the functions of the system, in other words, disease, must be the consequence. Now, may it not be, that certain kinds of food are better calculated to supply the loss of certain animal structures, than other kinds? so that a confinement to one kind of food might favour one part of the system to the prejudice of the whole. This idea will not appear extravagant if we reflect upon the single fact, that hens will lay eggs without shells when they are confined in coops and not allowed access to earthy matter: and many others might be adduced, which, perhaps, would render this an interesting question. We are aware that there are some who maintain that the quality of the *chyle*, which, in popular language, may be termed the nutritive extract of the food, is independent of the kind of food used. But according to this doctrine, an animal should grow as fat on one kind of food as he would on another, let the quantities of each be regulated by the proportions of digestible matter which they contain. But there are many and conclusive arguments against this theory, such as the passage of certain articles, unaltered, from the stomach into the circulation, in the course of which, they must have been mixed with the chyle. We must here quote a strong but a very applicable case from our author.

"Experience, dearly bought experience, has taught us that headache, flatulency, hypochondriasis, and a thousand name-

less ills, have arisen from the too prevailing fashion of loading our tables with that host of French *entremets* and *hors d'œuvres*, which have so unfortunately usurped the roast beef. The theorists, in the true spirit of philosophical refinement, laugh at our terrors; they admit, to be sure, that the man who eats round the table '*ab ovo usque ad mala*' is a terrific glutton, but that, after all, he has only eaten words, for eat as he may, he has only eaten animal matter, vegetable matter, and condiment; either cooked by the heat of water or by that of fire, figure or disfigure; serve, arrange, flavour, or adorn them as you please. There is no physician of any practical knowledge who cannot, at once, refute such a doctrine. Every nurse knows, from experience, that certain mixtures produce deleterious compounds in the stomach, although the chemist may perhaps fail in explaining their nature, or the theory of their formation. What would such a reasoner say, if he were invited to a repast, and were presented with only charcoal and water? Would he be reconciled to his fare by being told that his discontent was founded on a mere delusion? That the difference between them and the richest viands was merely ideal,—an affair of words, as in either case he would only swallow *oxygen*, *hydrogen*, and *carbon*?"

Dr. Paris has here introduced a very interesting and important subject. Universal observation has rendered the fact incontestible, that those who indulge in the pleasures of the table generally purchase their enjoyment at the expense of health—nay it would appear that among the afflictions to which our mortal systems are exposed, there are some appointed as special punishments for those who so invert the purposes of the Creator as to *live to eat* instead of *eating to live*. What man in a civilized community who cannot refer to innumerable examples of the deplorable effects of *good eating*, and yet how ingeniously do the good humoured victims of the table defend their individual practices. There is not an individual among us, be he fat or lean; whether he destroy beef by the quantity or game by the dozen; whether he keep his head muddled with porter or light with wine, but will cite the most imposing authority, ancient and modern, in defence of his favorite dish and his customary beverage. It must be acknowledged that the vagueness of the language and the indecision of opinion as well as real difference in theory among medical writers on the subject of diet, are calculated both to mislead an honest inquirer and to protect a willful perverter of the truth.

It is impossible, as we have previously shown, to demon-

strate, with regard to any particular article of food, that its use will prove in all cases, or indeed in any case, either salutary or pernicious; the same may be said of drinks and condiments, and of the periods and quantity of exercise and sleep. It is most probable that a majority of the errors into which the reasoners on this subject fall, are attributable to the partial ground which they take. Few consider that health is the result of a great number of circumstances or causes acting in harmonious concert. It is not generally known, at least, it cannot be too frequently repeated, that the kind and the quantity of food best calculated for the necessities of the system, and, therefore, most congenial to health, must vary with many external circumstances, particularly exercise, the temperature, and moisture of the air, &c. Why is it, that we are supplied at different seasons of the year, by a Providence who does nothing in vain, with different kinds of food, and that in various parts of the globe the fruits of the earth vary in their characteristic properties in proportion to the permanent difference of climate? We see the inhabitants of tropical regions provided with abundance of vegetable food, chiefly of a mucilaginous nature, and with a profusion of saccharine and acid fruits: farinaceous grains: animals become the food of the temperate, and in the frozen regions, a vegetable is an unusual luxury. We find, also, that condiments are most abundant in the warmer climes, where they are most necessary to obviate the effects of that languor and relaxation of fibre produced by excessive heat. We see, also, that the habits of nations vary with the qualities of their food; and arguing from great extremes to small variations, it is not difficult for us to see that even the inhabitants of the same city, or of the same house, may be so unequally situated as to require different kinds as well as various quantities of food.

On the question of the propriety of exercise immediately before and after meals, much diversity of opinion exists. It will generally be found, however, that the arguments *pro et contra* are deduced from experiments which were excessive, and, therefore, not generally applicable.

There may be some instances in which rest is necessary when the stomach is full. But the practice of sitting long at the table is attended by one peculiar and incalculable disadvantage. By resting after dinner, is understood, in the fashionable world, an indulgence of the palate (to the grievance of the stomach) in numberless dainties, whose continual intrusion interrupt, more or less, the process of digestion;

and the very articles which thus form a source of amusement, during the required *resting* time, generally require the greatest exertion of the stomach for their disposal. Large quantities of wine, and other stimulating articles, become necessary to urge this organ to the completion of the task so wantonly imposed upon it, and at length its powers are worn out by unnatural exertion. If we had no other view than the prevention of this lamentable practice, we would earnestly recommend exercise after dinner; that is, immediately after the *dinner proper* has been disposed of, and before that drowsiness arises, which disposes to voluptuous indulgence. Another argument against the propriety of rest after meals is founded in the principle, that any interruption of the balance of the circulation is to be dreaded, unless speedily obviated. Now, when the stomach receives matter for digestion, there is an evident determination of blood towards the viscera of the abdomen. The vessels which carry this blood may have their tone impaired by repeated or long continued engagement. Exercise promotes the general circulation, and it is, therefore, a natural preventive of those congestions which are the groundwork of almost all diseases. Let us hear Dr. Paris on this subject:

“As soon as digestion commences, the blood flows with increased force to the organs destined for its completion; whence in delicate persons, the operation is frequently attended with a diminution in the power of the senses, and even a slight shivering is frequently experienced; the skin becomes contracted, and the insensible perspiration is diminished. As the process, however, proceeds, a reaction takes place; and, after it is completed, the perspiration becomes free, and often abundant. When the chyle enters the blood, the body becomes enlivened, and the stomach and small intestines having been liberated from their burden, oppose no obstacle to the free indulgence of that desire for activity which nature has thus instructively excited for our benefit. Then it is that animals are roused from that repose into which they had subsided during the earlier stages of digestion, and betake themselves to action; then it is that civilized man feels an aptness for exertion, although he mistakes the nature and object of the impulse; and, as Dr. Prout justly observes, is inclined to regard it as nothing more than a healthy sensation by which he is summoned to that occupation to which inclination or duty may prompt him. Thus, instead of being *bodily* active, the studious man receives it as a summons to *mental* exertion. The indolent man, per-

haps, merely to *sit up and enjoy himself*; the libertine to commence his libation; and the votary of fashion to attend the crowded circles of gayety and dissipation: in short, this feeling of renovated energy is used or abused in a thousand ways by different individuals, without their ever dreaming that *bodily* exercise, and that alone, is implied by it. The result of which is, that imperfect assimilation, and all its train of consequences, take place.

Some difference of opinion has existed with regard to the utility or mischief of exercise immediately after eating; but in this question, as in most others of like nature, the truth will be found to lie between the extremes. Those who, from confounding the effects of gentle with those of exhausting exercise, maintain the necessity of rest for the performance of the digestive process, appeal to the experiments of Sir Busick Harwood, the mere relation of which, will be sufficient to negative the inference which they would deduce from its result. The Downing Professor took two pointers, equally hungry and equally well fed. The one he suffered to lie quiet after his meal, the other he kept for above two hours in constant exercise. On returning home, he had them both killed. In the stomach of the dog which had remained quiet and asleep, all the food was found chylified; but in the stomach of the other dog, the process of digestion had scarcely commenced. Exercise, let it be remembered, must be measured in relation to the strength and habits of the individual: we have daily experience to prove that a man may return to his daily labour, and the schoolboy to his gambols, immediately after a frugal meal, without inconvenience or injury; but the same degree of exercise to a person of sedentary habits, or weak stamina, would probably arrest and subvert the whole process of digestion. The influence of habit, in rendering exercise salutary or injurious, is shown in a variety of instances: a person who would suffer from the slightest exertion after dinner, will undertake a fatiguing labour after breakfast, however solid and copious that meal may have been. If we assent to the proposition of the Cambridge Professor, we must in consistence acknowledge, that exercise *before* a meal, is at least as injurious as he would lead us to suppose it is *after* a repast; for if the valetudinarian takes his dinner in a state of fatigue, he will assuredly experience some impediment to digestion; but are we to argue that, on this account, exercise is neither to precede nor follow a meal? We may as well, without farther discussion, subscribe to the opinion of Hieronymus Cardanus, who, insisting upon the

advantages of perfect rest, observes, that *trees live longer than men because they never stir from their places.*"

It may be difficult to ascertain whether digestion is promoted or retarded by moderate exercise immediately after a meal; in other words, how the first stages of the digestive process are effected by motion and by rest? But let this question be determined, another, equally important, remains; namely, whether a rapid or a more gradual digestion is most congenial to health?

It must be considered that the waste of the body is gradual; therefore, a sudden influx of digested matter, prepared for immediate assimilation, is not ordinarily required. The consequences of such an addition to the circulating mass may be, either that an extraordinary exertion, for the expulsion of superabundant matter, is imposed on the excretory organs, or that the mass of blood may be unnecessarily increased, insomuch as to impair the tone of the blood-vessels by distension; or, indeed, produce congestions. Now, whether exercise hastens or retards the process of digestion, it may still be useful; for if in the first case it causes a rapid increase of the bulk of the circulating medium; it also excites the action of those organs which are calculated for the expulsion of unnecessary or redundant matter: in the second case, it regulates the influx of nutritious matter according to the natural demands of the system.

Dr. Paris has not neglected the pertinent subject of *drinks*. His observations on the use of stimulating liquids are not new; but one of them, however, is somewhat remarkable. He advises those who drink brandy, to dilute the liquor with water, twelve hours before they drink it. This advice is founded on two considerations; firstly, that an intimate mixture of the brandy with water is necessary to the innocent operation of this stimulus; secondly, the intimate mixture of alcohol and water cannot be immediately effected. We are inclined to differ from the doctor on each of these grounds. In the first place, we cannot see that the mixture of water with brandy can have any other useful effect than that of merely preventing too many stimulating particles from being applied simultaneously to the surface of the stomach: this object is attained by an imperfect, as well as by the most intimate mixture. In the second place we may remark, that, supposing an intimate mixture of the brandy and water to be desirable, the well known propensity of alcohol to separate itself from water (from its inferior gravity,) after having been intimately mixed by violent agitation, would induce us

NOVEMBER, 1826.—NO. 289. 47

to recommend the potation of the brandy as soon as possible after its dilution.

Dr. Paris' work contains a description of the organs of digestion, a knowledge of whose functions and disorders is undoubtedly necessary to the physician. But as all physicians must be supposed to be well acquainted with these important viscera, and inasmuch as a verbal description of anatomical structure is unintelligible to those who have never used the dissecting knife, we presume that the anatomical descriptions in the present work add more to its price than to its value.

If we have hitherto withheld our general opinion of Dr. Paris' work, it has not been from a desire to criticise. We have taken the opportunity which its appearance offered, to add, as he has, line to line and precept to precept, in the hope of attracting more serious attention to the subject of diet than is generally devoted to this highly important subject.

---

### DANIEL O'ROURKE.

[The tale of Daniel O'Rourke, the Irish Astolpho, which is said to be a very common one among the lower class of that country, has been admirably related by the ingenious author of *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*. We have preferred his prose version of the story to the pleasant versification of it, in six cantos of *Ollima Rima* by Mr. S. Gosnell of Cork, in *Blackwood's Magazine* (Nov. 1821) because this journal is perhaps accessible to most of our readers, and the volume from which we transcribe the marvellous legend, is so scarce in America, that we have never seen a single copy of it, except that which is before us.]

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower. I knew the man well: he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time when he told me the story, with gray hair, and a red nose; and it was on the twenty-fifth of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentle-

men used to go, before Bonaparte or any such was heard of, and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and, may be, give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end;—and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes;—and there was no grinding for rent and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in the year;—but now it's another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

“Well, we had every thing of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master, by the same token danced with Peggy Barry from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronohan's, the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer that was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping stones of the ford of Ballyashenogh, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. ‘Death, alive!’ thought I, ‘I’ll be drowned now.’ However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

“I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir, (with your pardon for mentioning her,) and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog;—I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I sat down upon a stone, which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head, and sing the *ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me

full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I: 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I: 'Only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. 'Tis sir,' says I: so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'if your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right hand on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every moment going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadence:—'I thank your honour,' says I 'for the loan of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up—God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely;—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he flew, fly-

ing, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use.

" 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he: so I said no more.

" At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon. 'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion it was so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did I not beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver,—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he: 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he 'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took a hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

" When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year,' ('twas true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say,) 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

" 'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you,' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hawk'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'Twas all to no manner of use: he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing; and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever,

without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think, but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush."

" 'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'How do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

" 'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, 'tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he, 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I'll not let go;—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye, from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed,) that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook, that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly

falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night: I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenough, else how should they know *me*? the *ould* gander who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you: put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself, that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I, 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose: why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of a place, as like West Carberry as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking, a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he:

‘If I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.’  
 ‘I would not,’ says I: ‘I know better than that, for it’s just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.’

“‘If you must, you must,’ said he. ‘There, take your own way;’ and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night’s sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water ’till there was’nt a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—’twas a voice I knew too—‘Get up, you drunken brute, off of that!’ and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me;—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own.

“‘Get up,’ said she again: ‘and of all places in the parish, would no place *serve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting place I am sure you had of it.’ And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I’d lie down in the same spot again, I know that.”

---

#### THE ORCHARD ORIOLE.

PEAJE’S MUSEUM, No. 1508.—*Basturd Baltimore*, CATESBY, I, 49.—*Le Baltimore Batard*—DE BUFFON, III, *Pl. enl.* 506.—*Oriolus Spurius*, GMEL. Syst. I, p. 389.—LATH. *Syn.* II, p. 433, 20, p. 427, 24.

#### FROM WILSON’S ORNITHOLOGY.

There are no circumstances relating to birds, which tend so much to render their history obscure and perplexing, as the various changes of colour which many of them undergo. These changes, in some cases, are periodical; in others, progressive; and are frequently so extraordinary, that unless the naturalist has resided for years in the country where the birds inhabit, and has examined them at almost every season, he is liable to be mistaken and imposed upon by their novel ap-

pearance. Numerous instances of this kind might be cited, from the pages of European writers, in which the same bird has been described two, three, and even four times, by the same person; and each time as a different kind. The species we are now about to examine is a remarkable example of this; and as it has never to my knowledge, been either accurately figured or described, I have devoted one plate to the elucidation of its history.

The count de Buffon, in introducing what he supposed to be the male of this bird, but which evidently appears to have been the female of the Baltimore Oriole, makes the following observations: "this bird is so called (Spurious Baltimore,) because the colours of its plumage are not so lively as in the preceding, (Baltimore oriole.) In fact, when we compare these birds, and find an exact correspondence in every thing except the colours, and even in the distribution of those, but only in the different tints they assume; we cannot hesitate to infer, that the Spurious Baltimore is a variety of a more generous race, degenerated by the influence of climate, or some other accidental cause."

How the influence of climate could affect one portion of a species and not the other, when both reside in the same climate, and feed nearly on the same food; or what accidental cause could produce a difference so striking, and also so regular as exists between the two, are, I confess, matters beyond my comprehension. But, if it be recollected, that the bird which the count was thus philosophising upon, was nothing more than the female Baltimore oriole, which exactly corresponds with his description of his male Bastard Baltimore, the difficulties at once vanish, and with them the whole superstructure of theory founded on this mistake. Dr. Latham also, while he confesses the great confusion and uncertainty that prevail between the true and bastard Baltimore and their females, considers it highly probable that the whole will be found to belong to one and the same species in their different changes of colour. In this conjecture, however, the worthy naturalist has likewise been mistaken; and I shall endeavour to point out the fact as well as the source of this error.

Here I cannot but take notice of the name that naturalists have bestowed on this bird, which is certainly remarkable. Specific names, to be perfect, ought to express some peculiarity common to no other of the genus, and should, at least, be consistent with truth; but in the case before us, the name has no one merit of the former, nor even of the latter des-

cription, to recommend it, and ought henceforth to be rejected as highly improper, and calculated, like that of Goatsucker, and many others, equally ridiculous, to perpetuate that error from which it originated. The word *bastard*, among men, has its determinate meaning; but when applied to a whole species of birds, perfectly distinct from any other, originally deriving their peculiarities of form, manners, colour, &c. from the common source of all created beings, and perpetuating them by the usual laws of generation, as unmixed and independent as any other, is, to call it by no worse name, a gross absurdity. Should the reader be displeased at this, I beg leave to remind him, that as the faithful historian of our feathered tribes, I must be allowed the liberty of vindicating them from every misrepresentation whatever, whether originating in ignorance, or prejudice; and of allotting to each respective species, as far as I can distinguish, that rank and place in the great order of nature to which it is entitled.

To convince the foreigner,—for Americans have no doubt on the subject—that the present is a distinct species from the Baltimore, it might be sufficient to refer to the figure of the latter, in plate 1, and to Fig. 4, plate IV, of this work. I will, however, add, that I conclude this bird to be specifically different from the Baltimore, from the following circumstances; its size—it is less and more slender; its colours, which are different, and *very differently disposed*; the form of its bill, which is sharper pointed, and more bent, the form of its tail, which is not *even*, but *wedged*; its notes, which are neither so full nor so mellow, and uttered with much more rapidity; its mode of building, and the materials it uses, both of which are different; and lastly, the shape and colour of the eggs of each, (see Figs. *a* and *b* in Wilson,) which are evidently unlike. If all these circumstances, and I could enumerate many more, be not sufficient to designate this as a distinct species, by what criterion, I would ask, are we to discriminate between a *variety* and an *original* species, or how assure ourselves that the great horned owl is not in fact, a *bastard* goose, or the carrion crow a mere *variety* of the humming-bird?

These mistakes have been occasioned by several causes. Principally by the changes of colour to which the birds are subject, and the distance of Europeans from the country they inhabit. Catesby, it is true, while here, described and figured the Baltimore, and, perhaps, was the first who published figures of either species; but he entirely omitted saying any

thing of the female, and instead of the male and female of the present species, as he thought, he has only figured the male in two of his different dresses; and succeeding compilers have followed and repeated the same error. Another cause may be assigned, viz. the extreme shyness of the female orchard oriole, represented at Fig. 1, (in Wilson.) This bird has hitherto escaped the notice of European naturalists, or has been mistaken for another species, or perhaps for a young bird of the first season, which it almost exactly resembles. In none of the numerous works on ornithology has it ever before appeared in its proper character; though the male has been known to Europeans for more than a century, and has usually been figured in one of his dresses as male, and in another as female; these varying according to the fluctuating opinions of different writers. It is amusing to see how gentlemen groped in the dark in pairing these two species of orioles, of which the following examples may be given.

Buffon's and Latham's	{	<i>Male</i> —Male Baltimore.
Baltimore Oriole,	{	<i>Female</i> —Male Orchard Oriole, Fig. 4.
Spurious Baltimore,	{	<i>Male</i> —Female Baltimore.
of ditto	{	<i>Female</i> —Male Orchard Oriole, Fig. 2.
Pennant's Baltimore O.	{	<i>Male</i> —Male Baltimore.
	{	<i>Female</i> —Young Male Baltimore.
Spurious O. of ditto,	{	<i>Male</i> --male Orch'd O. fig. 4.
	{	<i>Female</i> --do. do. Fig. 2.
Catesby's Baltimore O.	{	<i>Male</i> —Male Baltimore.
	{	<i>Female</i> —not mentioned.
Spurious B. of ditto,	{	<i>Male</i> —Male Orchard Oriole, Fig. 2.
	{	<i>Female</i> —do. do. fig. 4.

Among all these authors, Catesby, is doubtless the most inexcusable, having lived for several years in America, where he had an opportunity of being more correct; yet when it is considered, that the female of this bird is much shyer than the male; that it is seldom seen; and that while the males are flying around and bewailing an approach to their nest, the females keep aloof, watching every movement of the enemy in restless but silent anxiety; it is less to be wondered at, I say, that two birds of the same kind, but different in plu-

mage, making their appearance together at such times, should be taken for male and female of the same nest, without doubt or examination, as from that strong sympathy for each other's distress which prevails so universally among them at this season, it is difficult sometimes to distinguish between the sufferer and the sympathising neighbour.

The female of the Orchard Oriole, Fig. 1, is six inches and a half in length, and eleven inches in extent; the colour above is yellow olive, inclining to a brownish tint on the back; the wings are dusky brown, lesser wing-coverts tipped with yellowish white, greater coverts and secondaries, exteriorly edged with the same, primaries slightly so; tail rounded at the extremity, the two exterior feathers, three quarters of an inch shorter than the middle ones, whole lower parts yellow; bill and legs light blue, the former bent a little, very sharp pointed, and black towards the extremity; iris of the eye, hazel, pupil black. The young male of the first season corresponds nearly with this description; but in the succeeding spring he makes his appearance with a large patch of black marking the front lores and throat, as represented in Fig. 2. In this stage, too, the black sometimes makes its appearance on the two middle feathers of the tail; and slight stains of reddish are seen commencing on the sides and belly. The rest of the plumage as in the female. This continuing nearly the same, on the same bird, during the remainder of the season. At the same time other individuals are found as represented by Fig. 3. which are at least birds of the third summer. They are mottled with black and olive on the upper parts of the back, and with reddish bay and yellow on the belly, sides and vent, scattered in the most irregular manner, not alike in any two individuals; and generally the two middle feathers of the tail are black, and the others centered with the same colour. This bird is now evidently approaching to its perfect plumage, as represented in Fig. 4, where the black spreads over the whole head, neck, upper part of the back, breast, wings, and tail, the reddish bay, or bright chesnut, occupying the lower part of the breast, the belly, vent, rump, tail-coverts, and three lower rows of the lesser wing-coverts. The black on the head is deep and velvety; that of the wings inclining to brown; the greater wing-coverts are tipped with white. In the same orchard, and at the same time, males in each of these states of plumage may be found, united to their respective plain-coloured mates.

In all these, the manners, mode of building, food, and notes, are, generally speaking, the same, differing no more

than those of any other individuals belonging to one common species. The female appears always nearly the same.

I have said that these birds construct their nests very differently from the Baltimore. They are so particularly fond of frequenting orchards, that scarcely one orchard in summer is without them. They usually suspend their nest from the twigs of the apple tree; and often from the extremities of the outward branches. It is formed exteriorly, of a particular species of long, tough, and flexible grass, knit or sewed through and through in a thousand directions, as if actually done with a needle. An old lady of my acquaintance to whom I was one day showing this curious fabrication, after admiring its texture for some time, asked me in a tone between joke and earnest, whether I did not think it possible to teach these birds to darn stockings? This nest is hemispherical, three inches deep, by four in breadth; the concavity scarcely two inches deep by two in diameter. I had the curiosity to detach one of the fibres, or stalks of dried grass from the nest, and found it to measure thirteen inches in length, and in that distance was thirty-four times hooked through and returned, winding round and round the nest! The inside is usually composed of the light downy appendages attached to the seeds of the *Platanus occidentalis*, or button-wood, which form a very soft and commodious bed. Here and there the outward work is extended to an adjoining twig, round which it is strongly twisted, to give more stability to the whole, and prevent it from being overset by the wind.

When they choose the long pendant branches of the weeping-willow to build in, as they frequently do, the nest, though formed of the same materials, is made deeper, and of slighter texture. The circumference is marked out by a number of these pensile twigs that descend on each side like ribs, supporting the whole; their thick foliage, at the same time completely concealing the nest from view. The depth in this case is increased to four or five inches, and the whole is made slighter. These long pendant branches being sometimes twelve, and even fifteen feet in length, have a large sweep in the wind, and render the first of these precautions necessary, to prevent the eggs or young from being thrown out; and the close shelter afforded by the remarkable thickness of the foliage is, no doubt, the cause of the latter. Two of these nests, such as I have described, are now lying before me, and exhibit not only art in the construction, but judgment in adapting their fabrication so judiciously to their particular situations. If the actions of birds proceeded, as some would have

us believe, from the mere impulses of that thing called *instinct*, individuals of the same species would uniformly build their nest in the same manner, wherever they might happen to fix it; but it is evident from these just mentioned, and a thousand such circumstances, that they reason *à priori* from cause to consequence; providently managing with a constant eye to future necessity and convenience.

The eggs, one of which is represented in the same plate, (Fig. a,) are usually four, of a very pale bluish tint, with a few small specks of brown and spots of dark purple. An egg of the Baltimore oriole is exhibited by the side of it, (Fig. b,) both of which were minutely copied from nature, and are sufficient of themselves to determine, beyond all possibility of doubt, the identity of the two species. I may add, that Mr. CHARLES W. PEALE, proprietor of the museum in Philadelphia, who, as a practical naturalist, stands deservedly first in the first rank of American connoisseurs, and who has done more for the promotion of that sublime science than all our speculative theorists together, has expressed to me his perfect conviction of the changes which these birds pass through; having himself examined them both in spring and towards the latter part of summer, and having at the present time in his possession thirty or forty individuals of this species, in almost every gradation of change.

The orchard oriole, though partly a dependant on the industry of the former, is no sneaking pilferer, but an open and truly beneficent friend. To all those countless multitudes of destructive bugs and caterpillars that infest the fruit trees in spring and summer he is a deadly enemy; devouring them wherever he can find them, and destroying, on an average, some hundreds of them every day, without offering the slightest injury to the fruit, however much it may stand in his way. I have witnessed instances where the entrance to his nest was more than half closed up by a cluster of apples, which he could easily have demolished in half a minute; but, as if holding the property of his patron sacred, or considering it as a natural bulwark to his own, he slid out and in with the greatest gentleness and caution. I am not sufficiently conversant in entomology to particularize the different species of insects on which it feeds; but I have good reason to believe that they are almost altogether such as commit the greatest depredations on the fruit of the orchard; and as he visits us at a time when his services are of the greatest value, and, like a faithful guardian, takes up his station where the enemy is most to be expected, he ought to be held in respectful es-

teem, and protected by every considerate husbandman. Nor is the gayety of his song one of his least recommendations. Being an exceedingly active, sprightly, and restless bird, he is on the ground—on the trees—flying and carolling in his hurried manner, in almost one and the same instant. His notes are shrill and lively; but uttered with such rapidity and seeming confusion, that the ear is unable to follow them distinctly. Between these, he has a simple note which is agreeable and interesting. Wherever he is protected he shows his confidence and gratitude by his numbers and familiarity. In the botanic gardens of my worthy and scientific friends, the Messrs. Bartrams of Kingsess, which present an epitome of almost every thing that is rare, useful, and beautiful, in the vegetable kingdom of this western continent, and where the murderous gun scarcely ever intrudes, the orchard oriole revels without restraint through thickets of aromatic flowers and blossoms; and, heedless of the busy gardener that labours below, hangs his nest, in perfect security, on the branches over his head.

The female sits fourteen days; the young remain in the nest ten days afterwards, before they venture abroad, which is generally about the middle of June. Nests of this species, with eggs, are sometimes found so late as the twentieth of July, which must either belong to birds that have lost their first nest; or it is probable, that many of them raise two brood of young in the same season, though I am not positive of the fact.

The Orchard Orioles arrive in Pennsylvania rather later than the Baltimores, commonly about the first week in May; and extend as far as the province of Maine. They are also more numerous towards the mountains than the latter species. In traversing the country near the Blue Ridge, in the month of August, I have seen at least five of this species for one of the Baltimore. Early in September, they take their departure for the south; their term of residence here being little more than four months. Previous to their departure the young birds become gregarious, and frequent the rich and extensive meadows of the Schuylkill, below Philadelphia, in flocks of from thirty to forty or upwards. They are easily raised from the nest, and soon become agreeable domestics. One which I reared and kept through the winter, whistled with great clearness and vivacity at two months old. It had an odd manner of moving its head and neck slowly and regularly, and in various directions, when intent on observing any thing, without stirring its body. This motion was as

slow and regular as that of a snake. When at night a candle was brought into the room, it became restless and evidently dissatisfied, fluttering about the cage as if seeking to get out; but when the cage was placed on the same table with the candle, it seemed extremely well pleased, fed and drank, drest, shook and arranged its plumage, sat as close to the light as possible, and sometimes chanted a few broken irregular notes in that situation, as I sat reading or writing beside it. I also kept a young female of the same nest, during the greatest part of winter, but could not observe, in that time, any change in its plumage.

---

For the Port Folio.

## ON THE PRINCIPLES OF TASTE.

[Continued from page 325.]

### CHAPTER IV.

*In what situations Genius is able to imitate Nature.*

THE most fruitful genius is not always blest with the inspiration of the Muses. There are moments when the mind is perfectly barren. The poetical phrenzy of Ronsard, who was born a poet, sometimes reposed for months. The muse of Milton had unequal moments, as his works evince and he himself declares; and, not to speak of Statius, Claudian, and many others, do not the mighty Homer and Shakspeare sometimes slumber in the midst of gods and heroes? There are then auspicious moments to genius, when the mind, inflamed with ethereal fire, beholds all nature, and elicits those strokes which ravish and overpower us.

This is called *enthusiasm*: a word which all understand and yet few can define. The ideas of it, which most authors give, appear to proceed from an imagination astonished and struck with enthusiasm itself, rather than a reflecting and penetrating mind. Thus, it is sometimes a celestial vision; a divine influence, a prophetic spirit: at another, it is an intoxication, an ecstasy—a pleasure mingled with pain under the influence of inspiration. Do they intend by this strong language to explain the arts and open to the profane, the mysteries of the Muses?

As we are in pursuit of clear notions, we should avoid this allegorical playfulness which dazzles and bewilders the mind. We shall consider enthusiasm as the philosopher con-

templates greatness, without any regard to the vain splendour which surrounds and conceals it.

The Divinity, which guides the pen of genius, is like that which nerves the arm of the hero:

*Sua cuique DEUS fit diva Cupido.*

In these it is a boldness, a natural intrepidity animated by the very presence of danger.\* In the others, it is an ample fund of genius, an exactness of exquisite fancy, a fruitful imagination, a heart filled with a noble fire which is communicated with ease to every object. Such privileged souls imbibe a deep impression of every thing that they conceive, and never fail to reproduce them with new force and beauty.

This is the source and principle of enthusiasm. We already perceive how it should influence the arts imitative of embellished nature. Let us take the example of Zeuxis. Nature contains in her treasures all those traits of which the most beautiful imitations may be composed. The artist who is really an observer, recognizes them, draws them from the crowd and disposes them. In his own mind, he groups them into a picture which he fills up. The fire is kindled at the sight of the object. He forgets himself: his heart passes into the things which he has created. He becomes by turns a Cinna, an Augustus, Phædra, or Hippolitus: It was in such transports that Homer beheld the chariots and the coursers of the Gods: that Virgil heard the frightful cries of Phlegias (lib. 6.) in the infernal regions,—and that both conceived those things which have no existence and yet are true!

*Poeta cum tabulas cepit sibi,  
Quærit quod nusquam est gentium, reperit tamen.*—PLAUT.

It is for the same reason that this enthusiasm is necessary to painters and musicians. They must forget themselves, and enter into the midst of those things which they would represent. If they would paint a battle, they throw themselves, like the poet, into the ranks. They hear the din of arms and the cries of the wounded, they behold fury, carnage, and blood. By this means they excite themselves to a pitch of enthusiasm: then *Deus ecce Deus*—whom they may sing or paint,—it is a God that inspires them:

*Bella, horrida bella,  
Et Tibrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.*—VIRG. EN. 6.

\* Our gallant Perry felt its full influence at the moment when he resolved upon the step, not less bold than unprecedented, of quitting the *Lawrence*, his own vessel, to bring the *Niagara* into action.—[Ed. P. F.]

NOVEMBER, 1826.—NO. 289. 49

This is what Cicero calls the *mentis viribus excitari, divino spiritu afflari*.—Pro. Arch. poet.

This is the poetical fury: the god which the poet invokes in the epic: which inspires the heroes of tragedy: transforms itself into a simple citizen in comedy, becomes a shepherd in the Eclogue, endows animals with reason and speech in Fable,—in short—it is the power which makes true painters, musicians and poets.

Accustomed as we are to look for enthusiasm only in the lyre and the epic, it may excite some surprise that we should affirm its existence in the Apologue. What is it but enthusiasm? It contains but two things, a lively representation of an object in the mind, and an emotion of the heart proportioned to that object.\* Thus, there are simple, noble and sublime objects, and there are corresponding transports of enthusiasm, which are imbibed by painters, musicians and poets according to the degrees of sensibility which they possess. Into these transports they must throw themselves, if they would attain their object. It is for this reason that we find writers of fables and comedies as truly poets as the authors of tragedies and odes.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### *Of the manner in which the Arts imitate.*

Hitherto we have been endeavouring to show that the arts consisted in imitation; and that the object of this imitation was nature, represented to the mind in moments of enthusiasm. We are now to inquire in what manner this enthusiasm is affected,—in doing which we shall ascertain the particular qualities of each art.

We may divide nature, as it respects the arts, into two parts: the one affects the sight, the other, our hearing: for the other senses have nothing to do with the fine arts. The first part is the object of the Painter, who represents every thing that is visible: it is that of Sculpture which shows in relief—and finally of the art of gesture, which is a branch of these two, and only differs from them in this, that in dancing the gestures are natural and living, while those of the canvass and marble are not so.

The second part is the object of Musick considered by

\* In extraordinary occasions, says Plutarch, which require some supernatural impulse and enthusiastic movement, the Deity does not produce the resolution, but he inspires us with ideas which lead to it.

itself as such; and of Poetry, which employs language, but measured and restricted by certain rules.

Thus Painting imitates Nature by colours, Sculpture by reliefs, and Dancing by motions and attitudes of the body. Musick imitates her by inarticulate sounds, and Poetry by rythmical language. These are the distinctive characteristics of the principal arts. If it sometimes happens that the arts become mingled, as for instance, in poetry, where Dancing aids her with the gestures of actors on the stage, music regulates the inflexions of voice in declamation, and Painting decorates the scene:—these are services which they mutually render, in virtue of their community of purpose and reciprocal alliance, but without prejudice to their particular and natural rights. A tragedy, without gestures, without music or decoration is no more than a poem. It is but an imitation expressed by measured language. Music, without words, is no more than music. It expresses grief and joy without words, which are aids, it is true; but which do not belong to it, or, if added, effect any alteration in its nature and essence. Its characteristic is sound, as colour is that of Painting, and motion of the body that of Dancing. This cannot be disputed.

Here we must remark that as the arts must select their designs from nature and improve them, so they ought also to choose and polish those expressions which they borrow from her. They should not employ all sorts of sounds nor all sorts of colours. They must make a proper selection and an exquisite mixture: they must mingle, proportion and harmonize them. Nature may unite what she pleases, but art can only do so according to established rules. It is not only necessary that she avoid giving offence to taste, but she must please it—and this she does that she may be praised.

This remark is equally applicable to poetry. Her words, which are her instruments or colours, possess a degree of elegance which is not to be found in ordinary language. It is the polished and carved marble which renders the edifice more splendid and solid. There is a certain choice of words and turns of expression, a certain regular harmony which charms and elevates us. This requires a further development, which we shall endeavour to give in the third part.

### *Definitions of the Arts.*

After what has been said, it will not be difficult to define the arts. We know their object, their end, their province

and the manner in which they accomplish and fill them: what is common to them, and where they are distinct: what belongs to each, what separates and distinguishes them.

We shall define painting, sculpture and dancing to be imitations of the beautiful of nature, expressed by colours, reliefs and attitudes. Music and poetry are imitations likewise, by means of sound or measured language. In our second part we shall explain the beautiful of nature.

These definitions are simple and in conformity with the genius which produced the arts. They are not less the laws of taste, as we shall see in the second part: and they comprehend all kinds of works which are truly the productions of art, as will be shown in the third part.

#### CHAPTER VI.

*In what respects Eloquence and Architecture differ from the other arts.*

The division of the arts, which we have already made, must be borne in mind. Some were the inventions of want—others of pleasure. Some owed their birth to necessity, but having learnt to mingle the pleasing with the useful, they are ranked among the fine arts. Thus architecture having converted her sylvan boughs into convenient and elegant houses, deserves a rank among the arts to which she was not before entitled.

So it is with eloquence, the necessity which men were under to communicate their thoughts and sentiments, made them orators and historians as soon as they learnt the use of speech. Experience, time, and taste, gave new degrees of perfection to their language. Thus an art was formed, called Eloquence, which, in the faculty of pleasing, places itself almost on a level with Poetry. Its proximity and resemblance to this art, affords opportunities of borrowing from her, such ornaments as are suitable. To her eloquence is indebted for her balanced periods, her intentional antitheses, striking portraits, allegories, choice of words, arrangement of phrases and symmetrical progression of harmony. Here art served as a model to nature; which often happens: \* but on a condition which should be regarded as an essential basis and fundamental rule of all the arts: viz. that, in those arts which are intended for service the pleasing takes the character of necessity itself: every thing should appear to be necessary. In

\* Vid. ch. 9. part 2.

the same manner, in those arts which are intended to promote pleasure, utility ought not to be perceived, unless it have the appearance of being only calculated to produce pleasure.

So, also, where poetry or sculpture, has taken a subject from history or from society, it would be a poor justification for a lame performance, that the artist had adhered to the truth: because it is not truth but beauty that we require. And in eloquence and architecture, they fail in their object, if they discover design to please. It is here that art blushes if she is seen. The reason is, that, in these respects, we do not ask to be amused, but require to be served.

There are, however, occasions, when eloquence and architecture may venture to soar. It is when heroes are to be celebrated and temples to be built. As it is the duty of these arts to imitate the grandeur of the object and to excite admiration, they are permitted to elevate themselves and display all their opulence: but yet without entirely losing sight of their origin, in want and use. We demand the beautiful when these opportunities occur, but a beautiful partaking of real utility.

What should we think of a splendid edifice, which could be converted to no use? The expense compared with its usefulness, would form a disproportion which would be unpleasant to the eye, and incur ridicule on the architect. If the edifice requires grandeur, majesty, elegance, these are in consideration of the person who is to inhabit it. If there is proportion, variety and unity, it is to promote convenience and solidity: yet all these qualities must be united with an appearance of utility: whereas in sculpture those things which are intended to be useful, must appear to have had nothing but beauty in view.

Eloquence is governed by the same laws. In her greatest flights, she is restrained by the useful and the true; and when probability and ornament are her objects, she must not withdraw her eyes from the truth—which never has so much credit as when it pleases and appears to be probable.

Neither the orator nor the historian have any thing to create; their object is simply to discover those things which they are to present: they have nothing to add, nothing to retrench: they can scarcely venture even to transpose. The poet, on the other hand, fabricates his own models, without embracing things real.

If then we would define poetry, in opposition to eloquence and prose, which I shall consider, in this place, as synonymous, we may say that it is an imitation of the beautiful of

nature, expressed in measured language: and prose and eloquence, nature herself expressed in free language. The orator should declare the truth in a manner to excite belief, with the force and simplicity which should persuade. The poet should paint the probable in an agreeable manner,—and with all the grace and energy which charm and astonish. Yet as pleasure opens the heart to persuasion, and as real utility always pleases, it follows that the useful and the agreeable should always be mingled in poetry and prose: but in the order which is conformable to the objects of the two species of writing.

If it be objected that there are writings in prose which are the expressions of the probable, and others in verse of the true,—we answer that as they are neighbouring languages, of which the foundation is nearly the same, they mutually lend as well their characteristic traits as their essential qualities, in such a manner that every thing appears a travesty.

There are poetical fictions in the simple garb of prose—such as romance, and every thing of that sort: and facts have been clothed in all the embellishments of verse,—as didactic and historical poems. But these fictions in prose and histories in verse, are neither pure prose nor pure verse: they are a mixture of the two, and should not be embraced in any definitions. They are the caprices of those who would despise rules:—and they are exceptions which do not affect principles. We know, says Plutarch, of sacrifices which are not accompanied by chorus or symphony: but there is no poetry without fable and fiction. The verses of Empedocles, Parmenides and Nicander, and the sentences of Theognides, are not poetry. They are no more than ordinary discourses, which have borrowed the spirit and measure of poetry, in order to elevate their style and make them more attractive.\*

## PART II.

### *The principle of imitation demonstrated by the nature and laws of Taste.*

If every thing is contained in nature, since every thing there is in order; every thing should be embraced by the arts, because they are the imitators of nature. There should be a point of union, which should bring together the most

\* De audiendis Poëtis.

distant parts: whence a single part, being once known, should lead us to the discovery of the others.

Genius and taste have the same object in the arts. The first creates, the other judges. Thus, if it be true that genius produces works of art by imitating the beautiful of nature, as we have shown, taste, which pronounces on the labours of genius, should not be satisfied but in the adequate representation of the beautiful of nature. The justness and truth of this consequence are evident: but it is proper that it should be demonstrated more at large. This is what is proposed in the present part, in which we shall inquire into the nature of taste; what laws it may impose upon the arts: and that these laws always have regard to imitation, such as has been described in the first part.

## CHAPTER I.

*What is Taste.*

There is a good taste. This proposition is not a problem: and those who doubt it, are not capable of weighing the proofs which they demand.

Is it possible that with the infinite number of rules in the arts and the examples in the ancient and modern writers which we possess, we cannot form a precise and clear idea of good taste? It may be, that we find a difficulty in fixing upon any thing certain, from which a just definition, by this very multiplicity of rules and examples, which confuse the mind, by their infinite variety.

There is a good taste which is only good. In what does it consist? Upon what does it depend? Upon the object or the genius which exercises itself upon this object? Is it the mind only which is its organ, or the heart only; or is it both combined? These questions are common, but seem never to have been explained with sufficient perspicuity.

We may affirm that the ancients made no effort to find it; and that the moderns, on the contrary, only seize upon it by accident. It seems difficult to follow the road which appears to be too narrow for them. Rarely do they attain it without paying tribute to one or the other of the two extremities. We discover affectation in what has been written with great care, and those who write with facility too often betray negligence. Whereas, among those ancients who have been preserved to us, it seems that a happy genius led them by the hand: they march without fear, as if they could not go wrong. What is the reason of this? Is it not that they had no other

model than nature herself, and no other guide than taste? and that the moderns, by taking these imitators as their models, and fearing to trespass upon the rules of art, make degenerate copies, with a certain air of restraint, which betrays art, and throws all the advantage on the side of nature?

It is taste therefore, alone, which can produce exquisite works, and impart to the productions of art, that easy and graceful air, which are always their greatest merit.

We have said enough of nature and of the examples which she has furnished to art. It now remains that we should examine into the nature of taste, and the laws by which it is governed. Let us first endeavour to understand what it is—what is its principle: and then consider the laws which it prescribes to the fine arts.

Taste in the arts is synonymous with intelligence in the sciences. Their objects are different, it is true; but there is so close an analogy between their functions, that one may serve to explain the other.

Truth is the object of the sciences: the arts aim at utility and beauty: two terms which resolve themselves into nearly the same thing when we come to examine them more closely.

Intelligence considers the nature of objects in themselves, without any regard to us: taste, on the contrary considers them only in relation to us.

There are persons, whose reasoning powers are bad, because they think they perceive a truth, when they do not: so, there are others whose taste is vicious, because they think they can discern the beautiful or the deformed, when they do not.

An intelligence is then perfect, when it sees distinctly, and can distinguish between the true and the false, the probable and the certain. In the same manner, that taste is perfect, when, by a clear impression, it can separate the good from the bad, the excellent from what does not transcend mediocrity, without confounding them, or taking one for the other.

We may then define intelligence to be, the faculty of discerning truth and falsehood, and of distinguishing one from the other: and taste, the faculty of perceiving the good, the bad, the middling, and distinguishing them with certainty.

Thus all our objects and operations are confined to the true and the good, knowledge and taste. These are the arts and sciences.

I leave it to the profound metaphysicians to unfold the secret treasures of the soul, and trace the principles of its actions. It is not necessary to enter into speculative discus-

sions, where there is as much obscurity as sublimity. I rely upon a principle which no one can dispute. The heart perceives, and what it does perceive produces a sentiment. Knowledge is a light beaming from the soul: sentiment is an emotion which agitates it. The one enlightens, the other warms. The one makes us see the object: the other carries us to it.

Taste then is a sentiment: and as, in the present subject, this sentiment has for its object, the works of art, and as the fine arts are no more than imitations of nature, taste ought to be a sentiment which teaches us whether nature is well or ill imitated. This will be more fully developed as we proceed.

Although this sentiment appears to burst forth dimly and suddenly, it is nevertheless preceded by a ray of light, by which we discover the qualities of the object. The cord must be struck, before the sound is heard. But this operation is so rapid, that it is frequently not perceived, and our reason has some difficulty in ascertaining the cause of the sentiment. This is the reason, perhaps, why it is so difficult to explain the cause of the superiority of the ancients to the moderns. It is to be decided by taste, and at his tribunal we perceive rather than prove.

[To be continued.]

---

*Travels in Chile and La Plata, including accounts respecting the Geography, Geology, Statistics, Government, Finances, Agriculture, Manners and Customs, and the Mining Operations in Chile; collected during a residence of several years in these countries.* By John Miers, 2 Vols. 8vo. 2l. London. Baldwin and Co. 1826. [Monthly Review.]

To persons who may have occasion to proceed to Chile over land by Buenos Ayres, these volumes must prove peculiarly acceptable. They describe the whole of that route with great minuteness and accuracy, and while they state the real difficulties attending it, they dissipate all the imaginary dangers represented as belonging to it by travellers of the last century. Besides an excellent map of the mountainous country between Mendoza and Valparaiso, the work includes a great mass of information as to the seasons most favourable for the passage of the Andes, the most eligible mode of effecting it, the accommodations which the traveller has to ex-

NOVEMBER, 1826.—NO. 289. 50

pect, and the privations which he must undergo during the journey. Mr. Miers looks at matters generally with an eye to business; and if his descriptions be seldom picturesque they are at least topographical. In this respect his volumes form an "Itinerary;" for the length of the stages, and the expenses attending every practicable mode of performing them, are given, with many other points of useful advice which are not to be found elsewhere. Mr. Proctor's narrative of his journey across the Cordillera of the Andes, contains also much information on this subject, but it is by no means so full as that which may be collected from the work before us.

Upon the present condition and the future prospects of the mines in Chile, the progress of our commercial connexions with that country, and its capabilities in a financial and an agricultural point of view, Mr. Miers furnishes many details, which appear to us to be for the most part novel, and cannot fail to be interesting to all those who are in any manner concerned for the welfare of South America. Here again he manifestly endeavours to exhibit the facts in their own natural light, without any desire to exaggerate or to diminish their real attractions. It were much to be desired that his volumes had appeared before the public some twelve or eighteen months ago, as they might have contributed to check that wild spirit of adventure which has engulfed so large a proportion of British wealth in South American speculations. But even at the present moment his details are extremely valuable, as they clearly show the results which a foreign capitalist or merchant has to expect who risks his money or his goods in Chile.

It is not however to be concealed, that the mere general reader who takes up this work as "a book of travels" will be disappointed if he expect to meet in it amusing anecdotes of manners, characteristic sketches of the country, or impartial discussions relating to the religious or political condition of the people of whom it treats. Mr. Miers seems not to have been at all aware of the extent of his own prejudices upon the two latter points particularly. With respect to the first of them he makes assertions which show that he is in a great measure unacquainted with the subject, and not unwilling to misrepresent it; as to the second, he writes as a partisan, and his statements must be taken with a liberal measure of allowance. He writes too as a disappointed speculator, and although his example must operate as a salutary warning to others, yet his personal misfortunes, naturally enough per-

haps, give, here and there, a gloomy and fretful character to his narrative.

It appears that Mr. Miers was induced, in the year 1818, to embark with a friend of his in an enterprise which, like most of those that have so strangely deluded the frequenters of the stock exchange, promised, on paper, prospects of a golden harvest. The plan was to erect in Chile an 'extensive train of machinery for refining, rolling, and manufacturing copper into sheathing.' A rapid and immense fortune was to be the result. The material was to be procured from the mines in Chile for half the price which was given for it in the English market: when manufactured it was to be shipped to the East Indies, where it was certain of a speedy sale, or to the coasts of the Pacific, where the demand for it was insatiable! Coal was to be had for nothing, and labour at a fourth of what it cost in England! This splendid dream was found to be but a moderate estimate of the reality on application to the South American deputies and the Chilean ambassadors, then in London; and, upon the strength of their sanction, Mr. Miers forwarded to the land of so much promise one hundred and seventy tons of machinery, together with a number of workmen, engineers, millwrights, and refiners! These were followed by himself and—his wife,—a lady, we doubt not, of the greatest respectability and merit, who occupies a very conspicuous place in these pages. It was her happy fate, on leaving England, to be in that condition in which "ladies wish to be who love their lords." and if we are to judge of her husband's affection from the frequent allusions which he makes to that circumstance, and, indeed, to every other circumstance connected with her, we must set it down among the most extraordinary instances of conjugal devotion. There is not, we believe, a single chapter in his work in which 'my wife' is not introduced under some pretence or another.

The copper speculation failed of course. The author found, upon arriving in the country, that not one of his calculations could be realized; he compromised with his mechanics in the best manner he could, and in order to employ his leisure time he became a miller. He erected a water wheel at Concon, not far from Valparaiso; a piece of machinery, so perfect in all its parts was never seen in Chile; the mill flourished, when, behold! one night there came an earthquake, and the building and water works were tossed about like so much pasteboard. To crown his woes he was plunged into a lawsuit with a widow!—the most indomitable of all litigants—

concerning the title to the land on which he erected his mill, and, like some of our chancery suits, it promises to be interminable. In the mean time he has turned coiner, having, as he informs us, obtained from the government of Buenos Ayres a contract for erecting in that city a national mint! The earthquake and the widow seem to have frightened him from the dominions of the Andes. His remarks, however, have the more value as they are the result of several years residence in Chile, and of frequent journeys between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres. He seems, on all occasions, to have entertained a proper abhorrence of Cape Horn.

The Pampa country lying between Buenos Ayres and Mendoza at the foot of the Andes, has been so often described, that we need not follow our author through that part of his journey. It is worth remarking, that in the course of it deserts are to be encountered, similar to those which fatigue and often exhaust the traveller in Northern Africa. Still more remarkable it is, that in the South American as well as in the African deserts, saline lakes abound, the margins of which are covered with incrustations of salt, containing portions of the sulphate and carbonate of soda. But although the provinces of Santa Fe, Cordova, and Mendoza, particularly the latter, are composed of a loose and sandy soil, strongly impregnated with saline matter, which in its natural condition is unfriendly to agriculture, yet these deserts afford some of the most striking triumphs of industry, and are made, by the assistance of irrigation, to become fertile. For, as Mr. Miers observes, 'the saline matter in a soil so light, by the assistance of constant moisture, appears the most active stimulant to vegetation, and serves as never-failing manure.'

Our author conspires with almost every traveller who has visited Mendoza in praise of its climate. It is said to be peculiarly salutary for patients afflicted with pulmonary complaints.

'We spent the evening with Doctor Colesberry, a physician from the United States of North America, who had left his native country labouring under a severe pulmonary affection, from which he had entirely recovered in the genial climate of Mendoza. He follows his profession, is one of the most amiable and deserving men I ever met with, and is justly admired by all the inhabitants of Mendoza. To this deserving gentleman I shall ever feel under great obligations for the kind attentions he showed to my wife during her long subsequent sojournment in Mendoza, and for the friendly assistance he rendered us at the period of our great embarrassment at Villa Vicencio. Doctor Colesberry described the climate of Mendoza as exceedingly salubrious, especially in cases of pulmonary af-

section, instances of which had come under his observation, and which have since been confirmed by others. Dr. Gilles, a Scotch physician of great ability, now resident in Mendoza, has afforded a no less remarkable instance of the efficacy of this climate; he was obliged to leave his native country from a pulmonary affection, from which he was quickly relieved by the air of Mendoza. The population was described by Dr. Colesberry to be very healthy. I inquired particularly respecting the tendency to bronchocele, having noticed two goitres as I entered Mendoza: this affection he assured me was prevalent here, as well as in San Juan,\* a town one hundred and fifty miles to the northward, but not so much so as in the more northern districts of Tucuman and Santiago del Estero, which are still farther removed from the elevated Cordillera, and the region of snow. These places are particularly noted for the frequency of bronchocele; these towns are situated in swampy valleys, subjected to insufferable heats, surrounded by forests and stagnant lakes, which render the air extremely insalubrious: he had never observed bronchocele combined with cretenism, as we find in certain alpine districts; he had, indeed, nowhere observed an idiot, nor had he seen an instance of mental derangement. Deformity was seldom met with, and the Mendozinos, from the blessings of their climate, were free from numerous evils to which other countries are much subject.'—Vol. i, pp. 153, 154.

Next to the winged bugs, the greatest ministers of torture which the traveller has to encounter in the course of his journey over the Pampas towards Mendoza, are the locusts. Mr. Miers gives a remarkable instance of their ravages in the provinces of Santa Fe and Cordova, where they actually covered the ground on one occasion for a distance of more than two hundred miles. He adds—

'Almost the whole extent of pasture ground for many hundreds of square leagues had been entirely devoured to the very roots, and the bare ground only was visible. All the gardens, consisting of extensive plantations of maize, pumpkins, melons, and water-melons, beans, and other vegetables, had been completely swept off the surface of the earth, not a vestige of them remained; the hard pith of the maize-stalks, like so many bare sticks, only pointed out where extensive gardens had existed; the fruit trees equally fell a prey to the voracity of the insect: not only the fruit was devoured, peaches, apples, plums, oranges, &c.; not only was every leaf devoured, but the very bark, more especially of the younger shoots, was completely eaten off. At many farm-houses there are extensive groves of peach-trees, of considerable value, not only for the fruit they produce, but still more so for fire-wood, it being the only source whence this essential material of domestic necessity is obtained. I passed numbers of these peach-groves, where the leafless trees, deprived of their bark, seemed as if they were covered with snow. This, added to the apparent barrenness of the ground, resembled that of mid winter in England; the insufferable heat of an almost vertical sun alone persuaded me that I was in the midst of summer, in a climate where nature is wont

\*How is this assertion to be reconciled with that in a subsequent page [397,] which informs us, that 'in Mendoza the goitre is prevalent; but it is singular, that in San Juan, a place so near to it, and situated precisely under similar circumstances, the disease is not known?'

to flourish in all her glory. In a morning, when the heavy dews of night yet remain upon its wings, the locust is unable to fly more than a few yards at a time, and then the ground is covered with them. As we gallop along we see them hopping aside by thousands, to avoid being crushed under the horse's feet; but by the time the sun has attained its meridian height, we find them incessantly on the wing. and in riding along nothing can be conceived more annoying than the manner in which they fly against the face of the traveller, the force with which they strike is considerable; and unless constantly on the guard to close the eyes, the violence of a blow might produce serious consequences to that delicate organ. I rode one afternoon thirteen leagues between the Arroyo de San José and the Esquina de Madrino, through one uninterrupted flight of locusts: they were flying at a good pace before the wind, in a contrary direction to our course, which we rode at the rate of twelve miles an hour; they flew in a thick uninterrupted crowd, about twenty feet over our heads, the air appearing as if filled with large flakes of falling snow; but the distance of the level pampas seemed shut in all round by a thick haze, which actually darkened the horizon. The myriads and myriads of insects we must have passed on that afternoon are far beyond all calculation. Next morning the ground was covered by them as before stated, and the day was followed by the interminable flights of these insects.

'The town of Cordova was beset with them, the gardens wholly destroyed, and the white-washed walls were hidden by the swarms that covered them. They entered the houses, devouring food of all kinds—nothing was free from their voracity. Curtains, clothes, and furniture, were more or less attacked; slaves were employed to sweep them off the walls of the rooms, and frighten them away as much as possible. These insects became so ravenous for want of food before they left the place that they began devouring each other, and millions were left dead upon the ground.'—*Vol. i, pp. 204—206.*

While passing the Andes, Mr. Miers observes, that he has repeatedly seen 'patches of red snow;' he has also, though more rarely, noticed 'green snow.' The fact of coloured snows being found in latitudes so low is curious, and would have justified much more attention than Mr. Miers has bestowed upon it. It is a gratifying proof of the activity created amid those gigantic mountains by our commerce, that since the establishment of English houses in Chile, 'the passage of travellers and expresses across the Cordillera, in the winter season, has become more frequent.' A courier now passes it, and returns every month; whereas the time is still within memory when it was considered, even in summer, as an almost impassable boundary.

We have seen several accounts of the great earthquake which occurred in Chile in 1822. Mrs. Graham's description relates more to the effects than to the actual progress of that formidable operation. The representation which Mr. Miers gives of the whole scene is worth extracting.

'The great earthquake happened during my residence at Concon, at the mouth of the Quillota, or Concon river. At half past ten o'clock on the

night of Tuesday, the 19th November, 1822, as my family were retiring, the first oscillation was felt. It was very sudden and violent; we were all alarmed, and paused for an instant, when the falling of the glasses from the sideboard, the cracking of the timbers of the roof, and the rattling of the falling tiles, caused us to rush out of the house. The earth was violently convulsed, heaving up and down in a manner hardly conceivable, and as little capable of being accurately described as our feelings. The timbers of a large corridor were breaking in all directions, and flying off in fragments, while the air was filled with dust from the falling roof. The situation of our two children instantaneously occurred to us. I rushed into the falling building, snatched one boy from one of the front rooms, and, carrying him in my arms, ran to the back of the house, where the other boy was in bed; my sensations in this painful situation cannot be imagined. I ran with my two boys to their mother and their aunt; and by the time I joined them the great shock was ended; it continued about two minutes. After a lapse of about three minutes, the agitation returned violently, and continued for about a minute, when several of the strong pillars of the corridor were shivered. During this time there was a loud rumbling noise, like the distant echo of thunder in a mountainous country. The heaving of the ground seemed not only to consist of horizontal oscillations, but also of violent uplifting concussions, as if repeated explosions were exerting their force upon the roof of a hollow cavern under our feet, threatening to burst open the ground, or blow us all into the air. Our sensations were truly horrible. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance or state of the atmosphere; the moon and stars shone with their usual resplendence. Anxious to ascertain the state of my mills, which were on the edge of the river, about fifty yards from the house, I proceeded towards the spot, and was met by my English workmen, who told me the building had been thrown down, that the walls on both sides had been precipitated into the mill-stream, and the roof had fallen in. While making a survey of the damage, another violent shock warned me of my danger; the mill at the time of the first shock was in action; the miller, a young man recently arrived from England, on hearing the first noise of the earthquake, concluded that a nail by some accident had got between the mill-stones: he therefore shut down the sluice-gate, and raised the running-stone. At this moment the walls of the outer room fell, and caused him precipitately to quit the building. During three quarters of an hour we experienced continual and severe shocks, the intervals between which, seldom exceeded five minutes, every time shaking down portions of the buildings.—Vol. i, pp. 388, 389.

The author proceeds to enumerate the disastrous effects which this earthquake produced at Valparaiso; but these are so well known from Mrs. Graham's account of them that they need not be here repeated. Perhaps the most extraordinary evidence of its force is that still remaining visible along the line of the coast, which, for an extent of fifty miles, was raised nearly three feet above its former level! As usually happens on such perilous occurrences in Chile, this convulsion was speedily followed by the appearance of a luminous meteor, nearly as large as the moon, which, after traversing

'a considerable arch of the heavens, leaving behind it a long train of light, disappeared as if from explosion.'

Mr. Miers devotes five distinct chapters to the geographical description of Chile, and defines the limits between Chile proper and Indian Chile, 'the former being subject to the directional government of Santiago, the latter possessed by the original indians, who may still be said to be an independent race, subject only to their own chiefs, and governed by their own laws and customs.' His details concerning the climate, the cultivable land, and the gold, silver, and copper mines, in the several districts into which the country is divided, will be found extremely minute, and we have no doubt for the most part accurate.

The second volume begins with a historical sketch of the revolution in Chile, from its commencement in 1810, and carries it on through three successive chapters, to the period when the constitution was set aside by general Freyre. Mr. Miers avows himself the partisan of O'Higgins and of lord Cochrane, and of course he holds these two individuals up as blameless in all their proceedings, and ungratefully treated by the country which they served. A good deal of information is to be found in the two following chapters upon the system of government and finance now established in Chile, as well as upon the resources of its revenue, and the disastrous consequences of the loan which was lately negotiated by its agents in London. The author next proceeds to describe the customs and manners of the Chilenos, and under this head we regret to find that he estimates their morals at a very low standard indeed. Pilfering, and that too of the most barefaced description, he mentions as common to all classes. Then they are the most ungrateful of mankind; they know nothing of education, they spend the greater part of their time in gaming, smoking, sleeping, debauchery, and vice of every description. Murders are committed every day, openly, with impunity; that crime, and its perpetrators too, are protected—of course encouraged—by the church! A part of this picture is certainly not correct, and when we refer to captain Basil Hall's journal, and to the works of Mrs. Graham and Mr. Proctor, not to mention any others, we can easily perceive that Mr. Miers, in consequence of his private disputes and sufferings, is disposed to exaggerate the faults of the Chilenos, and to conceal their virtues. It is not right to calumniate a nation for the vices of a few individuals; and as he condemns the church, let us hear from himself an anecdote concerning one of its ministers. Lady Cochrane was

present at a ball given, we presume, at Santiago, at the house of the American consul.

'On her entrance into the room, she was met by three Chileno ladies of the first respectability, who, with overpowering civilities, embraced her one after the other, according to the fashion of the country on wishing to display great esteem: at this time a valuable diamond brooch was taken from her dress; she quickly missed it on perceiving a part of the dress torn away: a general search was made about the room in vain, the trinket was lost. About a twelvemonth afterwards a clergyman called upon lady Cochrane, desiring to see her in private, when he delivered to her the lost jewel, saying that, during confession a lady had disclosed to him the criminal act, that he insisted on its restoration to its rightful owner as the first means of atonement. The clergyman of course did not disclose the name of the lady.'—Vol. ii, pp. 244, 245.

Mr. Miers denies to the Chilenos the possession of a single virtue, [p. 223, vol. ii.] and yet we have but to read the three succeeding pages in order to learn that 'they are remarkable for extreme patience;' 'that they can be seldom moved to passion;' that 'there is a considerable degree of attention displayed by the woman towards her husband;' that 'the husband never is known to raise his hand against his wife;' that 'attention is shown by children to their aged parents;' that 'mendicants are very seldom met with in the country;' and that 'there exists among the peasants, towards each other, a degree of hospitality truly admirable.' We must either conclude, therefore, that patience, good temper, conjugal attention, filial affection, industry and hospitality, are to be erased from the catalogue of virtues, or that Mr. Miers deals in assertions which are not only not supported, but absolutely contradicted, by the evidence of his own words. We leave him to reconcile such inconsistencies—if he can; if he cannot, he must blush for them.

Of the bad faith of the government, he has not, perhaps, upon the whole, spoken too harshly. The following instance of their conduct towards an Englishman named Henderson, and a North American named Wooster, we give with the hope that it may be useful to our countrymen who may be tempted to speculate in Chile. It was the object of these two gentlemen to whale for sperm oil, and refine it for exportation to Europe.

'This enterprise offered encouraging prospects, and was founded upon the most rational calculations to ensure success: the government highly applauded the scheme, and assured the individuals, that although its difficulties would not permit it to follow the example of the British government, in granting a premium upon the whale fishery, still it was disposed to offer every possible assistance; and, as an earnest of this desire, gua-

ranted that not only all materials required for the purpose might be imported by them free of all duties, but that the export of the oil should be duty free, and that all the local authorities throughout the country should afford them every possible protection. Upon the faith of such prospects the sum of 60,000 dollars was invested in the enterprise, vessels were chartered, equipped and furnished with proper crews and materials for whaling, and they were sent to sea: the refining establishment was to have been fixed at Coquimbo, whither were sent all the barrels and barrel-staves that could be purchased on shore or afloat. Soon after this was done the grand expedition sailed from Valparaiso; but, as the governor of that port had neglected to procure sufficient water-casks for the use of the transports and ships of war, an order was given to the commissary-general to put into Coquimbo, and there take all the hogsheads prepared for the whaling establishment: in vain did the individuals interested protest against this violation of private property; in vain did they urge the ruin it would cause them on the arrival of the whaling ships, shortly expected to return with sperm oil: all was of no use, the casks were taken for the public service. They collected together all the old whale-oil hogsheads that could be mustered to receive the returns of the first vessel that should come in; but, on its arrival, the governor of Coquimbo claimed the right to levy duties by virtue of an old Spanish law exacting a portion of the produce of the fishery, amounting, I believe, to about one-eighth share of the whole product; and, for acquittance from these duties, application to the supreme government was made in vain. But neither of these arbitrary proceedings could damp the ardour of the speculators, or arrest their operations, until another most violent measure was put in force against them. The want of casks in which to store the oil-blubber was provided against as well as it could be, by sinking a reservoir on the high promontory that overlooks the bay of Coquimbo; this work was stopped by the governor of the town and province, on the plea that it would be injurious to the health of the inhabitants, although the spot is several miles distant from the town: jealousy against foreigners was the motive which produced these proceedings. The want of storage brought on immense charges for demurrage of vessels, which arrived with cargoes of blubber, and this, with other unavoidable expenses, compelled them to abandon the speculation, after losing a very considerable sum of money.—Vol. ii, pp. 287—289.

Mr. Miers adds two other specimens of conduct equally profligate on the part of the government, which are really too instructive to be omitted.

‘Another instance occurred, it was a plan for refining copper, and manufacturing vessels for exportation to Peru. Some such establishments on a very small scale exist at Quillota, Melipilla, and Santiago, and will be described in their proper place. On this occasion an attempt was to be made on a larger scale nearer the copper mines, and the projector fixed himself in Coquimbo, where he built his rude refining furnaces after the mode of the country, and commenced his operations with every prospect of success; but no sooner were his copper pans brought to market than duties of thirty-three per centum were laid upon their exportation; this could not be borne, and thus one of the first manufacturing establishments that really promised to be useful to the nation was put down by the iniquitous policy of the government.

‘Another instance of folly, on the part of the government toward manufactures, has been displayed since I left Chile. Many attempts have

been made to establish breweries, but all have failed, owing to the difficulty of making malt in a country possessing a climate so different from that of England. Lately, a very intelligent Englishman conceived the practicability of brewing of good beer, for which there promised to be a considerable consumption; with the aid of his scientific and mechanical knowledge he succeeded in his attempts, contrary to the expectations of those who had failed to effect the same objects; but no sooner had he completed his first brewings for sale to the shipping, than the government having previously made many public protestations in favour of manufacturing establishments generally, and promises to the one under consideration in particular, decreed beer and ale to be foreign spirituous liquors, and that the manufacturer was therefore liable to be taxed: they at first charged him with a levy of fifty dollars—where it will stop no one can contemplate; it is not unlikely it may be so heavily increased as to force him to abandon his enterprise.'—Vol. ii, pp. 289, 290.

These examples of perfidy are worthy of old Spain, and we have not the least doubt, that Mr. Miers has correctly reported them. They are quite in unison with the system of that wretched kingdom, improved perhaps by the rapacious character of most of those individuals whom the revolution has from year to year raised to the surface of affairs in Chile. It should also be known, that in consequence of many circumstances enumerated by Mr. Miers, 'the trade of Chile is extremely limited,' and that 'throughout all South America there is scarcely any way of employing capital in a large way, more especially so in Chile and Peru.' 'The foreign trade in Chile,' he adds, 'entails in most cases a loss to the home adventurers,' as the system upon which it is carried on is altogether of a petty, retail nature. The trade in national produce must also be a losing concern, on account of the enormous expense incurred by carriage in the interior of that mountainous country. Upon the subject of the commercial capabilities of Chile, Mr. Miers' work may be consulted with safety and advantage. With respect to the mines also, as we have already intimated, a copious mass of information will be found in these volumes, accompanied by very sensible admonitions, which cannot fail to attract the attention and we hope the respect, of those whom the subject concerns.

There are three engraved maps inserted in these volumes, which the reader of South American history, as well as the traveller who may follow Mr. Miers, will know how to appreciate. Two of these maps are original, and the whole are executed with distinctness, upon as large a scale as the work would allow. Of the lithographic plates which are given to illustrate the text we cannot speak so highly. They perhaps serve their object of explanation sufficiently well, but as specimens of art they are beneath criticism.

## PANEGYRIC OF DRUNKENNESS.

Who by disgrace or by ill fortune sunk,  
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk.—SWIFT.

Hippocrates says, that it does a man good to get drunk once a month. I won't say it follows that it must, of course, do him much more good to get drunk daily; but I know there are many people who seem firmly persuaded of it. Horace\* next tells us, that poets who drink water can never make good poetry; and Athenæus assures us, that Alcæus and Aristophanes wrote poems when they were intoxicated.† Socrates, too, was a clever fellow; and he, according to Lucian, was always drunk; for, in conformity to his own confession, he saw all things double. Further, let us take the word *methe*; what does it signify? Why, both *Mirth*, (the son of Bacchus) and *Drunkenness*; so nearly are they allied. Then Flaccus affirms that wine makes us eloquent; and this is confirmed by Kotzebue, in his *Benyowski*, where we read, that fish are mute for no other reason than that they drink nothing but water.

Beside, when are men so full of morality, truth, and charity, as when they are half seas over? And let me add, that Hogarth observes, that, “all the common and necessary motions, for the purposes of life, are performed by men in plain straight lines; but that all the *graceful and ornamental movements are made in curve lines*.” Such are the movements of a drunken man; he must, therefore, be the most *graceful* of men.

It may be said, indeed, that the vine has produced much evil; and I may be told, as a proof, that Erigone was deceived by Bacchus in the shape of a bunch of grapes. Well I know it; and I know also that Erigone is not the only one who has been deceived by means of the *grape*. But now, in opposition to that circumstance; which is so trifling, when

\* The same poet thus praises drunkenness:

“Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit:  
Spes jubet esse ratas; in prætia trudit inermem;  
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; adducet artes  
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?  
Contractâ quem non in paupertate solutum?”

† The worst of OVID's poetry is that which he sent from Scythia, where never vine was planted. What were Anacreon's subjects, but the *grape* and roses: every page of Pindar is redolent of wine. It is when warmed with the mellow cask that Horace sweetly chants his *Glycere*.

compared to the advantages I have already stated, let me ask whether soberness has not its direful evils: was not Herma-goras banished from Ephesus for too great sobriety? Could inebriety cause any thing more afflicting than banishment?

### A CLASSICAL CHAIRMAN.

The doctor having taken the chair, commenced his convivial regency, by giving a round of bumper toasts. M—— observed, that they were drinking somewhat too fast: “But the doctor,” said he, “is a dangerous man to put in the chair; for a classical president is sure to make you drink like Greeks.” “Drink like Greeks!” iterated the doctor—“you certainly do not call this a fit measure,” holding up one of the glasses, “to imitate a Grecian banquet with? No, sir, their cups, with which they imitated the Scythians, who would drink *ad diurnam stellam*,\* were, when compared to these, a giant to a pigmy.” “If so,” replied M——, “’tis no wonder they so often *got in their cups*. But you seem to forget doctor, in the pleasure of getting drunk, that there is such a thing as getting sober again.” “Not at all,” said the president, “I delight in the act, and think it almost worth while to seek inebriation, for the enjoyment of a dish of hot tea the next morning. Nothing can be so delicious—’tis equal to the sweet nectar of the gods, and the true delights of it are only denied to sobriety.”

Here the doctor filled a bumper, and passed the bottle; M—— refused to take more than half a glass, the other insisted upon his charging to the brim, saying, “when I preside, I make it a point to enforce bumpers, not only, because *piein amusti* (to drink copiously) is the most satisfactory mode of drinking, but because no time is then lost in idle disputations, about who drinks most or who drinks least. By this means, other, and surely better, conversation is promoted, than that of talking about the wine you are drinking.”

“Odso,” said M——, “how eloquent you are on the subject! “If I am eloquent,” cried the doctor, “it is owing to what you refuse.”

“Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?”†

\* Till the rising of the Sun.

† Whom hath not an inspiring bumper taught  
A flow of words and loftiness of thought?

——“Rather say,” interrupted Mr.—— sneeringly,

“*Fecundi calices quem non sectæ loquacem?*”\*

“*N'en parles plus, mon ami, me voila déterminé.*”

added M——, resolved to change his language, as the president had changed his. “Oh! curse your French!” cried the doctor, “drink your wine, and let’s have none of that”—“Well, it does not signify talking,” continued Mr.——, “I will not be poisoned with bumpers every time, d——e if I will; and you are wrong, sir, if you wish to get rid of your wine, to urge men to drink, for, that is the only way to save it. Force, Mr. President, in other cases, as well as the present, has failed, when gentle means have succeeded; and I am not much unlike John Bull in my disposition, who would not go to heaven, if you were to attempt to push him thither. Moreover, sir, I would have you remember, that six bumpers, the instant the cloth is removed, generally make one half the company drunk, and the other half, no company for the remainder of the day.”

Mr.——’s oratory was totally lost on the doctor, and he would have still persisted, had he been seconded by the company; but they all opposed constraint, and Mr.—— was left to do as he chose, which soon brought him to drink as much as his companions, only in an irregular manner.

### LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

There is a silent chronicle of past hours in the inanimate things, amidst which they have been spent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets of our former days; that gives back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both, a pensive pleasure, which men, who have retired from the world, or whom particular circumstances have somewhat estranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. There is a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room, in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He must be a very dull, or a very dissipated man, who, after a month’s absence can open his own door without emotion, even though he has no relation or friend to welcome him within.† It has been

\* Whom hath not an inspiring bumper taught

*A flow of nonsense and a want of thought?*

† These feelings will be easily understood by those in whom the business or the pleasure of the world has not extinguished sensibility.

observed, that this attachment to inanimate objects discovering itself in a sort of silent converse with an old accustomed chair, for instance, or bed, or any other piece of furniture, to which we have long been used, is characteristically British; but the *Sirmio* of Catullus seems to prove that the old Romans had hearts to feel the same domestic sympathies.

“ Catullus saw, once more, the lucid tide,  
 Around the green banks of his *Sirmio* roll,  
 And hail'd his tranquil home, now dim descried;  
 Happy, at length, his labours laid aside,  
 Amid his oliv'd island to repose!  
 ‘ Here on my couch,’ the master cried,  
 ‘ Shall I dismiss a train of wakeful woes;  
 Here in delicious sleep, my heavy eye-lids close.”

---

## INVECTIVE AGAINST NOVELIST GOBLIN-MONGERS.

O ye goblin-mongers! ye wholesale dealers in the fright-ful! is it not cruel to present to the imagination of a lovely female such horrid images, as skulls with the worms crawling in and out of their eyeless sockets? Is it not cruel to conjure up ghosts, murderers, magicians, faeries, devils, all those things invented to murder sleep, the innocent sleep of your poor terrified readers? To conjure up haunted castles, amid thunder, lightning, and all the other dreadful operations of nature? To make a man ride with a ghost in a post-chaise and four, with doubtless, two devils as postillions, over every hedge, and ditch, and quagmire, to be found or imagined? To depict the great devil himself taking a man up in the air by the crown of his head, as an eagle would a tortoise, to precipitate him on a rock, that he might the more expeditiously become possessed of his prey! And, lastly, to bring him to conclude the scene, as he is brought into a puppet-show, by flying away with the hero and heroine? Avaunt, ye enemies to sleep! Do not keep your fair readers tremblingly alive throughout the night, to make them look haggardly the next morning, for want of balmy rest. Does not Cicero call sleep the sweetest of the gods; and Seneca *pars humanæ melior vitæ*, the better part of human life? O ye goblin-mongers, cease then to disturb it, by the introduction of haunted castles, magic wands, murderous daggers, or poisonous bowls!

## THE YELLOW SPRINGS.

[With an Engraving.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

Sir:—The man of business who is confined to the dull monotony of a city, meets with few events so delightful as a temporary exchange of its noise, dust, and crowds, for the romantic scenery of the country and the salutary pleasures of a watering place. The cares of business are laid aside and the suspicious caution which his ordinary avocations oblige him to observe towards others, being now unnecessary, he is disposed to meet his fellow men in circumstances better calculated for the cultivation of generous sentiments and Christian virtues. I would recommend such an excursion to every one who is disposed to enjoy innocent pleasure. If he returns to his business somewhat less encumbered with cash, he will also feel more health and vigour to sustain him in his labour; if he leaves good company he will scarcely fail of finding better, and if he should be so unfortunate as to meet with an impertinent fellow lodger, his account will doubtless be balanced by the acquisition of a list of new and interesting acquaintance. But as the limits of a letter will not allow me to philosophise, I must proceed to the description of the country in which I find myself.

The sketch which I enclose is a representation of the scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of the Yellow Springs. At the foot of the hill on the left, the boarding houses are situated: the proximity to the springs renders this the most eligible scite. The hill commands an extensive prospect. In every direction from this spot the country is intersected by ranges of hills, interspersed with cultivated valleys which present a variety of picturesque views, where the sublime is happily blended with the beautiful. On one side, the rugged hills with their antediluvian rocks, and forests whose solitudes do not appear to have been disturbed by the noise of the axe; on the other the most highly cultivated fields, orchards and neatly built farm-houses, present a variety which render our daily excursions always delightful.

The springs, which are the ostensible objects of attraction, are four in number. Two of them are lined with plank, forming basins eight feet square by four or five in depth, for the purpose of bathing.

Nothing can be more delightful than a plunge in one of these cold springs when we are suffering the lassitude and

dejection of a sultry day. Certainly it affords the most prompt and efficient relief from the fatigue of a hunting tour that I have yet met with. The agreeable sensations, the sprightliness, the renovated strength which this bath seemed to give in exchange for the ennui, languor, and debility, which sought its relief, induced one of our fanciful visitors to remark—that the waters of the Yellow Springs resembled the stolen fire of Prometheus—giving life to the statue.

From the coldness of the water, it is impossible to remain long in the bath—a sudden plunge and *exit*, is generally sufficient. By remaining too long, unpleasant consequences may be expected, such as loss of appetite, sickness at stomach, headache, and a long continued shivering which denotes a fearful shock to the vital power; as I have experienced.

The principal mineral ingredient of these waters, is iron, which is held in solution in the states of oxide and carbonate. Like all other chalybeate waters, those of the Yellow Springs deposit a portion of their iron in the form of oxide, after exposure to the atmosphere. This is a curious circumstance, not well understood by chemists. The change which the iron undergoes, by which its solubility in water is lost, during a short exposure to the air, would form an interesting subject of investigation. Evaporation cannot be the cause of the deposition of the ferruginous oxide, inasmuch as it appears to take place as abundantly when the water which contains it is evidently not undergoing evaporation, but, on the contrary, condensing the vapour of the atmosphere and consequently gaining an accession to its quantity.

There are at this place two houses of entertainment, and it is but just to state that their proprietors show that they understand their true interests in the excellent tables, bedding and other accommodations, which invite the return of their guests.

Yours,

H.

---

*Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, Netherlands, &c.* By William Rae Wilson, Esq. F. S. A. Author of *Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land*. 8vo. pp. 659. 1l. 1s. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

[From the Monthly Review.]

NORWAY and Sweden have more attractions for a traveller fond of diversified and picturesque scenery than is generally  
NOVEMBER, 1826.—NO. 289. 52

imagined. Mountain, wood, and water conspire to form, in many parts of these countries, prospects that are not often to be met with elsewhere; and the roads in general, at least those which are most frequented, are usually kept in excellent order. It adds not a little to the pleasures of a journey through those united kingdoms, that the traveller has no bandits to fear, as in Italy, Portugal, and Spain. The peasantry are industrious, hospitable, and remarkably civil and attentive to strangers. The expenses of travelling are trifling in comparison to what they are in any part of the south of Europe; and, what is of equal consequence, a tourist, if he observe the regulations of the post, may proceed with as much expedition as he pleases, without being exposed to any disappointments as to horses, or to imposition of any description. The inns, indeed, are not of the highest character for cleanliness and comfort; a defect which, together with the absence of those attractions that arise from collections of numerous and distinguished works of art, and of populous and well-built towns, may, in a great measure, account for the neglect with which our emigrant classes have hitherto treated the regions of the north.

In short, that quarter is not fashionable, and we fear that it never will be so, notwithstanding Mr. Rae Wilson's strenuous exertions in setting off all its favourable peculiarities to the best advantage. When Englishmen leave their own firesides, few of them are disinterested enough as to every thing that touches the sense of personal enjoyment, not to seek a climate that is purer and more genial than their own. The lands of the vine have also in them a never failing resource for those whose love of fine scenery is easily satiated. Besides, the "*lions*" of Christiana and Stockholm are few, and not very remarkable: those of the latter might easily be despatched in a morning or two; and as to Christiana, if there were any thing to be seen in it, what would an Englishman do in a city where, from the wretched state of the streets, he would, in all probability, break a leg, or at least sprain an ankle, in his first ramble after curiosities?

The real and only charms which the traveller has to expect in Norway, or its sister-realm, consist of a succession of some of the most varied and beautiful scenes in the world, which nature has spread with a lavish hand over the interior of the country. To him who is accustomed to commune with that unseen but ever-active Power, who marks with attention the effect of her combinations, who delights in

"The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,"

to him will such a country afford many objects of interest, fruitful, in after-life, of the most agreeable recollections. The broken down spendthrift, the woman of fashion, the greater part of that vicious and extravagant tribe, who saunter for years amid the enervating gardens of the south, chiefly for the purpose of indulging in a course of licentiousness that would not be tolerated at home, would perish of *ennui* in two days at Frederickshall or Ulmsweter.

Either of these places, however, but particularly the former, seems to exhibit points of landscape-beauty such as never yet have entered into the compositions of the most fanciful artist. We agree with Mr. Wilson in thinking that several of the scenes which he has attempted to describe richly deserve to be transferred to the canvass, and offer to young artists some of the finest imaginable objects for study. They must, indeed, explore those scenes with their own eyes in order to comprehend their character, for our author seldom succeeds in effecting an intelligible sketch of them for his readers. He has little of the poet in his composition; and though he professes to feel a strong susceptibility for the charms of nature, yet he is more apt to moralise upon them than to reduce them to a picture. In this respect, there is a great monotony throughout his work. A fine mountain, or an extensive lake, presents itself to his notice; but instead of inviting us to admire its grandeur or its loveliness, by an engaging description of its details, he lanches out into a discourse upon the moral government of the universe.

This propensity to dissertation upon common-place topics is the pervading vice of his volume. The mere circumstance of his setting out on his journey gives rise to nearly three pages of reflections, much in the style of the "*Meditations among the Tombs*." When he touches on the subject of education, there may be some excuse for his habit of amplification; but, assuredly, his experience in literature ought at this time to have taught him that "the attribute of mercy" has been long since worn threadbare by every school boy who has been compelled to write an exercise; and that the glories of "the moon," the "queen of light," and "the starry vault," have been utterly exhausted both in poetry and prose. Yet Mr. Wilson renews them in both. Not content with giving us his own elaborate remarks in his loose and wandering phraseology, he intersperses almost every one of his

pages with two or three illustrations in verse, without any remarkable effort of discrimination as to the source from which he takes them. He cannot trust himself to the perils of the deep without being reminded 'of the old air so popular in Britain:

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,  
How little do you think of the dangers of the seas."

That very rare and unknown poem, Thomson's *Seasons*, furnishes him with innumerable quotations, which he thrusts in often without the least reference to the subject of which he is treating. In one of the towns through which he passed (Carlstadt,) he observed that the houses were very low, a circumstance which reminds him of the following lines in Shakspeare:

"That is the way to make the city flat,  
To bring the roof to the foundation,  
To bury all!"

We cannot, at this moment, refer to the writer to whom the author is indebted for the following lines; but, to make the passage perfect, we must give the sentence which precedes as well as that which succeeds it. 'We observed a peasant tending a flock of goats, who was playing on the *lure*, as it is named, or trumpet, with true simplicity.

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?  
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!"

This serves as a call to the cattle, particularly in forests.' This! Does he mean "the rugged heart forlorn?" Such is the construction, though he probably alluded to the sound of the trumpet. Again, our traveller seeing two bears cross his path is reminded of these noble lines:

"With visages formidably grim,  
And rugged as Saracens,  
Or Turks of Mahomet's own kin."

Who the immortal author of these verses may have been, we are left to conjecture. But Mr. Wilson, who travelled in Egypt and Palestine, might have known that the Turks and Saracens, whatever their faults may be, are among the finest specimens of the human creation; at least there is a very considerable difference between them and the rude tenants of the forest, which the author assures us 'were frightened away by the rattling of his carriage.'

If a gentleman who finds himself in an incurable disposition

for making a book, be also inclined to decorate his pages with passages borrowed from other writers, he should at least repair his own want of originality by the superior beauty and force of his quotations. Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, seems to give his preference to passages which have no intrinsic merit to recommend them, and have as little as possible to do with the subject which he imagines they illustrate.

We have already spoken of his propensity to dissertation; perhaps we should have used a graver term, for he seems to be well versed in the sacred writings, and to think that he cannot use them too abundantly in this narrative of his travels. We yield to no man in reverence for the Scriptures; but we hold that nothing can be more inconsistent with that reverence, or more disgusting to every person of good taste, than the frequent repetition of passages from those inspired works on every trifling occasion that arises in the common course of worldly affairs. The affectation of superior sanctity is one of the most prevailing and plausible vices of our day, and is generally found linked with bigotry in religion. Mr. Wilson's sanctity may be, as we doubt not it is, perfectly sincere; but it certainly should have taught him to follow the course of virtue with less ostentation, and to allow to others some portion of that liberty of conscience which he arrogates to himself. In his opinion every religion is wrong which differs from his own, and every man is blinded by superstition who does not worship at the same altar with himself! When shall we see our literature purified from this base alloy of intolerance?

The faults which we have specified, and others which remain to be noticed, considerably diminish the estimate which we might otherwise have been inclined to form of these '*Travels*;' but, at the same time, we must not refuse Mr. Wilson the praise that is due to him for making us better acquainted than we had been before with a very interesting country. He has also collected together, with great diligence, many facts relating to the agriculture, the economy, and the present state of the governments of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, which are not without value. Like an experienced traveller, he omits no opportunity of affording his advice to those who may follow him in the same route, cautioning them of the privations which they will have to endure, and the evils against which they should in time provide. He writes with great minuteness, detailing every thing, his journey to Harwich, his voyage across the North Sea, his landing at Gothenburg, and every reflection that oc-

curred to him on the way, whether it regarded the weather, sea-sickness, the want of light-houses in Jutland, or the dangers of the Scaw. Arrived in Sweden, (in June, 1824,) he thinks it his first duty to discover the etymology of that name. He found it, 'like that of most other places, disputed,' and he had the happiness, after much toil, to leave it in precisely the same situation.

In a commercial point of view Gothenburg is of importance, on account of its situation between the Baltic and North Sea. It is situated in a marshy plain, and, in a general point of view, resembles the towns of Holland, with a canal running through the principal street, which admits vessels of considerable size to unload at the doors of their owners. From Gothenburg Mr. Wilson proceeded to Frederickshall, a frontier-town of Norway, rendered memorable by the tragical death of Charles XII, who there

——— "left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Mr. Wilson's description of his journey to this celebrated place is animated and picturesque. We were particularly amused with his account of Mora Bernd, a German Boniface, married to a daughter of Erin, whom our traveller encountered at Wenisburg. We must proceed onward with him, however, to Frederickshall, which, among its other attractions, is remarkable, to Englishmen at least, for its cheapness. What would "mine host" of the London Tavern say to providing 'twelve persons with a plentiful dinner of fish, for the sum of two-pence sterling?' The party, moreover, may have the 'best claret at two shillings, sherry at two shillings, and common wine at eight pence per bottle!' In addition to these substantial pleasures, the traveller, if he ascends the heights over the town, may enjoy one of the finest prospects in Norway. Mr. Wilson's description by no means does justice to the scene, but still he furnishes the reader with its most prominent features. Imagination must fill up the picture.

'After leaving the castle, we proceeded about four miles along a private tract, and arrived at the cascades, or cataracts, on the river at Tisdale. These, which are numerous and extremely grand, are employed for various purposes, particularly in the cutting of wood: there are twenty-eight saw-mills, besides those for the grinding of corn and the preparing of cotton; all of which are situated within the compass of a mile. Most of them I visited; and found much employment going on, and much joy and singing to be heard among the workmen, which brought to mind a remark of Fairfield, in the play, "'Tis a sure sign work goes on merrily when folk sing at it." Among other operations pointed out, it may be observed that in

one of the former was an ingenious mill for the splitting of a log of wood, from which fourteen feet of plank was cut in the course of a single minute, which would have required the labour of two men to finish with a saw in about twenty minutes. I found that a plank, twenty-one feet long, nine inches in breadth, and three in thickness, was sent from this place to London and sold for nearly one hundred pounds. On this occasion, having presented a trifle in money to the workmen, I was surprised to see their gratitude so conspicuous, and extending so far that they took my hand and kissed it. At the summit of Titsdale we proceeded to Ween, the residence of Mrs. Zeigler, which stands in a situation where there is, perhaps, the most unrivalled prospect imaginable. To give some idea of it, I may mention, there is a view of the different falls extending to a great distance, which appear like so many steps of stairs; and there is a great activity observed on its banks, and in the different establishments. The windings of the river are in a serpentine form, and logs of wood are seen purling over these and pursuing their course to be received at different places beneath the hills on each side are adorned with wood; and the town of Frederickshall, at the extremity, is situated in a hollow territory. There are few places where similar beauties and so many interesting objects can be pointed out for the pencil of an artist. From the back of the house is seen the lake of Fern, spread out half a mile in distance, to which the lawn extends in a gentle sloping direction, and at this period of the year its waters were like glass,—

‘ “A spotless mirror, smooth and clear.”

This lake communicates with the mills, and appears principally to supply the water necessary for turning these. Standing in the centre of the passage of this house, where there are opposite doors, and beholding the scenery on each side, it is impossible to conceive a more charming prospect, or one affording so striking a contrast of hurried motion and tranquillity, as on the one hand this placid lake, with the reflection of objects on its banks, and on the other the impetuous dashing torrents, fretting and struggling against masses of rock, combined with the roar these produced, and the hurried motion of the mills; but, as any description I can attempt to give must be infinitely inadequate to the original, I would add, that this spot must be visited in order to be appreciated. It attracted so greatly the attention of the king of Sweden, when he visited the place, that he expressed a strong desire to purchase the house.’—pp. 92—94.

Perhaps, however, the object of greatest interest at Frederickshall is the tomb of Charles XII, which is erected in a paltry style, on the precise spot where that obstinate monarch fell. Mr. Wilson enters into a discussion of the circumstances which attended the death of Charles, and insists that the common account of his being mortally wounded by a musket-ball discharged from one of the Danish batteries, while he was in the act of examining the trenches of the siege, is not to be depended upon. The spot where he fell was not within the range of musket-shot: he was struck in the dark, and was immediately folded up in a cloak by an engineer who had accompanied him, who from that time to the hour of his death was haunted by the deepest remorse

of conscience. These are strong circumstances; and the motives which might have prevailed on the prince of Hesse to clear the way in this summary manner for the ascent of Eleonora, the sister of Charles, to the throne of Sweden, were, it must be avowed, sufficiently powerful. The question, nevertheless, is still involved in a degree of mystery which we can hardly expect to see satisfactorily solved at this time, when more than a hundred winters have confirmed the silence of the grave upon it.

The storting, or Norwegian parliament, meets at Christiana, and is almost the only object for which that capital is worth visiting. It was not in session when Mr. Wilson arrived there, but he endeavoured to compensate himself by making a minute survey of the rude and dull streets of the city, and by inquiring into the manners of its inhabitants. Having seen all the objects which appeared to be most interesting at the time in Christiana, he bent his course towards Sweden again, 'circumstances, as he informs us, having prevented him from extending his journey as far as Bergen and Drontheim.' We meet with nothing in the description of his route worth extracting, although, from the imperfect and desultory sketches which he now and then affords us, it is evident that the country through which he travelled is by no means destitute of interest. He states, as 'a remarkable circumstance, that the dreadful earthquake, which occurred two years ago, and completely destroyed the town of Aleppo, and laid waste the country around it, was slightly felt at Carlstadt.' It certainly is a very remarkable circumstance, if it be *true*. On his arrival at Arboga he found numbers of the country people assembled there by a fair. Few occasions afford an intelligent traveller so favourable an opportunity for observing the costume and general character of the rustic folks as an assembly of this description. We cannot say that Mr. Wilson has availed himself of the opportunity that presented itself to him, so fully or so happily as he might have done. The observations with which he favours us are, as usual, bespangled with little *gems* of poetry, but his facts are not altogether undeserving of notice. We own that we were not prepared for the great corruption of morals which seems to prevail on such occasions among the Swedish peasantry.

'A public fair was held at Arboga, at the time of my arrival, which, to use an observation of justice Woodcock, "never fails to put all folks hereabout out of their senses." This appeared also to be a period for the assemblage of persons who offered themselves to be hired as servants. Such a sight always appears interesting to a traveller, since it affords him

not only an opportunity of seeing many articles of the manufacture of the country exposed for sale, but marking the manners, customs, and dresses of the natives. On this occasion I saw many from the most distant parts of Westmanland, distinguished by their dress and manners from those of the neighbourhood, with friendly nods and smiles, and kind faces. Others of a superior class were better dressed, who seemed to try with

‘Hats of airy shape, and ribbons gay,  
Love to inspire.

The fair was held in a large square in front of the principal street, where a number of booths had been erected, in which articles of various descriptions were spread out, such as confectionary, implements of husbandry, silks, lace, hats, toys for children; and further, a great number of copper utensils, in which the Swedes seem to excel all other nations, were arranged on the ground. Most of the sellers were shopkeepers from Stockholm, who had come here to catch the tide as it were, to dispose of part of their stock. The town, as may be supposed, was extremely crowded with people from all quarters of the country to see and be seen, and among these were many Tony Lumpkins, flaxen-headed ploughboys, Hodges, and Madges, of whom it may be said, that

‘Corn and cattle were their only care,  
And their supreme delight, a country fair.

‘At this time, however, I did not observe one squire of high degree dressed in his Sunday clothes. The women were remarkably fair, and distinguished for their strength and healthy appearance: they wore mostly tight jackets, and petticoats of striped woollen or linen cloth, like the French peasantry, red stockings, and handkerchiefs of all colours tied over their heads. Many of them were like housemaids.

‘The men wore long coarse brown coats, clasped in front, with standing up collars, handkerchiefs round their necks, and bushy hair covering their brown foreheads and cheeks; each of them carried a stick and a handkerchief. All the men's coats had red collars and stripes of red cloth down the front, which gave them the appearance of livery servants. The scenes I witnessed at this fair were extremely ludicrous. In one part dancing was kept up in and out of doors; but not, I own, with that distinguished grace and agility which animate the Scots Highlander, and the very awkward manner in which the rustics moved along confirmed the words of the poet, that—

‘A heavy bumpkin taught, with daily care,  
Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

In others, both sexes were sitting and reeling about, eating, drinking, and smoking. Some of these groups would have been excellent subjects for the pencil of Wilkie, or the imitations of Mathews. I cannot fail to remark, it required no great penetration to discover that principles of morality were not very scrupulously observed during this fair, and what an Englishman would call decency was quite out of the question. The women stood, at all hours, about the square, as if waiting to be invited to the public-house, while the men walked about viewing them critically, before they selected their partners for the day's festivity. Many of the juvenile peasants chose, as I understood, one, or even two, whom they had never before seen, and who, in consequence, as they walked away triumphantly with the young men, were objects of envy to all their ac-

quaintance who were not yet provided with partners. At a later hour in the afternoon, I could judge from the appearance of men and women, who sallied forth from the inns, that they had not been altogether moderate in their libations, as most of them staggered about in a state of intoxication, proceeding from the effect of the quantity of snaps (as spirituous liquors are called) they had taken.'—pp. 174—176.

Mr. Wilson, in the course of his journey, passed through Upsala, the Oxford of Sweden. The present crown-prince, Oscar, received his education at the university there, which seems to retain its ancient celebrity. In the spring term of 1822 there were one thousand four hundred students enrolled on its books, a fact that augurs well of the rising generation. We observe that the sons of the clergy and peasantry form the greatest proportion among the different classes which have the means of obtaining an education there, another striking circumstance eminently favourable to the future prosperity of Sweden. Upon visiting the habitation and garden of Linnæus, our philosopher cannot resist his propensity to "meditation."

'As it is impossible to visit these places without being reminded that a garden was the habitation of our first parents previously to their fall from a state of innocence, so are they naturally calculated to suggest many subjects of reflection. Being decorated with the most beautiful plants, flowers, and medicinal herbs, these occasion the highest degree of delight; yet the "flower fadeth," and the goodness thereof, compared to the life of man, passeth away. In such a spot no visiter can well be melancholy; but, on the contrary, his eye must be charmed, and his spirits elevated. When we walk along and view the infinite variety of beauties and delicious sweets that surround us, and address themselves agreeably to the senses, and touch the finest movements of the mind, they call on us to consider their Great Author, who opens his hand thus liberally, and dresses out the earth in all its glory and grandeur, for the contemplation and pleasure of his dependent creatures:—

'For us kind nature wakes her genial power,  
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower.

Harmony and design may be said to pervade the universe, and nature extends her attention to productions, indeed the most insignificant; for in the very meanest blossoms the laws of its existence are accurately defined, and the period of its duration invariably determined.'—p. 196.

We will venture to say that so many mere truisms and common-place remarks have been seldom strung together so unnecessarily, or within so short a compass.

At Stockholm, as at Christiana, our author minutely describes the streets, churches, and other public buildings, with as much labour of detail as if the ground had been, before his visit to that capital, wholly untrodden by English travellers. It is satisfactory to us to find that 'there are no restric-

tions in force there relative to religious tenets,' but that, 'on the contrary, the most perfect liberty of conscience is extended to all classes.' Would that we could say as much of capitals nearer home! The theatres also attract much of Mr. Wilson's attention; even for these he has an abundance of his trite reflections. 'Here it may be observed, that a person who enters a crowded theatre cannot fail to be struck with the view of so great a multitude, participating of one common amusement; and he experiences, from their very aspect, a *superior sensibility of being affected* with every sentiment which he shares with the spectators.' *Ohe! jam satis!* Such, at least, would be the exclamation of the reader if his inexorable destiny had compelled him to read through our author's long, dull, prosing dissertations upon the public institutions of Stockholm, its lotteries, house of correction, and capital punishments, all of which have been taken for granted for the last twenty years in this country. Church-yards are also a never-failing source of complaint with this philosopher; but from these, and other topics of a similar description, we gladly turn to something more attractive. He thus describes his visit to Bernadotte, that remarkable favourite of fortune, whom, after raising him to a throne, she has still the constancy to keep there.

'During my visit to Stockholm, I was presented to the king by sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and had a long conversation with him in his closet, when the manners of his majesty were affable and condescending. I accompanied sir Benjamin to the palace in his carriage on this occasion, and the guards turned out to salute him in his capacity as representative of Great Britain. We then proceeded to the large hall, and met count Engestrom, the minister of state, and several other noblemen, with whom we entered into conversation. When we were announced, his majesty gave permission to admit us, the door was thrown open, and we were ushered in by one of the lords in waiting. On sir Benjamin introducing me, he mentioned that I had travelled some time in the East. The king immediately asked if I had visited the spot where the French and English armies fought in Egypt. On my answering in the affirmative, he entered into a discussion of the pacha's character, his pursuits, the expedition to Dongala; and on replying to his question, whether I had visited Syria, he inquired if I had been at St. Jean d'Acre: I informed him I had, and he made inquiries as to the number of its inhabitants. I took this opportunity of informing him I had made a long journey through Palestine, and attempted to draw him into a conversation on that interesting country. This, however, I found to be a fruitless attempt, as he always returned to the subject of Egypt, which seemed of all other places to possess most interest for him. He inquired how long I purposed to remain at Stockholm; and on hearing that I intended to depart on the following day, he condescended to say that he regretted to hear it, as he would otherwise have been glad to see me often at the palace, and have some further conversation respecting Egypt. The king then kindly expressed his good wishes for my

further journey, and took me most kindly by the hand, which he shook cordially, when I departed with the minister.

‘His majesty is at present about sixty years of age, of the common size; his complexion is dark, and his hair, which is of a glossy black, curls naturally. His voice is uncommonly sweet and pleasing; his whole countenance has in reality a great expression of kindness, and his manners are singularly prepossessing. It may be further remarked, that Charles John is temperate, economical, and what may be called equal in his disposition; modest in demeanour, condescending towards all ranks, and deservedly popular in the highest degree. He always converses in French, not speaking with fluency the Swedish language; although prince Oscar, from being educated in the country, understands and speaks like a native. In short, the present monarch of Sweden does not at all resemble his former coadjutor in France, who ended his mad career on a rock, after having trampled on his subjects, and treated mankind at large as his slaves, and

‘In a cruel wantonness of power  
Thin’d states of half their people, and gave up  
To want the rest.’  
pp. 273, 274.

Then follows a simile about a volcano, which Bernadotte did *not* resemble, and something about human blood which he did *not* shed, and intrigues in which he did *not* mingle, ending with another quotation from Gustavus Vasa. This is not all. Sir Benjamin (now lord) Bloomfield also comes in for a page of laboured eulogy, which we doubt not that noble lord deserves, but which can hardly be acceptable to him, or to any man of high feeling, from the parasitical terms in which it is conveyed.

Mr. Wilson devotes a chapter to the Swedish revolution of 1809, which ended in the election of the reigning sovereign. The circumstances of that curious passage in the modern history of Europe are so well known, that we need not detain the reader with any allusion to them. We shall do the author the justice to extract the summary view which he took of the attractions of Norway and Sweden, when he was upon the confines of the latter on his route to Denmark.

‘In the first place, the government is mild, and highly liberal; and a traveller is not troubled, as in other places, with spies and informers, or by passports, and those trifles connected with them, which are in some countries magnified into acts of great importance, interrupt the journey, occasion vexations and delay to the traveller, and considerably detract from the pleasure which he had promised to himself from foreign travel. The roads throughout both countries may be described as in the most excellent state of repair, more so, in fact, than any I have seen during my long and extensive travels. The arrangements adopted by government for securing an immediate supply of horses, checking imposition, ensuring civility, promoting the redress of abuses, are admirable, and appear not unworthy the attention of the British government. These, with the astonishing low rate of posting,—no demand being made for turnpikes on

the roads; with the perfect security ensured both for person and property at all hours of the day and night in every district, however remote, or covered with the thickest woods; with the facility of conveying luggage of every description, the primitive simplicity and the courteousness of the peasantry, which are calculated to draw to them the regard of travellers; and the grand and sublime scenery of lakes, cataracts, mountains, and forests, every where exhibited, excite admiration, and command universal respect. I repeat that the government is mild and liberal, the people loyal, happy, and polite; in short, the Swedes fear God, honour the king, and "meddle not with those who are given to change." All these are circumstances calculated to render travelling agreeable, especially to an Englishman, who, from being accustomed to so many conveniences and comforts in his own country, is but too apt to expect to meet with them every where else, and to express his unqualified disappointment and disgust whenever he does not, branding the country as a purgatory, and the inhabitants as uncivilized barbarians. In travelling through the numerous and extensive forests, or, when viewing them from some eminence, whence they appeared to cover the surface of the whole country around, I was frequently disposed to bestow on the king of Sweden a title characteristic of his domains, that of the sovereign lord of the forests; for neither in this country nor in Denmark is there any want of those two great essentials to fine landscape and scenery, wood and water. Nor was I a little astonished to find how few English travellers, particularly artists, are to be met with in this country; which can be accounted for only by the delightful and romantic scenery of this part of Europe not being sufficiently known in Britain; otherwise it would certainly be as much the rage to travel here, as in France, Italy, Switzerland, or other parts, since every article is much cheaper."—pp. 360—362.

On the author's arrival at Elsinour he of course visited the castle of Cronberg, where the unfortunate queen of Denmark had been so severely treated during her captivity. Thence he proceeded to Copenhagen, and, as usual, describes every thing as minutely as if he had been the first foreigner who ever entered it. Here also he bears witness to the practical existence of complete toleration in matters of religion. Indeed we happen to know that there is no country in Europe where differences upon this subject are less thought of either by the government or the community than in Denmark. Much of this liberality arises, no doubt, from the mild and benevolent character of the king, whom we shall introduce to the reader.

'During my stay at Copenhagen I had the honour to be presented to his majesty, for which purpose I proceeded to the palace of Amalienborg, accompanied by Mr. Foster, the British minister. We first passed through a hall, where a party of dragoons were stationed with drawn swords in their hands. This apartment conducted to another, where I found many persons of both sexes, and of the inferior ranks of society: on expressing my surprise at this to one of the ministers next me, he informed me that they had come individually to present petitions to the king, a privilege that unquestionably reflects the highest honour on his majesty. This must

be considered as liberal as it is wise and humane, and cannot fail to increase the affection of the subject towards the monarch. No such instance of royal condescension occurs in any court of Europe, unless at that of Palermo.\* The petitions are first delivered into the hands of the prime minister, who lays them before the king, and in due time the answers, if considered necessary, are returned. I own I was forcibly struck on looking on this part of the assembly, with the justice of an observation made to me, that it might be considered in the strictest sense of the word "a paternal levee;" the ear of his majesty being at all times open to the representations of every class of his subjects, high or low.

After remaining here a short time, we were ushered by the minister into the presence of the king, whom I found standing alone, with his back to a large table. On this occasion his majesty displayed the greatest affability and condescension, with a peculiar ease of manner. Having the honour to present him with a copy of my travels in Egypt and Palestine, he entered into a long and familiar conversation relative to that journey. The first question of importance he put, was, if I had in the course of it compared the appearance of the countries of Judea, Galilee, Samaria, &c., and the customs, manners, and usages of the inhabitants, with the scriptures, and found any correspondence. I replied that this had been my immediate object, and that after all possible diligence and investigation, I had discovered such coincidences as most strongly corroborated, in my mind, the authority of Revelation.

The king is slender, but of a handsome figure, and about five feet nine inches in height. His hair and eyebrows are white, and he has blue and rather large eyes, a small aquiline nose, and pale countenance; and, on the whole, the cast of his features appeared to me to be not unlike those of the royal family of Great Britain. His majesty rises at five o'clock in the morning, and is strictly temperate in his habits. At this time he was dressed in the uniform of his regiment, a red coat with light blue facings and cuffs, pantaloons of the same colour, boots and spurs, with a sword at his side, and he wore a Danish order, with that of the Bath. Perhaps few monarchs in Europe are more distinguished for affability than his majesty, he being most easy of access, and totally divested of every kind of hauteur and ostentation. He is frequently to be met walking on the public streets; sometimes alone, at others accompanied by the princess royal, leaning on his arm, but unattended even by a single servant. It should be observed that the Danish court is divested of parade and ostentation, and more remarkable for economy than any other in Europe.—pp. 462—464.

This is all very well; and as long as Denmark possesses such an amiable sovereign she has little to apprehend from the despotic power which he possesses. But we confess we cannot agree with Mr. Wilson, that a monarchy tempered only by the natural disposition of the individual, in whom the supreme power resides, is such a species of government as the Danes ought long to be contented with. They were formerly quite as free as we are ourselves. They had a senate consisting of three estates, the nobility, the clergy, and the *tiers etat*, who, actuated by mutual jealousy, were short-

\* A similar custom prevails even now at the court of Madrid, as well as at that of Vienna.—*Rev.*

sighted, and base enough to agree in surrendering their privileges to the sovereign, thus defrauding the country of its ancient liberties and rights; and condemning themselves and their children to perpetual vassalage. Yet it is upon this state of things that Mr. Wilson thinks it becoming in him, an Englishman, or rather, we suspect, a North Briton, to congratulate the Danes!

Our medical readers will find in the thirteenth chapter a curious and, to them, highly interesting narrative of the case of the Jewess, Rachael Hertz, who, during the horrors attending our bombardment of Copenhagen, swallowed in her fright a paper containing upwards of four hundred needles. The symptoms of the disease which this unhappy accident brought upon her are, according to every account, of the most extraordinary character. She still lingers in existence, reduced to a mere skeleton. One of the most singular circumstances attending her protracted illness has been the unwearied industry with which, under all her sufferings, she has cultivated her mind. She has, since her first confinement to her bed, taught herself to write and speak different languages. Her most favourite books are Cicero de Officiis, Cæsar, Virgil, and Seneca. Mr. Wilson gives two of her letters, which are very well written in Latin.

These specimens of Rachael's composition will be found in the appendix, which contains also copies of the Norwegian and Swedish constitutions, the coronation oath of the king of Denmark, which stands in the place of a constitution, two documents relating to the universities of Christiana and Upsala, and, by way of variety, two or three Norwegian and Danish national airs, with the music and translations of the songs. Upon the whole, though we have found much to censure in the style of this volume, we look upon it as the depository of the most ample and recent information which we possess concerning the countries that were the principal objects of the author's attention. His notices of Hanover, Germany, and the Netherlands, are few and superficial.

We cannot conclude without reminding Mr. Wilson of some very careless sentences which he allowed to lapse from his pen. We shall select but three or four out of ten times the number which we might have marked.

'*Nature must, unquestionably, be held as a book, every page of which is rich with hints of a sacred and instructive nature.*'—pp. 100, 101.

'*It must be allowed, that we are all inclined to eat more, nay double the quantity, that nature requires.*'—pp. 122.

Errors of the press can be no excuse here, for the construction of the sentence is radically ungrammatical.

‘The town of Orebro may be classed among one of the principal in Sweden.’—pp. 164.

One example more, and we shall have done with this unpleasant labour.

‘After he had *kneeled* down, and prayed with two clergymen, who accompanied him, he *laid* down on his face on a block.’—pp. 220.

Such instances of bad composition are so rare in modern works, that we were quite surprised to meet them in the production of an author who has written so much as Mr. Rae Wilson.

---

For the Port Folio.

## CANNING AND BROUGHAM.

IN the debate, in the British house of commons, on the king's speech, at the opening of parliament in 1825, Mr. Brougham, condescended to express his approbation of some recent alterations in the navigation laws, having reference, more particularly to the recognition of the new states in South America. But the cause of this unusual exertion of candour very soon displayed itself, when he laid claim to the honour of having originally suggested these measures. *He* had ventured, he said, to preach them more than once, although he had drawn down upon himself the heavy disapprobation of the great guardian of the commercial interests of the country,—meaning the late Mr. Rose. Ministers, he added, had at length sanctioned these principles, which had been met, when he propounded them, by the taunt that what he advanced might be very true, but that it looked very much like an ingenious sophism. He boasted, that they had carried into effect all the detestable nostrums of that side of the house: they had taken an entire leaf out of the book of their opponents; they had even enacted measures to legalise the damnable heresies of Adam Smith and the Scotch economists, and to stamp with that odious name the opinions of their adversaries: nay more, the country was now called upon, he said, to thank heaven for having ministers who had courage to support such measures, though it was formerly called upon to be thankful for having ministers who had courage to oppose them. The impudence of this language was only equal-

led by its want of candour. His sarcasms were retorted upon him by Mr. Canning, with a very proper contempt and a full share of that species of wit in which this distinguished personage so eminently excels. He observed that the honourable gentleman having in the course of his parliamentary life, proposed and supported *almost every species and degree of innovation, which could be practised towards the constitution*, it was not very easy for ministers to do any thing in the affair of South America, without seeming to borrow something from him. Their views might be shut up by circumstances which they must consult, though he need not—like ships among ice in a northern winter. In time the thawing proceeds, so that they are able to come out. But, break away in what direction they would, whether they took to the left or right, it was all alike. “Oho!” said the honourable and learned gentleman, “I was there before you—you would not have thought of that if I had not given you a hint.” It might be supposed that this was enough for one bout, but the witty minister would not let his prey escape without another hit. He proceeded—“In the reign of queen Ann,” said he, “there was a sage and grave critic of the name of Dennis, who, in his old age, got it into his head, that he wrote all the good plays that were acted at that time. At last, a tragedy came forth with a most imposing storm of hail and thunder. At the first peal, “that’s my thunder,” said Dennis. So, with the honourable gentleman, there was no noise or stir for the good of mankind, in any part of the globe, but he instantly claimed it for his thunder.”

---

## LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO THE CREEK INDIANS.

*Translated from the Revue Americaine, a new Journal published in Paris and devoted to American affairs.*

Macon, a pretty little town, which is now tolerably well peopled, was not in existence eighteen months ago. It seems to have arisen from the forests as by an enchantment. It is a civilized spot, lost amid the still immense domains of the first children of America. About a league thence we are in the bosom of virgin forests, and the tops of trees, which seem as old as the world, hang over our heads. The winds sounded through them by turns grave and shrill, which M. de Chateaubriand calls the voice of the desert. One road was a sort of trench, at the bottom of which the carriage of Lafayette

rolled with difficulty, and was often in danger of breaking. We followed on horseback and thus arrived at the Indian Agency.

This is situated in the midst of forests, constructed for the convenience of the Indian chiefs and the agents of the United States, who hold their conferences there. It was there that the treaty was formed, after which the Indian tribes still inhabitants of the left branch of the Missouri, consented, for a considerable sum, to retire to the right. The year 1827 was assigned for their departure, and it is not without pain that the Indians see this termination of their ancient possession approach. They quit with regret the neighbourhood of civilized men notwithstanding they dislike them. They accuse their chiefs of having betrayed them in making this cession, and we learn that it has already cost the life of M'Intosh, one of the signers of the treaty.

We passed the night at the Indian Agency—the habitation was deserted. For fifty years the name of general Lafayette had lived among them by tradition, and an hundred Indians had waited to receive us; but the delays which we experienced during our route, having exhausted their patience, they had gone elsewhere to prepare a reception. We had to travel thirty-two miles the next day by a route still less practicable.—Such a storm as we have never seen in England; and which however I do not wish to describe, assailed us and dispersed us during some hours. Very happily we met with a shelter, in a cabin raised by an American, not far from our road. Some Indian hunters, probably in the habit of taking shelter there, were drying their clothing round a large fire, at which we took our place without being known, and without attracting a great deal of attention. Mine, on the contrary, was very strongly excited by this meeting, the first I had had of the kind. I had heard so much of these children of nature, and having only lived in a civilized country, had formed such singular ideas about them that the least of their gestures, the smallest piece of their clothing or armour, excited in me continued astonishment.—As far as the language of signs permitted, I put to them a number of questions, which they answered by a pantomime at once expressive and laconic.

The immobility of the Indians has been mentioned to me as a natural faculty, which is singularly increased in them by education. I wished to have some experience upon this point, not knowing how they would take it—I provoked one of them by some hostile signs, but my anger, though very well

feigned, did not move him any more than the play of a child. He continued his conversation without regarding me and without expressing either fear or disdain. After some trials of the same kind, and always met with the same imperturbable calmness, I returned again to signs of kindness. I offered to the Indians my gourd full of brandy. That succeeded better. They emptied it; I showed them some pieces of silver in my hand, and they took them away without ceremony. I quitted them soon, and it appeared to me that we parted good friends.

The end of the storm permitted us to meet again, and begin our route. We arrived at a habitation a little better than that of the watch—It was a group of cabbins constructed with the bodies of trees placed over each other and stripped of their bark. The host was an American, who by reverse of fortune had been forced to take refuge in this place, where he made a pretty lucrative commerce, exchanging fur skins furnished by the Indians for commodities brought from the civilized countries. His little farm was composed of some well cultivated acres, of a well furnished poultry yard, and the habitation I have described. At our arrival we found two Indians seated before the door, one young, the other a grown up man, and both of remarkable form and beauty. They were clothed with a short tunic of light and fringed stuff, fastened round their bodies by a girdle embroidered with small beads of a thousand colours. A shawl of lively colour was rolled round their heads with much elegance. Their trowsers of sheep-skins reached down to their knees. They rose at the approach of the general, saluted him, and the youngest, to our great astonishment, complimented him in very good English. We soon learned that he had passed his youth in a college in the United States, but that he had stolen away many years ago from a benefactor to return to his brothers, whose life he preferred to that of civilized men. The general put many questions to him upon the existence of the Indian colony. He replied to them with much sense and precision. When he was questioned as to the last treaty concluded with the United States, his countenance darkened, he struck his foot on the ground, and laying hold of the handle of his knife, he mentioned the name of M'Intosh, in a manner which made us shudder at the danger of this chief. As we appeared astonished—"M'Intosh," cried he, "has sold the land of his fathers—He has sacrificed us all to his avarice—It is impossible to break the treaty which he has formed; but the scoundrel—!!" He stopped after this vio-

lent exclamation, and a little while after took up quietly some other subject of conversation.

Hamly, (that was the name of the young Indian) when he saw us a little rested, invited us to visit his habitation, which we perceived on the brow of a hill at a little distance. Two of the general's aids-de-camp, and myself, accepted the invitation, and we followed the Indian. Going along he showed us an inclosure surrounded with palisades, filled with stags, mastiffs, and grey-hounds, which they called their *reserve*, and which supplied them, when the chase proved unfavorable. Hamly's cabbin bordered upon this enclosure. We entered it—There was a great fire in the chimney, the day was declining, and the spacious habitation was lighted by the flame of the fir tree. The furniture was composed of a table, two beds, some large chairs, ozier baskets, fire arms, bows and arrows were hung upon the wall, and also a violin. The arrangement of all indicated the presence of a half-civilized man. The companion of Hamly took down the violin and managing the fiddle stick with more strength than lightness, played some parts of an Indian air, which immediately gave Hamly the inclination to dance; but whether from courtesy, or from a desire of making a comparison which was to his advantage, he begged us to dance first, in the manner of our country. The grave Americans who accompanied me declined—younger or less reserved than they, I did not wait to be asked twice; and I performed some of our dull French dances. Hamly asked no more. I saw him throw off what embarrassed him, seize a great shawl, and spring triumphantly into the midst of the room, as if he had said, "this scene is for me." I retired to leave the field to him. His first movements, slow and with feeling, became animated by degrees; his dance incomparably more violent and more expressive than our opera dances, was soon only a whirlwind which the eye could not follow; in the intervals in which he stopped to take breath, his steps became gradually slower; his head fell gently, and followed gracefully the movements of his supple body, and his eyes were brilliant with an emotion which heightened the copper colour of his complexion. The cries which escaped from him in rousing up from this reverie to renew his lively movements, had an unexpected effect upon us, which it is difficult to describe.

Two Indian women who, I afterwards learned, were Hamly's wives, approached the habitation, whilst it resounded with the sports of Hamly and his applauses, but they did

not enter. I alone perceived them. They had the beauty peculiar to their race; their vestment was composed of a long white tunic; of a scarlet drapery thrown over their shoulders; their long hair floated at liberty—they carried upon their necks a collar of four or five rings of pearls, and in their ears enormous pendants of silver, which are the principal ornaments of Indian women. I thought by their reserve that Hamly had forbid them to approach us, and I could not even put any question concerning them. There were some negroes in the cabin of the young Indian; but they did not appear to me to be in the condition of slaves—they were fugitives to whom he had given an asylum, and who repaid his hospitality by their labour.

I would willingly have made myself the hunting companion and messmate of Hamly for some days; but it was necessary to continue our journey. We retired, and the next day, the 31st of March, we recommenced our route. In proportion as we advanced into this woody country, the appearance of the Indian land destroyed in our minds that prejudice which induces civilized nations to desire to introduce their state of society among people who have not changed their primitive mode of life; and to consider as a noble and lawful conquest, the usurpation of places in which this pretended barbarity still reigns. It must be said in praise of Americans, that it is not by extermination, or by war, but by traits, in which their intellectual superiority, exercises, in fact, another kind of violence, that they pursued their system of aggrandizement against the Indian tribes of the west and the north. With them civilization was not sullied by crimes, as that of Great Britain in the East Indies. But, no one in rendering them this justice, can help taking an interest in the fate of the Indians. Thus, meeting at every step the bark hut of a wandering hunter, who inhabits it in security, and in the simple virtues of ignorance, we cannot think without sorrow, that they will soon be overturned and replaced by an American cultivator's farm.

It was near a rapid creek, the borders of which were steep, that we saw, for the first time, the Indians united in a body to receive the general. A great number of women and young boys broke through the trees, on the opposite border of the river, and, upon seeing us, they raised cries of joy. Some warriors descended the brow of a hill at a little distance, and ran to a spot on the river side, where the boat was, in which we were to land. The variety and singular richness of their costumes offered a most picturesque view. M. George La-

fayette sprang first upon land, and in a moment was surrounded by men, women and children, who moved round him, danced about him, touched his hands and his garments with an air of surprise and delight, which caused him almost as much embarrassment as emotion. Suddenly, as if they wished to give a more dignified and solemn expression to their joy, they retired behind the men ranged in front. He who appeared to be the chief of the tribe, by a shrill and prolonged cry, gave the signal for a sort of salute which was repeated by the whole troop;—then they rushed again towards the boat. Immediately upon the general's descending, some of the strongest brought a little low chair, which we had with us, and obliged him to mount it, "not wishing," they said, "that their father should put his foot on the damp earth." The general was thus carried as in a palanquin, to a certain distance from the river side, when he whom I have already distinguished as the chief of the tribe approached, and told him in English, that all his brethren were happy at being visited by him, who, in his affection for the inhabitants of America, had never distinguished blood or colour; who was the cherished father of men who inhabit the continent. After the chief had spoken, the other Indians came to press the hand of the general, and to place it on their head. They would not abandon the carriage, but, dragging it themselves, mounted by short steps, the hill from which we had seen them descend, and on which was situated one of their largest hamlets.

Whilst we walked, I approached the Indian chief; I thought, that since he spoke English, he had been brought up like Hamly in the United States, and so I was informed. He was about twenty-eight years of age, of middle size, his limbs were perfectly beautiful, his physiognomy noble, and his air sorrowful. When he did not speak he cast down his large black eyes, which were covered with thick eye-lashes; when he told me that he was the eldest son of M'Intosh, I could not recal, without pain, the imprecations that I had heard from the watch against the chief of the Muscogulges. It was this undoubtedly, which gave the young man an air of dejection and meditation; but after what I could gather from his conversation, I explained it to myself still better: his intelligence only developed itself at the expense of his security. He appreciated the true position of this nation; he perceived it was growing weaker, and foresaw its approaching destruction; he felt how inferior it was to those which surrounded it; he had learned how impossible it was to

change the wandering life of men of his race. The neighbourhood of civilized men had not done them any good, but had introduced among them vices to which they were strangers. He seemed to hope that the treaty, which cast them back into a country wholly desert, would restore the ancient organization of the tribes, or at least guarantee their preservation in the state in which they now were.

In the mean time, we arrived at the top of the hill—there we saw helmets and swords, and horsemen, ranged along the road; they were not Indians, but civilized men, sent from the state of Alabama to meet the general. The singular triumphant march to which he had been obliged to submit, then ceased. The Indians could not see, without jealousy, the American escort place themselves around him; but we approached their village, and they hastened to reach it before us. There, at our arrival, we found them met together, having thrown aside their garments, and prepared to exhibit before us their warlike games. We reached a vast plain, about which was scattered a hundred Indian habitations, improved by the verdure of the thick groves. We noticed a house larger than the others; it was that of the American resident; he at the same time kept an inn, and his wife had the direction of a school, in which they attempted to instruct the children of the Indians. All the men were assembled in this place, having thrown aside part of their vestments; their faces painted with colours fantastically mixed, and some wearing, by way of distinction, plumes in their hair. They told us that they were going to play in honour of their white father. And we really saw them separate into two armies, form two camps in two extremities of the place, name two chiefs, and provoke each other to combat. The cry which was raised by each of the two divisions, and which they told us was the war cry of the Indian tribes, is perhaps the strongest modulation of the human voice that it is possible to hear, and the effect which it produced upon the warriors, young and old, is more extraordinary still. The sports commenced—They explained to us that the game was, for the two parties to throw a ball, something like that of our scholars, to a certain mark, and that he who struck this mark seven times should be victorious. We in reality saw the combatants, each armed with two long and heavy rackets, precipitate themselves with a light movement, leap one above the other, in order to seize it in the air, with unprecedented skill, and send it to the mark. When the ball was missed by a player, it rolled on the ground—then they all lowered their heads,

struck each other, and it was often only after a long struggle, that any of them raised it.

In the midst of one of these long contests, whilst the players with their backs bent, pressed in a circle round the ball, an Indian separated from the group, went a little distance, came again running, rushed forward, after having turned himself round several times, fell upon the robust shoulders of the others, without bending them: leaped into the middle of the circle, seized the ball, and for seven times threw it to the mark. This was M'Intosh. The camp of which he was the chief was victorious—he came to receive our congratulations, in the midst of the acclamations of a party of Indian women, whilst the wives of the vanquished seemed to address them in words of consolation. The general, after this feat, which amused him very much, went to visit the interior of some of their habitations, and some of the Indian schools. When we were ready to begin our route, young M'Intosh re-appeared in a European habit. He asked the general's permission to accompany him to Montgomery, where he was going to conduct his brother, a boy ten years old, willing to trust his education to an American. The general consented to it, and we all departed together for Uchee Creek, an American inn, situated on the borders of a torrent which bears that name. We arrived early at this station and were able to visit the environs, which are delightful. Accompanied by M'Intosh, I soon made acquaintance with the Indians of this country; we found some exercising themselves in drawing the bow. I wished to try my strength like the rest; M'Intosh also armed himself with a bow; he has the arm and the eyesight of William Tell. Some of the trials of skill which he exhibited, if told, would scarcely be believed. I particularly admired the dexterity with which, while lying on the green plat, he threw an arrow, which, striking the earth at a little distance, rose with a light bound, and flew to a prodigious distance. It is a way, which the Indians employ to throw far, and without being seen by the enemy. I tried in vain this singular feat; each time my arrow instead of rebounding sank in the earth.

We returned to Uchee Creek where we had a meeting with an Indian chief who kept an inn. Some steps from the house, the Indian alighted, went to salute the general, and made a few purchases. The woman in the mean time, took care of the horse, and led him back, and when he set out again, put on the bridle and saddle and sprang up behind him. I asked my travelling companions if this woman

was the wife of the Indian, and if such was the condition of the women of this nation. They answered that in general they lived with their husbands in this kind of servitude, that in the agricultural countries, they cultivated the field, laboured, sowed and reaped; that with the Indian hunters, they carried the game, the household utensils, and the materials for encampment, and travelled thus loaded to considerable distances, and that the cares of a mother hardly relieved them from these rude labours. In the walks which I afterwards took in the environs of Uchee Creek, their fate never appeared so bad as these statements made them. I saw women ranged in a circle before almost all the habitations, occupied in weaving mats and panniers, and amusing themselves with games and exercises of the body, in which the young men joined before them: and I did not remark any trait of severity on the part of the men, or servile dependence on that of the women. I had been so well received in all these Indian habitations near Uchee Creek, and all the countries watered by the streams were so beautiful, that it still seems one of the most delightful places that I have met with.

From Uchee Creek to the hut of the Big Warrior, the nearest halt, is about a day's journey. It led us through a country peopled by Indians. We often met them assembled on our route, and were assisted by them to cross the dangerous passages; for the storms had filled the roads and swelled the torrents. In one of these situations the general received a very touching proof of the veneration which these simple men have for him. One of the torrents which we had to cross ran over a wooden bridge, without a railing, and over which the carriage of the general must pass. What was our astonishment, on arriving at the river side, to find a hundred Indians, who, taking each other by the hand and up to their breasts in water, formed a double guard in the direction of the bridge! We were very glad to have this assistance, and the Indians, for their recompense, only wished the favour of kissing the hand of the general, whom they called their white father, the ambassador of the Great Spirit, the great French warrior who formerly came to deliver them from the tyranny of the English.—M'Intosh, who translated their discourse to us, explained to them the wishes of the general and of the rest of us. The hamlet of the Big Warrior was so called on account of the extraordinary courage and high stature of its chief. We arrived there too late, the chief had been dead for some time; the council of the old men had been assem-

bled to give a successor, and had chosen one of his sons as remarkable for strength of body as his father. This son talked much with M. George Lafayette; he expressed himself in English, and astonished us by the singular insensibility with which he spoke of the death of his father. But on this point the Indians have not the same ideas as we have; death does not appear an evil to them, either for him who quits life, or for those from whom he is separated.

The son of the Big Warrior was only sorry that the death of his father happened too late to permit him to dispose of his inheritance; and to present to the general one of the suits of armour of this celebrated chief. We only passed a night with the family of the Big Warrior. The next day we arrived at Lime Creek, that is to say, in the frontiers of the Indian country. We were received there by an American, who had married the daughter of a Creek chief, and who lived the life of an Indian. He was a captain Lewis, an old officer in the army of the United States. His house was commodious and elegant for an Indian hut. He was a man distinguished for his knowledge and character, and appeared to us to exercise great influence over the Indians. He had brought together a number of them on horseback and armed for war, to form an escort for the general. His discourse, which appeared studied, was quite long, and was translated to us by the interpreter. He began by praising the skill and courage that the general had before shown against the English. The most brilliant circumstances of this war were recalled and related in a language not unpoetical. The Indian chief concluded with nearly these words, "Father, they will tell for a long time among us, that you returned to visit our forests and huts; you, whom the Great Spirit formerly sent from the other side of the Great lake, to drive away those enemies of men, the English, as usual stained with blood. The youngest among us will tell their grandchildren that they have touched your hand, and seen your person. They will still see you again perhaps, for you are the favorite of the Great Spirit, and you cannot grow old: you will be able still to defend us, when we are threatened." The general answered, by the help of the interpreter, the farewell of the Indians. He gave them counsels of wisdom and temperance, recommended to them to live always on good terms with the Americans, and to regard them always as friends and brothers. He told them that he would think of them and pray for the prosperity of their huts, and the glory of their warriors.

We then turned towards the river, which separates the country of the Creeks from the state of Alabama. The Indian cavaliers of captain Lewis, mounted little light horses, which were fleet as roe-bucks, some armed with bows and arrows, and others with tomahawks and battle axes; we followed in a long file, without order, the extremity of which was lost in the thickness of the forest. Having arrived on the bank of the river, they turned their horses and disappeared, uttering loud cries. Some of the chiefs bade us a last farewell, and we took leave of the Indian country.

---

For the Port Folio.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The *Monthly Review* very properly accounts for the want of poetry among us: "Masses of wood," say these critics, "gigantic mountains, rivers, and lakes, are not of themselves sufficient to call forth the diviner mind of poetry. They are indeed among the favourite haunts of the muse, but it would seem that in order to attract her peculiar favour, they must have been time out of mind crowned with temples sacred to her name, and peopled with her worshippers. The banks of Avon are "beautiful in song," not because nature has been propitious to them, but because they are associated with the name of Shakspeare. The traveller is wrapt in enthusiasm among the hills, and streams, and promontories of Greece, not so much on account of their appearance as pieces of exquisite scenery, but because they remind him of the poets, the sages, and the heroes, who, by their verse, eloquence, and bravery, have rendered the leading features of their country so many monuments of their glory. *America is not old enough* as yet, she has no mysteries, no associations, for attractive fiction. Man and his works, his sufferings, and his happiness, can alone bestow on rude or cultivated nature that magnetic power which will always command the sympathies of his kind."

There is no work so well calculated as Col. Leake's *Historical outline of the Greek Revolution* to lead to a fair view of the merits of the Greek cause, and the probable results of the Greek contest. The principal events of the various campaigns by sea and land, from the commencement of the insurrection to January last, are rapidly sketched. Then the author examines the means which the contending powers have brought into operation, and the resources which are at

their command respectively; and this detail is followed by an analysis of the cause, of the success of one party and the failure of the other. He is evidently a rational friend to the independence of the Greeks; but his generous sympathy in their favour is properly kept in check by his attachment for truth, and his anxiety to arrive at just conclusions.

The *Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character*, by A. P. D. G. bear internal evidence of faithful observation, independently of the statement which the author gives in his preface of his long experience of Portugal and its inhabitants; his long residence in the country satisfactorily accounts for his intimate acquaintance with his subject. To his other qualifications he has added the agreeable power of illustrating his descriptions by some very spirited drawings. The chapter on Portuguese equipages is amusing, though sketched too much in caricature. The author speaks of the establishment and retinue of noble families in Portugal, and of the degrading habits of the young fidalgos, who are brought up totally without mental cultivation, and suffered to find their associates among the lackeys and stable-boys of their paternal households. The result of this system he declares to be, that "with the exception of a few of the order who are distinguished for the highest degree of mental acquirements and employed in diplomacy at foreign courts, the great mass of them are plunged in brutal ignorance."

Mrs. Thompson's *Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.* is an amusing work. Necessarily possessing only the same sources of information which are open to all, and which are, for the most part perfectly familiar to the historical inquirer, she has doubtless not aspired to the discovery of new facts, nor found reason to place those which were previously known in any new or very striking light. But her volumes still bear, in a great degree, the charm of novelty; for the nature of her design enabled her to blend and harmonise the public transactions, which usually engross the whole care of professed historians, with all those minute and curious notices of the state of literature and the domestic condition of society, which are elsewhere to be found only in scattered and disjointed fragments. All the lighter sketches of her subject she has invested with a grace and an animation which are truly feminine: the coarser details are managed with delicate tact and propriety, honourable alike to her good sense and purity of mind; and even the weightier and more arduous task of delineating the ecclesiastical and political affairs of so remarkable a period she has accomplished with no inconsiderable talent and vigour.

The anonymous writer of a little work entitled *Six Months in the West Indies*, in 1825, supplies a good deal of information on the subject of these islands, in a clear and animated style. He states, in a humorous preliminary chapter, that he was induced to visit the warm climate of the West Indies for the purpose of getting rid of a rheumatism by "fusion." We must say, that this malady seems not to have been accompanied by any symptoms of the spleen, for we have met with few travellers at once so intelligent, so ready to amuse, and to be amused. His observations are often acute, candid, and sensible. While at Antigua he attended a ball, of which he thus speaks: "Every Creole girl loves dancing as she loves herself. From the quadrille of the lady down to the John-John of the negro, to dance is to be happy. The intense delight they take in it is the natural consequence of that suppression of animal vivacity which the climate and habits of the West Indies never fail to produce. The day is passed within doors in languor and silence; there are no public amusements or public occupations to engage their attention, and their domestic cares are few. A ball is therefore to them more than a ball; it is an awakener from insensibility, a summoner to society, a liberator of locked up affections, an inspirer of motion and thought. Accordingly there is more artlessness, more passion than is usual with us in England; the soft dark eyes of a creole girl seem to speak of such devotion and earnestness of spirit, that you cannot choose but make your partner your sweetheart for half an hour; there is an attachment between you which is delightful, and you cannot resign it without regret. She is pale, it is true, but there is a beauty, as South said, in this very paleness, and her full yet delicate shape is at once the shrine and censer of love, whence breathe

‘ the melting thought,  
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.’

Their dancing is an andante movement, but they never tire. Upborne with indefatigable toes, they will hold you seven or eight hours right on end, and think the minutes all too short. At four in the morning my last partner went; she had started at half past seven; she could no longer resist the cavernous yawns of papa and mamma, but it was reluctantly that she went;

‘ necdum satiata recessit.’

The recent Russian works are not numerous. Among the principal are the *History of Russia*, by M. Karamsin; *Tales*,

by M. Narejny; and Travels into Mongolia and China, by M. E. Timkossky; the last of which contains some new and curious details. Ancient literature has been enriched by the publication of an old MS. of John the exarch, of Bulgaria, with notes, by M. Kalaidovitch; for which publication the world is indebted to count Roumiartzof, the chancellor of the Russian empire. Several of Sir Walter Scott's novels have been translated into the Russian language. Various poems have likewise appeared. The theatre has produced several novelties; one of the chief of which is a comedy in two acts and in verse by prince Chakofsky, called "Thou and You." The subject of this piece is derived from Voltaire's celebrated epistle.

The death of lord Byron produced sentiments of deep sorrow in Paris. Men of genius are brethren, in whatever country born, or in whatever circle they may be destined to move; and the most distinguished poets in France rivalled each other in celebrating the memory of a fellow bard. M. Casimir Delavigne published un *Lythyrambe* on this event; and the author of the *Hellenides* (poems in honour of the regenerated Greeks) threw some flowers on the grave of the poet, who consecrated his fortune and his talents to the triumph of their cause. The verses of M. Roch abound in fine and poetical thoughts. He thus describes the genius of lord Byron.

Quels accens!—Ecoutez—sa pensée a des ailes;  
Il couvre d'un regard l'immensité des mers,  
Et semblable aux esprits des plaines éternelles,  
Il vole—sans daigner mesurer l'univers.

An old Greek addresses to the daughter of the English poet the following incantation:

Reste d'un sang si précieux,  
O toi sa jeune et tendre fille,  
Viens t'élever sous le plus beau des cieux,  
Adopte nous pour ta famille,  
Oui, jeune enfant, accomplis nos desirs,  
Que la mer et les vents soient pour toi sans orages,  
Et que le souffle des zephyrs  
Te pousse mollement jusque sur nos rivages:  
Des traits que nous pleurons viens rendre à notre amour  
L'image toujours chère;  
Viens, nous t'attendrons chaque jour—  
Nous gardons la cœur de ton père.

We learn from one of the English *Annual Registers* (1824) that on the 9th of April of that year "imprisonment for debt was abolished in the United States of America!"

## THE MISSIONARY.

In the "Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several petitions of the Lord's Prayer," by the Rev. H. T. Lyte, a delightful little volume full of simplicity and truth, which will remind the reader of the vigour of Crabbe, and the sweetness of Pope, there is a fine passage on one of our own rivers. It occurs in the tale of a Missionary, who, disgusted with the world, had retired to our western wilderness and devoted himself to the conversion of the savages.

Old MISSISSIPPI saw with proud surprise  
The cot and vineyard on his side arise;  
And smooth'd his wave, and lingered in his race,  
Young culture's footsteps on his banks to trace,  
To kiss the all unwonted flowers, and hear  
The voice of Christian worship swelling near,  
Then sullen flung him onward to the main  
To meet no more such sights and sounds again.

Of the Missionary himself it is said,

Here undisturbed he mus'd on things above,  
And praised amid his works the God of love;  
To him his voice arose with morning's light,  
And when above his lonely hut at night  
The wind made solemn music in the trees  
God came down to him walking on the breeze  
AND BROUGHT HIM AWFUL JOY!

---

## BALLAD.

In the galaxy of female poetical talent which shines in the British hemisphere, Mrs. C. R. Willson is not the least attractive. Her muse delights in depicting the placid scenes of domestic life—scenes which are particularly fitted for the female pen. The following is extracted from her "Hours at Home;" a small volume, but full of pleasing poetry and uncorrupted thoughts.

Thy way along life's bright path lies,  
Where flowers spring up before thee;  
And faithful hearts and loving eyes  
Assemble to adore thee;—  
The great and wise bend at thy shrine,  
The fair and young pursue thee;  
Fame's chaplets round thy temples twine,  
And pleasure smiles to woo thee!  
Yet 'mid each blessing time can bring,  
Thy breast is still repining;  
'Tis cold as Ammon's icy spring,  
O'er which no sun is shining;

And friendship's presence boasts no charm,  
 And beauty's smiles are slighted;  
 Nor joy nor fame the heart can warm,  
 That early love has blighted!

---

### IMPROMPTU,

On meeting Miss — at the door of the exhibition.  
 Go, mount the steps, and gaze your fill  
 Where likenesses on canvass bloom;  
 Survey the pictures if you will,  
 But enter not the model room.  
 'Twere waste of time in you to stare  
 On finished forms of polished stone,  
 Believe me, you'll discover there  
 None half so finished as your own.

---

### DEDICATION,

For a Lady's Album.

This little book with all the prize  
 Its varied page imparts;  
 I dedicate to gentle eyes  
 And sympathising hearts:  
 Then all who bring their smile or tear  
 May fearless drop the gem,  
 For common sense shall ne'er come here  
 To praise them or condemn.

---

### THE PILGRIM.

Far and wide the Pilgrim straying,  
 Still pursues one fixed design;  
 Still unmoved, the world surveying,  
 Bends to seek one darling shrine.  
 Passing many a busy nation,  
 Forward on his course he hies,  
 Still directing each sensation,  
 Where his breast's devotion lies.  
 Careless now all others viewing,  
 ANNA thus thy lover see;  
 Thus his thoughts, one end pursuing,  
 Glance on all, but *rest* with thee.—CLIFFORD.





*Helin E. Lawson. sc.*

**THE RICE BUNTING**





*Helen E. Lawson. sc.*

# **THE RICE BUNTING**

# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

---

For the Port Folio.

## "*Surplus Religious Influence.*"

A LATE number of *The Boston Recorder and Telegraph*, in a communication on the *American Home Missionary Society*, contains the following inexpressibly modest sentences:

"The whole surplus religious influence in this nation is to be found in the New England states and the state of New York. If any thing is to be done, therefore, to build up religious institutions in the vast valley of the Mississippi, it must be done by these states. And something *must* be done, or the inhabitants of that valley, who will soon become the majority of the United States, the seat of political power and moral influence, being without the restraints of religion, will roll back upon us the contagion of their own infidel principles and immoral habits. These older states owe it to themselves, therefore, as well as to their common country and their God, to have compassion on their children in the west, and to come forward and bear their part in sustaining the National Society, while it shall extend to the foot of the Rocky Mountains the influence of their own beloved institutions."

Mark, reader, the New England States and the state of New York ought to *bear their part* in sustaining the Home Missionary Society; but *that part* must be *the whole*; because *the whole surplus religious influence of the nation*, is to be found in these seven states, and it would be unreasonable to expect any influence but the *surplus* to be exported to the west. What the other seventeen states have, they must keep for *home consumption*, like their peas, beans, red onions, and flour.

DECEMBER, 1826.—NO. 290. 56

At the first perusal of the cited paragraph, I felt not a little startled, lest this evidently humble-minded writer had claimed too much, and would thereby dishonour the cause which he wished to advocate. It seemed a suspicious circumstance also, that the publication came from Boston, so distinguished for its departure from the faith once delivered to the saints. What *surplus religious influence*, thought I, has Boston to part with? Have the five or six orthodox churches in that city of the sons of the pilgrims already sufficient *religious influence* to convert the hundred Socinian ministers, and semi-Socinian churches of Massachusetts? Have they besides this sufficiency of religious influence, a *surplus* which they can spare?

Some inquiries, moreover, presented themselves in relation to the state of New York. She is, indeed, extensive and powerful; but can she have any *surplusage* of religious influence? Can she supply all her own *western counties* with able and faithful pastors? Can she induce her New England population of more than half a million, to support the clergymen which are already settled among them? Can all the ministers of religion in her metropolis, the London of America, cause the Sabbath of the Lord to be decently respected by half of her hundred thousand citizens? Have the good people of Boston ever seen the steam-boat of infidelity in the city of New York dragging all her clergy and friends of religious order into the Dock? Or have the pious people of New York regained the ascendancy over public opinion which they once enjoyed?

Such interrogations obtruded into my mind, until I began to think that I must have misunderstood the meaning of "the whole surplus religious influence." Perhaps, thought I, they mean by it, all the *surplus money* of the country, for money is often power and influence. Yet it could scarcely be said with truth, that the middle and southern, and western states, have *no money*, which they can spare for religious purposes; for swarms of New England men are yearly travelling to those states with their "Berlin plate," and other notions; and they surely have too much discretion to travel at their own expense without the fair prospect of gain. Besides, they even sell their tin wagons when disburthened of their *plate*, for light *coachees*. Some hundreds of solicitors for bounty to national New England institutions, moreover, can testify, that they have not found it unprofitable to scour all the cities from Philadelphia to New Orleans. *Money*, therefore, cannot be meant.

Next it occurred to me, that *surplus religious influence* might mean an over-stock of prayers, zeal, and steady habits; but this imagination was soon dashed by the recollection, that there are few papists in New England, and of course few that profess to perform works of supererogation.

Finally, I hit upon the true exegesis of the difficult passage, and then all the modesty of it was apparent. Gentle reader, this must be the very thing: yes, this *surplus of religious influence* must denote clergymen and candidates for the ministry who are not wanted in the nation of New England and New York. Now it is well known, that the other states in our union have very few surplus preachers, very few theological teachers who can find no employment in their own region of country. But it is far otherwise with New England. She has few vacant churches, if we except nearly half of the churches in Vermont, Maine, and Rhode Island; and in Connecticut and Massachusetts there is no more room for new parishes. New England educates a greater proportion of her sons than any other part of the country; and among these graduates of colleges there are not a few who would rather read *two dry dissertations* on some point of theology, on every Sabbath in the year, than plough the rocky fields of their native towns. These, for the most part, are their *surplus religious influence*; and we are glad to say, that the destitute people of the south and west, rather than live without instruction, will sometimes hear their dissertations read, if any missionary societies will send them forth, and continue to defray their expenses. As for our young preachers from Princeton seminary, and from half a dozen other theological institutions on this side of the river Hudson, they are not a *surplus commodity*; and they commonly find, in less than a year after they receive license, congregations which cheerfully contribute five or six hundred dollars annually towards their worldly maintenance.

That the people of the south and west may not wholly cease to expect aid from some parts of the Presbyterian church south of New York; and that our presbyteries may not be completely depressed by the humiliating statements of our eastern nation societies, it may be well to remember that in 1789, when the general assembly of the Presbyterian church was first organized, there were no more than one hundred and forty-six Presbyterian ministers *living south and west of the state of New York*. In 1798 there were two hundred and twenty returned to the assembly; in 1803 we have a record of two hundred and sixty-four; in 1809 of

three hundred and thirty-one; in 1814 of three hundred and seventy-nine; in 1825 of six hundred and ninety; and in 1826 of seven hundred and eight, within the same limits. Of these only a very small portion were born in New England; for the state of New York has swallowed up most of the *surplus clergy* of the eastern states, having increased in numbers since 1788 from twenty-five to three hundred and ninety-two. There is therefore some hope, that New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas, will be able, by the grace of God, to continue to furnish *some* faithful ministers of the Gospel for the great valley of the Mississippi in the years to come. Yet there will be a great and growing deficiency in good pastors in the new western states for half a century, if the established churches in our land do not aid them in promoting the knowledge and establishment of the gospel. May New England, the glory of all lands, continue to do well; but let not the vaunting of a few of her bantling preachers cause her charities to be evil spoken of, and her good name to become a nuisance.

CASTIGATOR.

---

## GENERAL WASHINGTON.

### *His Life, Habits, and Manners.*

[From the Custis Recollections.]

GENERAL WASHINGTON, during the whole of both his public and private life, was a very early riser; indeed, the maternal mansion, at which his first habits were formed, abhorred the character of a sluggard, as much as nature does a vacuum. Whether as chief magistrate, or the retired citizen, we find this man of method and labor seated in his library from one to two hours before day, in winter, and at day-break in summer. We wonder at the amazing deal of work which he performed. Nothing but a method the most remarkable and exemplary, could have enabled him to accomplish an amount of labour, which might have given pretty full employment to the lives of half a dozen ordinary, and not idle men. When we consider the volume of his official papers—his vast foreign, public and private correspondence—we are scarcely able to believe that the space of one man's life should have comprehended the doing so many things, and doing them so well.—His toilet was soon made. A single servant prepared his clothes, and laid them in readiness, also combed and tied

his hair; he shaved and dressed himself, giving but very little of his precious time to matters of that sort, though remarkable for the neatness and propriety of his apparel. His clothes were made after the old-fashioned cut, of the best, though plainest materials. When president of the United States, the style of his household and equipage corresponded with the dignity of his exalted station, though avoiding as much as was possible every thing like show or parade. The expenses of his presidency, over and above the salary of government, absorbed the proceeds of the sale of a very considerable estate.

The president never appeared in military costume, unless to receive his brethren of the Cincinnati, or at reviews. He then wore the old opposition colours of England, and the regimental dress of the volunteer corps which he commanded prior to the Revolution. With the exception of the brilliant epauletts, we believe a present from general Lafayette, and the diamond order of the Cincinnati, presented by the seamen of the French fleet, our allies in the war of liberty, the uniform of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy, under the constitution, was as plain as blue and buff could make it. The cocked hat, with the black ribbon cockade, was the only type of the heroic time, which appended to the chief, during his civil magistracy; in all other respects, he seemed studiously to merge the military into the civil characteristics of his public life.

About sunrise, general Washington invariably visited and inspected his stables. He was very fond of horses, and his equipages were always of a superior order. The horses which he rode, in the war of independence, were said to be superb. We have a perfect remembrance of the charger which bore him in the greatest of his triumphs, when he received the sword of the vanquished, on the ever memorable nineteenth October, 1781. It was a chesnut, with white face and legs, and was called Nelson, after the patriotic governor of Virginia. Far different was the fate of this favourite horse of Washington, from that of 'the high mettled racer.' When the chief had relinquished its back, it was never mounted more, but cropped the herbage in Summer, was housed and well cared for in Winter, often caressed by the master's hand, and died of old age at Mount Vernon, many years after the Revolution. The library, and a visit to the stables, occupied the morning till the hour of breakfast. This meal was without change to him, whose habits were regular, even to matters which others are so apt to indulge themselves in, to

endless variety. Indian cakes, honey, and tea, formed this temperate repast. On rising from table, if there were guests, and it was seldom otherwise, books and papers were offered for their amusement; they were requested to take good care of themselves, and the illustrious farmer proceeded to the daily tour of his agricultural concerns. He rode upon his farms entirely unattended, opening his gates, pulling down and putting up his fences, as he passed, visiting his labourers at their work, inspecting all the operations of his extensive agricultural establishments with a careful eye, directing useful improvements, and superintending them in their progress. He introduced many and valuable foreign, as well as domestic modes of improved husbandry, showing, by experiment, their practical utility, and peculiar adaptation to our system of rural affairs; and, by his zeal and ability, 'gave a speed to the plough,' and a generous impulse to the cause of agriculture and domestic economy—those important sources of national wealth, industry, and independence.

His umbrella, just as it was when last he had it down, never again to require its friendly shade, we have had the good fortune to preserve for a quarter of a century, and the happiness to present it to the patriarch of La Grange, in whose possession it will long be treasured, as the relique of his paternal chief, and as an appropriate memorial of the modern Cincinnatus.—Precisely at a quarter before three, the industrious farmer returned, dressed, and dined at three o'clock. At this meal he ate heartily, but was not particular in his diet, with the exception of fish, of which he was excessively fond, partook sparingly of desert, drank a home-made beverage, and from four to five glasses of Madeira wine.—When the cloth was removed, with old-fashioned courtesy he drank to the health of every person present, and then gave his toast—his only toast—*all our friends*:—than which a nobler or a kindlier sentiment, never was pledged at the board of social friendship, or 'brayed out with the trumpet's triumphs,' at the 'carousals' of a king.

While on the subject of toasts, we would ask permission to give one more. The late colonel Cropper of Accomac, was a captain in the ninth Virginia regiment of the line, which formed part of the southern division under Greene, and covered the retreat of our discomfitted army at the battle of Brandywine. On the evening of that hard-fought day, Cropper marched the remains of his company into Chester, having his handkerchief fastened to a ramrod, in place of a flag. After serving his country with fidelity and distinction,

colonel Cropper retired to his estate on the eastern shore, where he lived to an advanced age. This worthy veteran, like his general, had but one toast, which he gave every day to all companies: it was, 'God bless general Washington.' Toasts are supposed to convey the feelings and wishes of our hearts; and if ever an aspiration, warm and direct from the heart, deserved to find favour with 'Heaven's Chancery' on high, it was when with pious fervor this old soldier's prayer implored a blessing upon his revered commander.

The afternoon was usually devoted to the library. At night, his labours o'er, the venerable citizen would join his family and friends at the tea-table, and enjoy their society for several hours—took no supper, and about nine o'clock retired to bed. When without company, he frequently read to his family extracts from the new publications of the day, and on Sunday sermons and other sacred writings. He read with distinctness and precision, though with a voice, the tones of which had been considerably broken by pulmonary affection in early life, and which, when greatly excited, produced a labouring of the chest. He would frequently, when sitting with his family, appear absent; his lips would move, his hand be raised, and he would evidently seem under the influence of thoughts which had nothing to do with the quiescent scene around him. This peculiarity is readily accounted for, since it must be no very easy matter for one who so long had borne the cares of public life, at once to lay aside all thought for others, and become content with individual concerns.

In winter, when stress of weather prevented his taking his usual exercise, he was in the habit of walking for an hour in the portico, before retiring to rest. As the eastern portico of the mansion house is more than ninety feet in length, this walk would comprise several miles.

Thus, in the seldom varied routine of useful industry, temperate enjoyment, and the heartfelt gratifications of domestic felicity, sped the latter days of the father of his country; and oh! it was luxurious to behold this 'time honoured man,' the race of whose glory was run, who had seized the goal of all his wishes, obtained the reward of all his toils, in the freedom and happiness of a rising empire, resting from his mighty labours, amid the tranquil retirement of Mount Vernon.

The sedentary occupations of a president of the United States necessarily limited the opportunities for active exercise. These were principally enjoyed in occasional rides to the country, and in frequent walks to his watch-maker's, in

Second street, for the purpose of regulating his watch by the time-keeper. As he passed along often would mothers bring their children to look on the paternal chief, yet not a word was heard of president of the United States: the little innocents alone were 'taught to lisp the name of Washington.'

He was rather partial to children, their infantine playfulness appeared to please him, and many are the parents who at this day rejoice that his patriarchal hands have touched their offspring.

General Washington was always a strict and decorous observer of the Sabbath. He invariably attended divine service once a day, when within reach of a place of worship. His respect to the clergy, as a body, was shown by public entertainments to them, the same as the corps legislative and diplomatic, and among his bosom friends were the present venerable bishop of Pennsylvania, and the late excellent prelate and ardent friend of American liberty, Dr. Carrol, archbishop of Baltimore.

On Sunday, no visitors were admitted to the president's house, save the immediate relatives of the family, with only one exception; Mr. Speaker Trumbull, since governor of Connecticut, and who had been confidential secretary to the chief in the war of the Revolution, was in the habit of spending an hour with the president, on Sunday evenings. Trumbull practised the lesson of punctuality which he learned in the service of the olden time, with such accuracy, that the porter, by consulting his clock, could tell when to stand ready to open to the *speaker's bell*, as it was called in the family, from the circumstance of no hand, other than the speaker's, touching the bell on the evenings of the Sabbath.

Forty years an husband, general Washington retained an old-fashioned habit of husbands, as he always did the ease and elegance of old-fashioned manners. He wore suspended from his neck, by a gold chain and resting on his bosom, the miniature portrait of his wife, from the time of his marriage, until he ceased to live in nature. The letter which he wrote to her, upon his acceptance of the command of the armies of liberty, (which letter, dated June 18th, 1775, is published in this work from the autograph,) is a proof both of his conjugal tenderness, and diffidence in receiving so important a commission; also of the purity of his heart, and of the generous and nobly disinterested motives, which governed his life and actions.

The circumstances attending his first interview with his lady, we shall give from the relation of an aged gentleman,

now no more. The provincial colonel was proceeding to Williamsburg, when he fell in with P. Chamberlayne, Esq. one of the ancient aristocracy of Virginia, who lived in a style of great hospitality at his seat, in the county of New Kent. Chamberlayne pressed the colonel to dine with him, and stay all night, (as Virginians of those days were not in the habit of making short or ceremonious visits,) but was answered, that important business at the seat of government made a compliance, however agreeable, quite out of the question. Chamberlayne now returned to the charge, by informing his friend, that it was in his power to introduce him to a fine, young, and handsome widow who was spending some days at his house. The gallant soldier consented to stop, but it was to dine—only to dine—while his unsaddled horses ate a mouthful, and then to be off, so as to accomplish ten or fifteen miles of his journey by nightfall. Fate destined this interview to produce the long and happy union which soon followed the first meeting and mutual attachment of the parties: for the enamoured colonel, making duty, for this time only, to yield to love, permitted the sun to set and to rise again upon him, the guest of Chamberlayne, while Bishop, his old soldier and body-servant, tall as his chief, and in this one instance more punctilious, had, in obeying his orders of haste, long stood at his master's stirrup, "ready, aye ready for the field." The ensuing evening the colonel departed, 'nothing loath' to accept the kind bidding of his hospitable host to call again. The marriage took place about 1760, at the White House in the county of New Kent. The ceremony was performed by the reverend Mr. Mossom, a clergyman sent out by the bishop of London, in whose diocese the colony of Virginia then was, to the rectory of St. Peter's parish, New Kent.

Soon after his marriage, colonel Washington became settled at Mount Vernon, and was elected frequently from the county of Fairfax to the house of burgesses. During the reigns of the provincial governors, Botetourt and Eden, the courts of Williamsburg and Annapolis displayed as much of the polish of high life as was to be found in the larger cities of Europe, with far less of their corruptions and debaucheries. It was the custom for gentlemen of fortune to have their town houses during the sessions of the legislature, where they lived in great splendor and hospitality. Colonel Washington was of this number: his personal attractions, not less than his early renown in arms, made him a subject of much interest to the Europeans, who were frequently visitors to the capitals of Virginia and Maryland. Straight as an

Indian arrow, he was easily distinguished in the gay crowds which appeared at the palaces of the vice-kings, by a something in his air and manner, which bespoke no ordinary man. His lower limbs, being formed mathematically straight, he walked, as it were, on parallel lines, while his mode of placing and taking up his feet, resembled the step of precision and care, so remarkable in the aboriginal children of the forest. He might be termed rather a silent than a speaking member of the house of burgesses, although he sometimes addressed the chair, and was listened to with attention and respect, while the excellence of his judgment was put in requisition on all committees, either of important, general, or local policy.

When colonel Washington first resided at Mount Vernon, both the mansion-house and estate were inconsiderable. All the embellishments of the house and grounds are owing to his creative hand. Prior to the war of independence, he was much attached to the pleasures of the chase, and is described as a bold and fearless rider. He kept hounds for a short time after the Revolution, but declined hunting altogether about the year 1787 or 88.

He was never disposed to conviviality, but liked the cheerful converse of the social board: indulged in no game of chance, except in the olden times, when required to make up a party at whist, in playing for a trifle, although for many years, play of all kinds was unknown in his household. After his retirement from public life, all the time which he could spare from his library, was devoted to the improvement of his estates, and the elegant and tasteful arrangement of his house and grounds.—He was his own surveyor; and the disposition and appearance of his farms, gave evident proofs that the genius of useful improvement had directed its energies with beneficial, as well as ornamental effects.

As a master of slaves, General Washington was consistent, as in every other relation of his meritorious life. They were comfortably lodged, fed and clothed; required to do a full and fair share of duty; well cared for in sickness and old age, and kept in strict and proper discipline. These, we humbly conceive, comprise all the charities of slavery. To his old servants, where long and faithful services rendered them worthy of attachment and esteem, he was most kind. His huntsman and revolutionary attendant, Will Lee, commonly called BILLY, was specially provided for, and survived his master a good many years. Will had been a stout, active man, and a famous horseman, but, from accident, was a cripple for

many years before his death, which occurred at a very advanced age. This ancient follower, both in the chace and war, formed a most interesting relic of the chief, and received considerable largesses from the numerous visitors to Mount Vernon. The slaves were left to be emancipated at the death of Mrs. Washington; but it was found necessary, (for *prudential* reasons), to give them their freedom in one year after the general's decease.—Although many of them, with a view to their liberation, had been instructed in mechanic trades, yet they succeeded very badly as freemen; so true is the axiom, "that the hour which makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

---

## WASHINGTON'S VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

*Letter from John Jay to Richard Peters.*

*Bedford, 29th March, 1811.*

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 14th ult. and also the book on plaster of Paris, which you was so obliging as to send me, and for which accept my thanks.

Your letter conveyed to me the first, and only information I have received, that a copy of president Washington's Valedictory Address has been found among the papers of General Hamilton, and in *his* handwriting; and that a certain gentleman had also a copy of it, in the *same* handwriting.

This intelligence is unpleasant and unexpected. Had the Address been one of those *official* papers which, in the course of affairs, the secretary of the proper department might have prepared, and the president have signed, these facts would have been unimportant; but it was a *personal* act, of choice, not of official duty, and it was so connected with other obvious considerations as that he only could with propriety write it. In my opinion, president Washington must have been sensible of this propriety, and therefore strong evidence would be necessary to make me believe that he violated it. Whether he did or did not, is a question which naturally directs our attention to whatever affords presumptive evidence respecting it, and leads the mind into a long train of correspondent reflections. I will give you a summary of those which have occurred to me; not because I think them necessary to settle the point in question, for the sequel will show that they are not, but because the occasion invites me

to take the pleasure of reviewing and bearing testimony to the merits of my departed friend.

Is it to be presumed from these facts that general Hamilton was the *real*, and the president only the *reputed* author of that Address?—Although they countenance such a presumption, yet I think its foundation will be found too slight and shallow, to resist that strong and full stream of counter evidence which flows from the conduct and character of that great man; a character not blown up into transient splendour by the breath of adulation, but which, being composed of his great and memorable deeds, stands, and will forever stand a glorious monument of human excellence.

So prone, however, is 'poor human nature' to dislike and depreciate the superiority of its contemporaries, that when these facts come to be generally known, (and generally known they will be,) many with affected regret and hesitation will infer and hint that Washington had less greatness of talent, and less greatness of mind, than his friends and admirers ascribed to him. Nor will the number of those be few, who, from personal or party inducements, will artfully encourage and diligently endeavour to give currency to such imputations. On the other hand, there are men of candour and judgment, (and time will increase their number,) who, aiming only at truth, will cheerfully trace and follow its footsteps, and on finding, gladly embrace it. Urged by this laudable motive, they will attentively examine the history of his life; and in it they will meet with such numerous proofs of his knowledge and experience of men, and things in general, and of our national affairs in particular, as to silence all doubts of his ability to conceive and express every idea in that Address. A careful perusal of that history will convince them that the principles of policy which it recommends as rules for the conduct of others, are precisely those by which he regulated his own.

There have been in the world but two systems or schools of policy, the one founded on the great principles of wisdom and rectitude, the other on cunning, and its various artifices. To the first of these belonged Washington, and all the other worthies of every country who ascended to the temple of Honour through the temple of Virtue. The doctrines, maxims, and precepts of this school have been explained and inculcated by the ablest writers, ancient and modern. In all civilized countries they are known, though often neglected; and in free states have always been publicly commended and taught: they crossed the Atlantic with our forefathers, and

in our days particularly, have not only engaged the time and attention of students, but have been constantly and eloquently displayed by able men in our senates and assemblies.—What reason can there be to suppose that Washington did not understand those subjects? If it be asked what these subjects comprehend or relate to, the answer is this,—they relate to the nature and duties of man, to his propensities and passions, his virtues and vices, his habits and prejudices, his real and relative wants and enjoyments, his capacities for social and national happiness, and the means by which, according to time, place, and other existing circumstances, it is in a greater or less degree to be procured, preserved and increased. From a profound investigation of these subjects, enlightened by experience, result all that knowledge, and those maxims and precepts of sound policy, which enable legislators and rulers to manage and govern public affairs wisely and justly.

By what other means than the practical use of this knowledge, could Washington have been able to lead and govern an army hastily collected from various parts, and who brought with them to the field all the license and all the habits which they had indulged at home? Could he by the force of orders and proclamations, have constrained them to render to him that obedience, confidence, and warm attachment which he so soon acquired, and which, throughout all vicissitudes and distresses, continued constant and undiminished to the last? By what other means could he have been able to frustrate the designs of dark cabals, and the unceasing intrigues of envious competitors, and the arts of the opposing enemy? By what other means could he have been able in so masterly a manner to meet and manage all those perplexing embarrassments which the revolutionary substitution of a new government,—which the want of that power in congress which they had not, and of that promptitude which no deliberative body can have—which the frequent destitution and constant uncertainty of essential supplies,—which the incompetency of individuals on whom much depended, the perfidy of others, and the mismanagement of many, could not fail to engender? We know, and history will inform posterity, that from the first of his military career, he had to meet and encounter, and surmount a rapid succession of formidable difficulties, even down to the time when his country was enabled, by the success of their arms, to obtain the honourable peace which terminated the war. His high and appointed course being then finished, he disdained the intimation of lawless ambition to prolong it.—He disbanded the army under circum-

stances which required no common degree of policy or virtue; and with universal admiration and plaudits, descended, joyfully and serenely into the shades of retirement. They who ascribe all this to the guidance and protection of Providence do well, but let them recollect that Providence seldom interposes in human affairs, but through the agency of human means.

When at a subsequent and alarming period, the nation found that their affairs had gone into confusion, and that clouds portending danger and distress were rising over them in every quarter, they instituted under his auspices a more efficient government, and unanimously committed the administration of it to him. Would they have done this without the highest confidence in his political talents and wisdom? Certainly not—no novice in navigation was ever unanimously called upon to take the helm or command of a ship on the point of running aground among the breakers. This universal confidence would have proved a universal mistake, had it not been justified by the event. The unanimous opinion entertained and declared by a whole people in favour of any fellow-citizen is rarely erroneous, especially in times of alarm and calamity.

To delineate the course, and enumerate the measures which he took to arrive at success, would be to write a volume. The firmness and policy with which he overcame the obstacles placed in his way by the derangement of national affairs, by the devices of domestic demagogues and of foreign agents, as well as by the deleterious influences of the French revolution, need not be particularized. Our records, and histories, and memoirs, render it unnecessary. It is sufficient to say, and it can be said with truth; that his administration raised the nation out of confusion into order, out of degradation and distress into reputation and prosperity; it found us withering,—it left us flourishing.

Is it to be believed, that after having thus led the nation out of a bewildered state, and guided them for many years from one degree of prosperity to another, he was not qualified, on retiring, to advise them how to proceed and go on? And what but this is the object and burthen of his Valedictory Address? He was persuaded that, as the national welfare had been recovered and established, so it could only be preserved and prolonged by a continued and steady adherence to those principles of sound policy and impartial justice which invariably directed his administration.

Although the knowledge of them had been spread and

scattered among the people, here a little, and there a little, yet being desirous to mark even the last day of his public life by some act of public utility, he addressed and presented them to his fellow citizens in points of light so clear and strong, as to make a deep impression on the public mind. These last parental admonitions of this father of his country, were gratefully received and universally admired; but the experience of ages informs us, that it is less difficult to give good advice than to prevail on men to follow it.

Such, and so obvious is the force of the preceding considerations, as to render doubts of the president's ability to give the advice contained in the Address, too absurd to have any serious advocates. But it would not surprise me if certain classical gentlemen, associating the facts you mention with the style and fashion of the Address, should intimate that his ability to compass it substantially in his mind does not prove that he was also capable of communicating his advice in a paper so well written. Let these gentlemen recollect the classical maxim which they learned at school:

"Scribendi recte, sapere est, et principium, et fons."

They may also be referred to another classical maxim, which teaches us that they who well understand their subject, will be at no loss for words:

"Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur."

But his ability to write well need not be proved by the application of maxims—it is established by facts.

We are told to judge of a tree by its fruit: let us in like manner judge of his pen by its performances. Few men who had so little leisure have written so much. His *public* letters alone are voluminous, and public opinion has done justice to their merits. Many of them have been published, and they who read them will be convinced, that, at the period of the Address, he had not to learn how to write well. But it may be remarked, that the Address is more highly finished than the letters, and so it ought to be: that Address was to be presented to the whole nation, and on no common occasion; it was intended for the present and future generations; it was to be read in this country and in foreign countries; and to be criticised, not only by affectionate friends and impartial judges, but also by envious and malignant enemies. It was an Address which, according as it should or should not correspond with his exalted character and fame, would either justify or impeach the prevailing opinion of his talents or wisdom. Who, therefore, can wonder that he should

bestow more thought, and time, and pains, on that Address, than on a letter?

Although in the habit of depending ultimately on his own judgment, yet no man was more solicitous to obtain and collect light on every question and measure on which he had to decide. He knew that authors, like parents, are not among the first to discover imperfections in their offspring, and that consideration would naturally induce him to imitate the example of those ancient and modern writers, (among whom were statesmen, generals, and even men of consular and royal dignity,) who submitted their compositions to the judgments of their friends before they put the last hand to them. Those friends would make notes of whatever defects they observed in the draft, and of the correspondent amendments which they deemed proper. If they found that the arrangement would be improved, they would advise certain transpositions.—if the connexion between any of the relative parts was obscure, they would make it more apparent—if a conclusion had better be left to implication than expressed, they would strike it out, and so vice versa, if an additional remark or allusion would give force or light to a sentiment or proposition, they would propose it—where a sentence was too long they would divide it—they would correct redundancies, change words less apt, for words more apt, &c. &c. &c. To correct a composition in this way is to do a friendly office, but to prepare a new one, and offer it to the author as a substitute for his own, would deserve a different appellation.

Among those to whose judgment and candour, president Washington would commit such an interesting and delicate task, where is the man to be found, who would have the hardihood to say to him in substance, though in terms ever so nice and courtly—Sir, I have examined and considered your draft of an Address—it will not do—it is really good for nothing, but sir, I have taken the trouble to write a proper one for you, and I now make you a present of it. I advise you to adopt it, and to pass it on the world as your own, the cheat will never be discovered, for you may depend on secrecy—Sir, I have inserted in it a paragraph that will give the public a good opinion of your modesty. I will read it to you, it is in these words.”

“In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which, a *very fallible judgment* was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the *inferiority* of my qualifications, ex-

perience in my own eyes, perhaps *still more*, in the eyes of *others*, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself."

If it be possible to find a man among those whom he esteemed, capable of offering to him such a present, it is impossible to believe that president Washington was the man to whom such a present would have been acceptable. They who knew president Washington, and his various endowments, qualifications, and virtues, know that, (aggregately considered,) they formed a *tout ensemble* which has rarely been equalled, and perhaps never excelled.

Thus much for presumptive evidence. I will now turn your attention to some that is direct.

The history, (if it may be so called,) of the Address is not unknown to me; but as I came to the knowledge of it under implied confidence, I doubted, when I first received your letter, whether I ought to disclose it. On more mature reflection I became convinced, that if president Washington were now alive, and informed of the facts in question, he would not only authorize, but also desire me to reduce it to writing; that when necessary it might be used to invalidate the imputations to which those facts give colour.

This consideration terminated my doubts. I do not think that a disclosure is necessary at this moment, but I fear such a moment will arrive. Whether I shall then be alive, or in a capacity to give testimony is so uncertain, that in order to avoid the risk of either, I shall now reduce it to writing, and commit it to your care and discretion, "*De bene esse*," as the lawyers say.

Sometime before the Address appeared, colonel, (afterwards general) Hamilton, informed me that he had received a letter from president Washington, and with it the draft of a Farewell Address, which the president had prepared, and on which he requested our opinion.—He then proposed that we should fix on a day for an interview at my house on the subject.—A day was accordingly appointed, and on the day colonel Hamilton attended. He observed to me in words to this effect, that after having read and examined the draft, it appeared to him to be susceptible of improvement. That he thought the easiest and best way was to leave the draft untouched, and in its fair state; and to write the whole over with such amendments, alterations, and corrections as he thought were advisable, and that he had done so; he then proposed to read it, and we proceeded deliberately to discuss and consider it, paragraph by paragraph, until the whole met with our mutual approbation. Some amendments were made during the interview, but none of much importance.

DECEMBER, 1826.—NO. 290. 58

Although this business had not been hastily despatched, yet aware of the consequence of such a paper, I suggested the giving it a further critical examination; but he declined it; saying he was pressed for time, and was anxious to return the draft to the president without delay.

It afterwards occurred to me that a certain proposition was expressed in terms too general and unqualified; and I hinted it in a letter to the president. As the business took the course above-mentioned, a recurrence to the draft was unnecessary, and it was not read. There was this advantage in the course pursued: the president's draft remained (as delicacy required) fair and not obscured by interlineations, &c. By comparing it with the paper sent with it, he would immediately observe the particular emendations and corrections that were proposed, and would find them standing in their intended places. Hence he was enabled to review, and to decide on the whole matter, with much greater clearness and facility, than if he had received them in separate and detached notes, and with detailed references to the pages and lines where they were advised to be introduced.

With great esteem and regard, I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN JAY.

The Hon. Richard Peters, Esq.

---

For the Port Folio.

## ON THE PRINCIPLES OF TASTE.

[Continued from page 393.]

### CHAPTER II.

*Nature alone can be the object of Taste. Proofs from Reason.*

THE heart is formed to ascertain what is true, and love what is good: and as there is a natural connexion between it and its objects, it cannot exclude their impression: it expands itself immediately and puts itself in motion. A geometrical proposition, well demonstrated, necessarily commands our assent. So, in matters of taste, the heart presses us forward almost in spite of ourselves: and nothing is so easy as to admire that which was made to be admired.

This feeling, so strong and marked, proves that we are not guided by caprice or chance in our knowledge and taste. Every thing is regulated by immutable laws. Every faculty

of the heart has a legitimate end, to which it must extend itself to do its duty.

That taste which is exercised upon the arts is not factitious. It is a part of ourselves, born with us:—whose office it is to elevate us to what is good. Knowledge precedes it: it is the torch. But what avails it if we understand a thing and are indifferent to its enjoyment? Nature was too wise to separate these faculties: in giving us that of knowledge, she could not refuse that of perceiving the relation between the object known, and our own good, and to feel the influence of that sentiment. This is what is termed a natural sentiment, because it is derived from nature. But wherefore was it given to us? To judge of arts which were not created? Certainly not.\* It was to enable us to judge of the relation between natural objects and our pleasures and wants.

Human industry having then invented the fine arts on the model of nature; and these arts having for their object, fitness and pleasure, which are, in life, a second order of wants, the analogy of the arts with nature, the conformity of their end, would seem to require that natural taste should also be the judge of the arts. So it is. Its empire was acknowledged, without contradiction. The arts became new subjects, if I may so speak, who arranged themselves under its jurisdiction, without obliging it to form any new laws. Taste remains always the same: and its approbation is only afforded to the arts when they make the same impression as nature does, and the master-pieces of art are only made in this manner.

Further: as the imagination of man can create beings, after its own manner, and as these beings can be more perfect than those of simple nature, taste has established a sort of pre-eminence in the arts, and reigns over them with more power and splendour. By exalting them and bringing them to perfection, it has exalted and improved itself: and without ceasing to be natural, it is often more refined, more delicate and more perfect in the arts than nature herself.

But this perfection makes no alteration in its essential character. It is always the same, independent of any caprice. Whatever art or nature presents to it, is of no consequence, provided it enjoys it. This is its function. If it sometimes mistakes the false for the true, it is owing to ignorance or prejudice: it is for reason to enlighten it and prepare its way.

If we were to seize upon the first dawn of this natural

\* *Ars enim cum à naturâ profecta sit nisi naturam moveat ac delectet, nihil sanè egisse videatur.*—Cic. de Or. iii, 51.

taste, and afterwards endeavour to improve it, by observations, comparisons, reflections, &c. it would become an inviolable and infallible rule for judging of the arts. But as the greater number only determines under the influence of prejudices, they cannot distinguish the voice of nature in the confusion. They mistake a false taste for the true: and allow it to exercise all the functions of the legitimate guide. Yet nature is so strong, that if, by accident a true taste throws itself in opposition to the error, the lawful empire is soon restored.

This is seen from time to time: men even listen to the voice of the minority, and return from their error. Is this owing to the authority of men, or rather is it not the voice of nature which effects the change? Where the heart calls, most men are united: those who have been drawn upon this side have done no more than depict themselves. They have applauded, because each recognizes himself. Let a man who has an exquisite taste be attentive to the impression which is made upon him by a work of art, which he perceives distinctly, and which, in consequence, he pronounces: it is scarcely possible that others would not subscribe to his judgment. They would experience the same feelings, if not in the same degree, at least in the same manner: and whatever might be the strength of prejudice and false taste, they would submit, and secretly render homage to nature.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### *Proofs from the history of Taste.*

Taste in the arts has had its commencement, progress, and revolutions in the universe, and its history from one end to the other, shows us what it is and what are its resources.

There was a time when men, occupied only in the protection or sustenance of life, were only labourers or soldiers. Without laws, tranquillity or manners, their societies were nothing but conspiracies. It was not in these gloomy days of trouble that the arts shone forth. Their very character evinces that they are the children of abundance and peace.

When men became weary of vexing each other, and they had learned by sad experience, that the happiness of the human race can only be founded upon virtue and justice, they began to enjoy the protection of laws. Joy was the first emotion of the heart. They abandoned themselves to those pleasures which flow from innocence. The dance and the song were the first expression of this sentiment,—after these,

leisure, want, or accident, suggested the idea of other arts and prepared the way for their introduction.

When men became a little polished by society, and began to perceive the superiority of mental over corporeal strength, there arose, no doubt, some wonderful man, inspired by extraordinary genius, who threw his eyes over nature. He admired a magnificent order united to an infinite variety, relations so exact with means so nice, from parts to the whole, and from causes to effects. He saw that nature was simple in all her ways; without any monotony, rich in her ornaments, without affectation; regular in her plans, abundant in resources, but without any embarrassments in her progress and her laws. He beheld all this, perhaps, without having a distinct idea of the cause: but still he saw enough to direct him to a certain point, and to prepare him for further light.

From the contemplation of nature, he turned his eyes inward and studied himself. He perceived that he possessed a taste adapted to these relations, which was excited in an agreeable manner. He learned that the order, the variety, and the proportion which existed so evidently in nature, ought not only to elevate us to the knowledge of a supreme Being, but might also be regarded as a lesson of human conduct, which might be studied with advantage in our intercourse with the world.

It was then, properly speaking, that nature produced the arts. Until this period their elements, had been confounded and dispersed as in a sort of chaos. At least, their existence could only have been the subject of a distant suspicion, or kind of instinct. They commenced then to mingle something like principles with them. Some experiments were made, which were limited to rough drafts. This was much: it is not easy to find that of which we have no certain idea, even by seeking for it. Who could have believed, that the mere shadow of a body would become the picture of Apelles, or that from inarticulate accents, would arise the exquisite music which now delights our ears? The distance is immense. How many useless attempts must our ancestors have made, and how many obstacles opposed their progress? We enjoy the fruits of their labours, and instead of gratitude, we load them with contempt.

The arts, in their infancy, were like human nature. They were to be formed by the discipline of education. They sprung from barbarism: it was an imitation, it is true; but a rude imitation, and of a rude nature. All the art consisted in painting what was seen and perceived. No choice was

observed. Confusion was apparent in the design, disproportion or uniformity in the parts, extravagance, absurdity or grossness in the ornaments. It was the materials rather than the edifice. Yet they imitated.

The Greeks, endowed with a happy genius, seized upon the prominent traits in the beautiful parts of nature: and they saw clearly that it was not sufficient to imitate things, but that it was necessary to select them. Until then the works of art had only been remarkable for the largeness of the mass, or the greatness of the enterprize. Such were the labours of the Titans. But the more enlightened Greeks perceived that it was better to strike the mind, than astonish or dazzle the eyes. They thought that unity, variety, proportion, were the foundation of all the arts: and under this idea so beautiful, so just, so conformable to the laws of taste and sentiment, we beheld their canvass assume the colours and relief of nature, and their ivory and marble become animated under the chisel. Music, painting, eloquence and architecture immediately achieved miracles. As if the idea of perfection, common to all the arts, had fixed itself in this delightful age, we had, almost at the same time, master-pieces of all kinds, which have since served as the models of every polished nation. This was the first triumph of the arts.

Rome became the scholar of Athens. She studied all the wonderful productions of Greece. She imitated them: and was, in a short time, as much admired for the elegance of her taste, as she was feared for the prowess of her arms. All the world applauded her: and this approbation convinced the Greeks, whom they had imitated, that they were excellent models, and that their rules were drawn from nature.

Revolutions took place. Europe was overrun by barbarians, and the arts and sciences disappeared in the gloom of the times. Nothing was left but a feeble spark, which occasionally emitted a light, to show that it only waited for a convenient season, to burst forth again with splendour. This soon occurred. Driven from Constantinople, the arts sought shelter in Italy, where the manes of Horace, and Cicero, and Virgil were invoked. They resorted in crowds to the tombs which had served as an asylum for sculpture and painting. Antiquity reappeared with all the graces and freshness of youth. She attracted all hearts, because they recognized nature. They perused the ancients, and found rules established, principles demonstrated, examples manifested. Antiquity was to them, what nature had been to the ancients. Then flourished Italian and French artists, who had not ceased to labour, though in ob-

•

scurity, and who polished their works by these great models. They retrenched what was superfluous, and restored what was deficient: they designed and disposed their colours with art. Taste re-established itself by degrees: new degrees of perfection were every day discovered, for it is easy to be new without ceasing to be natural. Public admiration soon multiplied talents: emulation animated them, and splendid productions were beheld in all parts of Italy and France. In fine, taste is extended to the point to which these nations can carry it. Must we say, therefore, that it has the faculty of descending or returning to the point where it commenced?

If this be so, they must take a different road: the arts form and perfect themselves by approaching nature: they corrupt and depreciate themselves by endeavouring to surpass her. For a certain time their productions having manifested the same degree of correctness and perfection, and a taste for better things being blunted by habit, a new art must be resorted to for the purpose of awakening them. They distort nature, and polish her to a degree of false refinement. We are worried with perplexities, mystery, point—in a word, with affectation, which is the opposite extreme to grossness,—but an extreme from which it is much more difficult to return than grossness itself, because artists admire even their own faults.

It is in this manner that taste and the fine arts perish, by wandering from nature.

The decline has always commenced with those who are called daring spirits. They have been more pernicious to the arts than the Goths.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*The sole object of the laws of Taste is the imitation of the beautiful of nature.*

From what has been said it appears that taste, like genius, is a natural faculty, whose only legitimate object can be nature herself, or those things which bear a resemblance to nature. We will now inquire what are the laws of taste.

##### *First. General law of Taste.*

*To imitate the beautiful of Nature. In what this consists.*

Taste is the voice of self-love. Made only for enjoyment, it is greedy of every thing which can produce it. Now as there is nothing flatters us more than that which approaches

our own perfection, or which we can hope to attain, it follows that we are most satisfied, when we are presented with objects of a certain degree of perfection, which add to our ideas and appear to promise impressions of a new character or degree.

This is the cause of the charm which the fine arts possess. How great is the difference between the emotion excited by an ordinary story, and the ecstasy produced by poetry, when it transports us into enchanted regions, where we find all the reveries of imagination realized! History keeps us languishing in a species of slavery, whilst in poetry the heart rejoices in its own elevation and liberty.

From this it seems that it is not only the beautiful of nature which taste demands; but that the beautiful of nature, is, according to taste, first, the nearest in connexion with our own perfection, our advantage, our interest; second, that which at the same time is most perfect in itself. I adopt this order because it is taste which conducts us in this matter. *Id generatim pulchrum est, quod tum ipsius naturæ, tum nostræ convenit. Auctor dissert. de verâ et falsâ pulchritudine. Delect. epigr.*

Suppose there were no rules in existence: and that a philosophical artist were called upon to form a system. His first object would be to obtain a clear idea of the duty assigned to him. This is to be found in the definition of the arts, which we formerly gave: *the arts are an imitation of the beautiful of nature.* He asks then what is the object of this imitation. To please, delight, affect, he will find to be the answer. He knows where he started, and how he proceeds: and therefore it is easy for him to regulate his march. He is a long time an observer, before he attempts to lay down any rules. On the one hand he contemplates all that is to be found in nature, whether physical or moral: the movements of the body, and those of the soul, their kinds, degrees, and variations, according to the circumstances of age, condition, or situation. On the other hand, he must be attentive to the impression of these objects upon himself. He observes what gives him pleasure or pain, and the degrees of emotion, and the manner in which the agreeable or disagreeable sensation is produced in him.

He beholds in nature some beings animated and others not so: in the former class, some which reason, and others which do not possess that faculty. Among those that reason, he observes certain operations which indicate more capacity, more extent of views, order and skill.

Upon examining his own mind, he perceives first, that the

nearer the objects approach him, the more he is affected: the more distant they are, the more indifferent he feels. He remarks that the fall of a young tree affects him more than that of a rock: the death of an animal, which appears to be tender and faithful, more than the uprooting of a tree: thus proceeding step by step, he learns that he is interested according to the proximity of the object.

From this first observation our legislator concludes, that the first quality to be possessed by those objects which the arts present, is that they should be interesting: that is, that they should have an intimate analogy with ourselves. Self-love is the moving spring of all our actions. Therefore nothing can be more impressive, than delineations of human passions and actions, because they are like mirrors, reflecting ourselves.

In the second place, he observes that that which exercises and moves his heart, which extends the sphere of his ideas and sentiments, possesses particular attraction. Thence he concludes that it is not sufficient for the objects of the arts to be interesting, but that they should possess all the perfection of which they are susceptible; the more so, because this very perfection includes qualities entirely conformable to the nature of the heart, and its wants.

The heart is composed of force and feebleness. It desires to elevate itself, and it wishes to do this with ease. It requires exercise, but not too much. This is the double advantage which it draws from the perfection of those objects which the arts present to it.

---

## THE TRUE FAITH.

*The following extract from "Nathan the Wise," a dramatic poem by Lessing, was translated for the New York American.*

SCENE 5.—*Sultan Saladin, and Nathan.*

Saladin. I have sent for you: come near infidel, and approach me without fear.

Nathan. I have no fear: I leave that to your enemies.

S. Your name is Nathan?

N. It is so.

S. Nathan the wise?

N. No.

S. Does not the populace call you so?

N. May be so.

DECEMBER, 1826.—NO. 290 59

S. Do you suppose that I despise the voice of the people? I have long been desirous of knowing the man, who, by general consent, is called the wise.

N. Suppose the people had given me that name by way of ridicule? Suppose again the populace were to call the cunning man, who understands his own interest, wise?

S. His true interest, you mean, I presume.

N. In that case, indeed, selfishness would be true wisdom:

S. You seem to prove what you attempt to contradict. You seem to know the advantages of which the great mass of people are ignorant; you have reflected; you have searched after wisdom and truth; that alone entitles you in some measure to the appellation.

N. Every body thinks himself entitled to that.

S. Enough of modesty, it sickens me; I want to hear plain sense—(rises suddenly.) To the point—but you shall be sincere, infidel—you shall be candid.

N. Sultan, I shall endeavour to serve you, so as to merit your custom hereafter.

S. Serving! custom! What does the man mean?

N. You shall have the best of every thing, and at the lowest price.

S. Of what do you speak? Am I a trader?

N. Perhaps you wish to know what I have seen on my travels—of your enemies, who are again arming against you?

S. I need not send for you to learn that,—my information is ample.

N. What then is your command, sultan?

S. I want to be instructed! and since you are called wise, I shall put you to the test. You have reflected, no doubt, maturely, so tell me which faith is best?

N. Sultan! I am a Jew.

S. And I a Mussulman. The Christian stands between us. I ask you again, which faith is the true one. A man like you, remains not where chance has dropped him. Let me hear the result of your reflections, and your reasons for it. I will think of it; for, hitherto, my time has been taken up with other matters. You stare—you measure me with your eyes—it is very possible that I am the first sultan, who took such a whim in his head. Perhaps you are unprepared for such an answer—I will leave you, to give you time to collect your thoughts; on my return, I expect your answer. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 6.—*Nathan, alone.*

Ha! strange—how do I feel? I am prepared to be called on

for money, instead of which, I am asked for truth—naked truth. But, stop! is not this, perchance, a trap? What truth does he want to hear from me, according to my or his way of thinking?—What! Saladin condescend to lay a snare for me!—the suspicion is almost too base. Yet, what means are considered too base by great men? I must be cautious. If I adhere exclusively to my faith, that will not do—if I deny my faith, he will say, why not turn Mussulman at once? A thought strikes me.—A story will also do for grown-up children.

*SCENE 7—Enter Saladin.*

Saladin. Have you concluded your deliberations? if so, speak, we are alone, without being overheard by any living soul.

Nathan. Might all the world hear it!

S. Are you so confident Nathan? you must be wise indeed, if you venture to speak truth before all the world, at the risk of life, liberty, and property.

N. If it must be so—yes!—but, sultan, may I be permitted, as a preliminary, to relate a little story?

S. Why not? I was always fond of hearing stories, particularly, if well told.

N. I have no such pretensions.

S. Go on, without this show of modesty.

N. In times of old, there lived in the east a man who possessed a ring of inestimable value. Its stone was an opal, which constantly changed an hundred beautiful colours, and, moreover, possessed a secret charm, that, whoever wore it, was agreeable before God and man. No wonder, then, that the man of the east, never trusted this ring out of his sight, and constantly wore it on his finger. He also made such an arrangement that the ring should forever remain in his family. At his death, he left the ring to that son to whom he felt himself most attached, and stipulated, that he in his turn should leave it again, to such one of his sons whom he loved most; and so on in succession: and the possessor, without regard whether first or last born, should be considered the head of the family. Do you understand me, sultan?

S. I understand you—go on.

N. After a while, a man fell heir to this ring, who had three sons, all three equally obedient to him—all equally deserving his love. He wavered long to whom he should give the preference. Whoever of the three happened to be near him, appeared for the time the most deserving; and so he went on in succession, sometimes intending the ring for one,

sometimes for another. However, his end approached, without his being one step nearer to a decision; and as he had alternately promised to each the ring, he became quite embarrassed how to act; for it gave him much pain to think, that he must necessarily disappoint two of his sons. What should he do?

He sent in secret to an artist, and without regard to the expense, bespoke two rings which should resemble the first in every respect.\*The artist succeeded so completely, that even the father could not distinguish the genuine ring. Happy in his success, the father calls to him in succession, his three sons—to each he gives his blessing and a ring—and dies.—Did you hear me, sultan?

S. I hear you, but finish your story.

N. My story is finished already, for what follows is only the natural consequence. After the father's death, each son shows his ring, and claims to be the head of the family; but who could decide? [After a pause] Who shall decide which is the true faith?

S. Is that your answer to my question?

N. It is only my excuse, that I do not venture to decide.

S. No play upon words—I should suppose that a ring and religion are not the same thing; the latter might easily be distinguished.

N. All religions are founded upon history or tradition which must be taken on good faith. Whom can I trust most? my own kinsmen, those who from my infancy have given me the strongest proof of love and attachment, who have never deceived me? or strangers? Why should I trust my forefathers less than yours: or otherwise how could I suppose that you would believe mine in preference to your own.—The same may be said of the Christians.

S. You silence me.

N. But to return once more to the ring. The three sons appeared before a judge—each declared upon oath that he received the ring from his father's hand, and each asserted, that he would rather suspect his brothers of fraud, than suppose for a moment that his father had deceived him.

S. How decided the judge?

N. The judge replied: do you suppose that I possess the talent of guessing which of you is right, or can I call your father from the dead, to be witness for or against you? But stop! did you not say the genuine ring possessed a charm of rendering the possessor agreeable to God and man? Let then the effect decide without me.

S. Excellent! Excellent.

*The Literary Souvenir; or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance, for 1827.* Edited by Alaric A. Watts, Esq. 12mo. pp. 402. 12s. London. Longman and Co., and J. Andrews.

THOUGH Mr. Watts cannot claim the merit of originating that class of annual publications, to which 'The Literary Souvenir' belongs; yet we think that it is to his superior acquirements and taste, we are mainly indebted for the degree of perfection, to which those elegant productions have recently attained. In the two volumes which he has already published, his own poetic powers and those of his numerous and distinguished auxiliaries have appeared to much advantage, joined as it were hand in hand with the sister arts of the pencil and the graver. If the volume now before us be not illumined by quite so many literary gems as its predecessors, it greatly excels them, and indeed all other works of the kind that have yet appeared in this or any other country, in the beauty of its plates. In this respect it is in truth a curiosity. Indeed, unless a great number of impressions had been disposed of, (we understand that it already exceeds seven thousand,) we know not how the price affixed to the small paper copy could afford an adequate compensation for the expenditure which must have been incurred for the engravings alone; all of which, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, are executed in the very best style. Any one of these plates, it is no exaggeration to say, is well worth the sum demanded for the volume, particularly of those on India paper, which are to be found in the large paper edition.

The 'Girl in a Florentine Costume,' of the year 1500, is from an original painting by Henry Howard; a portrait, we believe, of his own daughter. This plate forms the frontispiece, and, with the exception of the nose, which is larger in proportion than that in the painting, it is admirably engraved by Charles Heath. Tastes will differ about the band, which is tied low on the forehead. We own we do not like it, though jewelled, and, for aught we know, in strict costume. It interferes with the fine oval sweep of the countenance, and reminds one unnecessarily of the artifices which modern fashion has applied in order to press to the head clusters of ringlets that are not its own. The drapery is exquisite. But capital as this plate undoubtedly is, it is more than rivalled by 'the last portrait painted of lord Byron.' It must at once strike every one as extremely unlike any of the engraved heads, which have been hitherto published of that distinguished person. But it should be remembered, that

this is the *last* resemblance taken of him, and that those were made from paintings, which, if they told any truth at all, must have referred to a much earlier period of his life. Most of us may have observed the great alterations, which time is capable of producing in the human countenance; and when to that are added the effects of high intellectual exertion, of a wounded spirit, and of travel in distant climates, we should in fact expect a very considerable difference between the latest portrait of lord Byron, and those of him which we had seen before. Indeed, whether this reasoning be admitted, or not, no doubt can be felt concerning the truth of the likeness in the present instance. It was painted by Mr. W. E. West, an American artist, in August 1822; and in addition to the testimony of Mr. J. C. Hobhouse, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, it appears from a letter inserted in the preface, addressed by lord Byron to Mr. West, that his lordship must have been perfectly satisfied with the picture, since he took steps in order to get it engraved by Morghen, at his own expense. This design was abandoned, as that artist would not undertake to finish it in less than three years. It comes before us from the graver of F. Engleheart, and we believe it will be admitted on all hands, that he has done both the subject and the painter justice. The aspect of the countenance is mild and melancholy; a flood of intellect is gathered behind the eye, and were it not for a marked curve of the upper lip, we should look on the face in vain for an expression of that hatred, which the poet had boasted of entertaining towards his fellow men.

Another very interesting and valuable plate in this volume represents the well-known subject of Alexander and Diogenes. It is a miracle in the art of engraving, for it comprises within a duodecimo compass every particle of the original splendid drawing by J. Martin. The cynic is seen sitting near a tent, unaffected by the presence of the proud Macedonian and his glittering banners and suite, and in return for all his proffered imperial favours, giving him that satirical reply, —“ Do not keep the sun from me.” Corinth, with its acropolis, appears in all the grandeur of Grecian architecture in the back ground. An aqueduct is nearer in the scene, and through its lofty arches shoot those sunbeams, which the philosopher preferred to the favour of a court. A fountain and a rich dense grove of trees form the shade of the picture. We are not aware of Mr. Martin’s authority for the tent. It is well known that Diogenes lived in a tub, and though such an object might be beneath the dignity of this truly epic compo-

sition, yet it is essential to the character of the story. But for this, Mr. Edward Finden is not responsible.

We have tried to persuade ourselves that 'The Spanish Lady,' by J. H. Robinson, from an original picture by G. S. Newton, looks of the south. The drapery is beautiful, though not peculiarly Spanish, and the guitar would fain speak to us of Seville or Grenada. But the countenance belongs to no province of the Peninsula. It is sharp, and almost acid. Wondrous indeed were the power of music, if it could subdue the domestic eloquence which lurks between her lips. One would apprehend that wherever she ruled, there would be no alternative between a fiery lecture and an excruciating song—either enough in all conscience for the penance of a whole life. But we gladly leave her in "her airs," as we are in quest of a fair Bernese, of whom we caught a glance towards the end of the volume. Here she is, a thing of smiles, innocence, affection, and true Swiss beauty, apparelled in her native costume. She almost lives. A tiny, new-fledged bird is perched on her lifted hand, just learning to fly; and her head dress, which is not unlike a pair of gossamer wings, aided by her slender form and buoyant attitude, makes one think that she is herself about to fly after it. Here Edward Finden shines again. He has really bestowed on this Rosalie a world of charms. There are five or six other engravings in this work, which though inferior to those we have mentioned, are possessed of great merit; particularly 'The Contadina,' and 'Auld Robin Grey.'

The literary matter of the present volume is much more various than that of its immediate predecessor, though we must observe that it contains nothing equal to the "Lovers' Quarrel," or "The Death of the First-Born." The remembrance of the latter, which we look upon as one of the most exquisite poems in our language, compels us to regret that Mr. Watts has contributed so few of his own effusions to the publication now before us. There is a tenderness of expression, and a musical sound in his verse, which remind us of Hammond. His judgment has led him to disdain, at least in his own writings, the loose and capricious metre of the modern school of poetry. We never read one of his stanzas without feeling that he draws his inspiration from the heart, and his style from the best models of our language. We have therefore suffered some disappointment in finding so many of his pages thrown away upon the compositions of writers, some of whose names indeed stand high in our literature, but all of whose contributions Mr. Watts must have rejected,

had they depended only on their intrinsic merit for his approbation. Indeed, the custom of affixing real signatures to writings intended for works of this description—a custom so inconsistent with the practice of our best periodical works—has become a public nuisance. The weak ambition of having their names blazoned in a handsome volume, which is likely to be seen and read by every young lady in the country, has not only reached the matured and acknowledged bards, but has moreover generated a dandy race of poetasters, who leave no means of solicitation untried, in order to get their gilt gingerbread sonnets placed side by side with those of Southey or Campbell. And the latter, as if to augment the evil, whenever they condescend to write for a compilation of this kind, appear really to exert all their industry in reducing their offerings to the lowest degree of insipidity. We might instance, in proof of this observation, ‘The Soldier’s Epitaph,’ and ‘The Lines on Greece,’ in the volume before us. The former is by the “celebrated” author of Roderick.

—‘The standard of the Buffs  
I bore at Albuhera, on that day  
When, covered by a shower, and fatally  
For friends misdeemed, the Polish lancers fell  
Upon our rear.’

\* \* \* \* \*

My name is Thomas: undisgraced have I  
Transmitted it. He who in days to come  
May bear the honoured banner to the field  
Will think of Albuhera, and of me.—pp. 89, 90.

We ask Mr. Watts, would he have inserted this trash in his *Souvenir*, if it had reached him anonymously, unless it was intended to be a *Souvenir* of Mr. Southey’s puerilities?

Who would have believed, if he had not the best evidence of the fact, that the following stanza was written by Campbell,—on Greece too, a theme which should have called forth all the lightning of his genius.

‘The Christian world has seen you, Greeks,  
Heroic on your ramparts fall;  
The world has heard your widows’ shrieks,  
And seen your orphans dragged in thrall.’—p. 107.

Mr. Watts should issue his proclamation, stating that in future he would permit no signatures to the compositions of which his work may consist. He will then be, to a great degree, unfettered in his discretion; and besides getting rid of a whole host of “Reverends,” and “Misses,” and “Mis-

ters," and "Esquires," who were never intended by nature for literary pursuits, and who dangle after them only for a drawing-room name, he will teach the magnates of Parnassus, that celebrity, in order to be preserved, must still be suitably courted.

There may be some merit in Washington Irving's sketch of 'The contented Man,' who, by the way, is after all a very *discontented* man; but we own that we do not admire it. It has none of the early raciness of his style. As a picture of the vicissitudes to which Frenchmen were exposed by the events of the Revolution and Restoration, by confiscations, exile, and indemnities, it may be correct enough; but it is a cold and cheerless picture, exhibiting in no part of it the touch of a master. 'The Breeze from Shore,' by Mrs. Hemans, is too mystic for our comprehension. 'The Lass of Glenslan-mill,' is rather a favourable specimen of Allan Cunningham's muse. We omit the second stanza, as the sentiment of the sixth line, however innocent in itself, is indelicately expressed.

'The laverock loves the dewy light;  
The bee the balmy foxglove fair;  
The shepherd loves the glowing morn  
When song and sunshine fill the air:  
But I love best the summer moon,  
With all her stars pure streaming still,  
For then in light and love I meet  
The sweet lass of Glenslan-mill.

Mute was the wind, soft fell the dew,  
O'er Blackwood-brow bright glowed the moon,  
Rills murmured music, and the stars  
Refused to set our heads aboon:  
Ye might have heard our beating hearts,  
Our mixing breaths, all was so still,  
Till morning's light shone on her locks—  
Farewell lass of Glenslan-mill.

Wert thou an idol all of gold,  
Had I the eye of worldish care;  
I could not think thee half so sweet,  
Look on thee so, or love thee mair.  
Till death's cold dew-drop dim mine eye,  
This tongue be mute, this heart lie still,  
Thine every wish of joy and love  
My lass of green Glenslan-mill!—pp. 13, 14.

Of the story of 'The Two Fathers,' by the author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," we never could for a moment doubt the authenticity. Any one who has ever  
DECEMBER, 1826.—NO. 290. 60

read a single page from the pen of this writer, would be able to discern his style, even in an Encyclopedia. He does not "die," but he seems to be always sick "of the rose," and languishing in "aromatic pain." Common phrases will not suit his purpose; if his sentence be not elaborate, circuitous, and splendid, he fears that it will not be read. He has a perpetual ambition to shine: he revels in all the luxuries of our language, but never dreams that there is the slightest charm in simplicity. He sports his holiday dress *every* day. He is one of the greatest coxcombs we know of in literature. This story of 'The Two Fathers,' is one of the most specious absurdities which he has yet attempted to impose on the world. His idea was to contrast a father resigned to the will of Providence, with one murmuring against it. Each had lost a favourite child: the following is meant, we presume, as a *natural* picture of the death of one of the children:—

'Hurried feet were heard descending the stair, and the sound died away at distance in the outer night. The old nurse ventured into the room, and lo! with one arm below the head of the corpee, and the other across its breast, lay *the mother in a profound sleep!* Both faces were alike pale, and the same angelic smile was on both,—but no one else was present; and it was plain that the father had sought, in his distraction, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or glens, now shone over by the midnight moon and stars.'—p. 21.

The mother in a profound sleep by her daughter who had just expired! Whence does this author derive his ideas? From no source, surely, which we know of in this nature of ours, for he continually stems against the current of our common feelings. His next effort is to represent the discontented father as soothed and reformed by him of the happier character. But such a result as this could not be described in any moderate style. Let us hear his refined jargon.

'There was a long silence, during which the heavens became more serene, each large lustrous star seeming nearer to the earth, *and the solitary church-yard to be received into the very bosom of the sky.* The soul of the bereaved father felt its immortality; and *the dreadful darkness rolled off from the decrees of Providence.* The mystery of the dream of life grew more supportable; and he thought he heard the voice of an angel singing a hymn.'—p. 24.

If Mr. Watts understands what is really meant by 'the solitary church-yard being received into the bosom of the sky,' tombstones, earth, charnel-house church and all, we must acknowledge his capacity of conception to be infinitely beyond our own. It really is too fine for our plain faculties; to the "Children of the Mist," it may be intelligible, though

we should imagine that they would stand in need of all their powers of "second sight," in order to discern all the fine fantasies of this artist in "lights and shadows." A little poem, called 'A Retrospective Review,' from the pen of Mr. Hood, follows this rhodomontade, and fully expiates its silliness. It reminds us of the delicate humour of some of Goldsmith's ballads.

'Oh when I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blith and kind!  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from mine eye,  
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing;—  
But now those past delights I drop,  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
With Theseus for a taw!  
My playful horse has slipt his string,  
Forgotten all his capering,  
And harnessed to the law!

My kite,—how fast and far it flew!  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
My pleasure from the sky!  
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,  
The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams  
Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all and dead,  
My dumps are made of more than lead;  
My flights soon find a fall:  
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,  
Joy never cometh with a hoop,  
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;—  
I am a shuttlecock myself  
The world knocks to and fro,—  
My archery is all unlearned,  
And grief against myself has turned  
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;  
My authorship's an endless task,  
My head's ne'er out of school.—  
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,  
I have too many foes to fight,  
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake  
 Holds out so cold a hand to shake  
 It makes me shrink and sigh,—  
 On this I will not dwell and hang,  
 The changeling would not feel a pang  
 Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene  
 As then;—no leaves look half so green  
 As clothed the play-ground tree!  
 All things I loved are altered so,  
 Nor does it ease my heart to know  
 That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,—  
 The trowsers made of corduroy,  
 Well inked with black and red;—  
 The crownless hat,—ne'er deemed an ill,—  
 It only let the sunshine still  
 Repose upon my head!

Oh for the ribbon round the neck!  
 The careless dog's-ears apt to deck  
 My book and collar both!  
 How can this formal man be styled  
 Merely an Alexandrine child,  
 A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!  
 And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue  
 That washed my sweet meals down;  
 The master even!—and that small Turk  
 That fagged me!—worse is now my work—  
 A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learned by heart!  
 Ay, though the very birch's smart  
 Should mark those hours again;  
 I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned  
 Beneath the stroke,—and even find  
 Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!  
 The Fairy Tales in school-time read,  
 By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!—  
 The angel form that always walked  
 In all my dreams, and looked and talked  
 Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come!  
 The prize of merit won for home,—  
 Merit had prizes then!  
 But now I write for days and days,—  
 For fame—a deal of empty praise  
 Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach!—  
 The joyous shout,—the loud approach,—

The winding horns like rams!  
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,—  
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,  
No "satis" to the "jams!"

When that I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blith and kind,—  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind!—pp. 28—32.

The lines written beneath the portrait of lord Byron, by Miss Landon, are worthy neither of the subject nor the poet. What does she mean by

'An altar into which *was* given,  
The flowers of earth, the light of heaven.'—pp. 33

Even if the grammatical construction were amended, we do not see how flowers could be given "*into*," an altar. 'Light' might shine *upon* an altar, but why 'given into' it? One of the stanzas, however, is unexceptionable.

'At the first glance that eye is proud,  
But, if I read aright,  
A fountain of sweet tears lies hid  
Beneath its flashing light:  
Tenderness, like a gushing rill  
Subdued, repress, but flowing still.'—p. 33.

Miss Benger's sketch of Elizabeth Woodville possesses a good deal of merit. It is by turns lively and pathetic, and displays a perfect acquaintance with the history of the age (the fifteenth century) in which her scene is laid. We should certainly have made room for some part of it, had we not been pledged by a prior engagement to 'The Gray Hair.' The stanzas are written by Mr. Watts.

'Come, let me pluck that silver hair  
Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see:  
The withering type of Time or Care  
Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee!

Years have not yet impaired the grace  
That charmed me once, that chains me now:  
And Envy's self, love, cannot trace  
One wrinkle on thy placid brow!

Thy features have not lost the bloom  
That brightened them when first we met:  
No:—rays of softest light illumine  
Thy unambitious beauty yet!

And if the passing clouds of Care  
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,  
They have but left, triumphant, there  
A holier charm—more witching grace!

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,  
And sounds more sadly than of yore,  
It hath a sweetness, all its own,  
Methinks I never marked before!

Thus, young and fair, and happy too—  
If bliss indeed may here be won—  
In spite of all that Care can do;  
In spite of all that Time hath done;

Is yon white hair a boon of love,  
To thee in mildest mercy given?  
A sign, a token from above,  
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

To speak to thee of life's decay;  
Of beauty hastening to the tomb;  
Of hopes that cannot fade away;  
Of joys that never lose their bloom?

Or springs the line of timeless snow  
With those dark, glossy locks entwined,  
'Mid Youth's and Beauty's morning glow,  
To emblem thy maturer mind!—

It does—it does;—then let it stay:  
Even wisdom's self were welcome now;  
Who'd wish her soberer tints away,  
When thus they beam from Beauty's brow?"—pp. 62-64.

'The line of timeless snow,' appears to us to be an exceedingly felicitous phrase. The feeling conveyed through the whole of this beautiful little poem, springs manifestly from no fictitious source. It is more the effusion of the man than of the poet. We may add, as a fit companion to these lines, 'The Better Land,' by Mrs. Hemans.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy band;  
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?  
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?—  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-boughs?"  
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"  
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

—It is there, it is there, my child!" —pp. 65, 66.

We have seldom read a more fantastical piece of prose than that entitled 'The Lazzaroni.' The author tells us a long story about his being at Palermo, and about his being bewitched by a glance of a fair sybil into the house of a lazar, where, stretched upon a bed, he beheld a poor wretch covered with the leprosy. Instead of running off from such a place, as any man in his senses would have done, our knight errant remains in this miserable cabin hour after hour, for no earthly purpose but to see the invalid die, and then he is obliged to take an antidote against the disease. We wish he had bestowed some of the said antidote upon his readers, for in truth his paper is sufficient to give one the horrors, it is so full of beetles, scorpions, and lizards.

Miss Mitford (one of our declared favourites) has contributed several papers in prose and verse to the present volume. Her 'Acted Charade' is not, however, to our liking, and her poetry is seldom felicitous. But there is one sketch from her pen quite in her peculiar way. It is called 'The Queen of the Meadow,' and is a thorough country story.

'In a winding unfrequented road in the south of England, close to a low, two-arched bridge thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling and the picturesque buildings of Hatherford mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering pyracantha, and the clear brook, which, after dashing and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river, whilst pent up in the mill stream, was no sooner let loose than it subsided into its natural and peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in. Many a passenger has stayed his steps to admire the old buildings of Hatherford mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when the accompanying figures, the jolly miller sitting before the door, pipe in mouth, and jug in hand, like one of Tenier's boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulder,

carefully descending the out-of-door steps, and the miller's daughter sitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

'The scenery on the other side of the road was equally attractive in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower-borders, and its close filterbed walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry-beds sloping into the very stream; so that the cows which, in sultry weather came down by twos and by threes from the opposite meadows to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

'In my mind *that* was the pleasanter scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten of the passers by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

'Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would be sure limit the commendation, by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence; and no sooner did she appear than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and above all the unrivalled brilliancy of colouring, that made Katy's face, with all its faults, so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake, on "the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair of the very hue of the glossy rind of the horsechestnut, turning when the sun shone on them into threads of gold. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round short, and childlike. Add to this, "a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.' pp. 177—179.

Katy, however was kept so close at home by her father, (her mother had been long dead,) that she reached eighteen without a lover. Offers she had indeed, but they were peremptorily rejected. At length an intelligent young farmer, named Edward Grey, made his appearance in the neighborhood, and "located" himself in a spot of ground, which he cultivated after the most improved plan. He found out Kitty, and Miss Mitford paints in her happiest style the coy and modest reception which the lass of Hatherford mill gave the young stranger. 'First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had past would prattle to Edward Grey as freely and fearlessly as to her own father.' Soon after matters had been thus far matured, a cousin of Katy's, Sophy Maynard, came down to the mill on a visit. Between Sophy and Edward an incomprehensible sort of secret soon grew up. In short, the young man made her the confidante of his affection for her cousin.

‘ Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy’s stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world. A pleasant walk it was through these newly mown meadows just cleared of the hay, with the bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful, now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered with little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine and the briar rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom; now a smooth turfy slope, green to the eye and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willowherb, the blue forget-me-not, and a “ thousand fresh water flowers of several colours,” making the bank as gay as a garden. It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged robin, the wild rose, the crane’s bill, and the fox glove, or to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to “ read a lecture of her country art,” and show, “ what every flower as country people hold did signify”—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward’s offered arm, had loitered a little behind gathering long wreaths of the woodbine and the briony and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers; quoting the well-known lines from the Winter’s Tale, and the almost equally charming passage from Philaster.

‘ At last Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves into a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, “ I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy’s country art, but it is my favourite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. “ And it shall be so,” added he, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumining his whole countenance. “ The botanical name signifies the queen of the meadow, and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand shall go also. Oh that the offering might find favour with my fair queen!”—Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank afforded a commodious seat, and there she sate her down, trembling, cold, and wretched, understanding for the first time her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

‘ There she sate, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making “ rings of rushes that grew thereby,” and Edward’s dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream as if trying to catch one, came to her and laid his rough head and his long brown curling ears in her lap, and looked at her with “ eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech,” eyes full of pity and of love; for Ranger in common with all the four-footed world loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face and licked her cold hand. Oh kinder, and faithful-

ler than your master! thought poor Katy, as with a fresh gush of tears she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sate in that position as it seemed to her for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water lilies.

'At last they approached, and she arose hastily and tremblingly and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet. "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water under those hazels—Come!" He put her hand under his arm and led her thither, and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical queen of the meadow, waving like a plume over her own straw bonnet: felt herself caught in Edward's arms, for between surprise and joy she had well nigh fallen; and when with instinctive modesty she escaped from his embrace and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper—"I knew it all the time, Katy! Every body knew it but you, and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be bride's-maid."—And the very next week they were married.'—pp. 185—188.

'The Peasant of Portugal,' an episode of the peninsular war, is a highly dramatic and affecting sketch. It depicts, in the most glowing colours, the rage by which the people of that country were animated against the French. The catastrophe is terrific. Juan Taxillo is the name of the hero. He is represented as having just clasped to his bosom his beautiful and newly-made bride, Marguerita, at the time Soult and Junot entered Portugal. The village where he lived was suddenly invested by a regiment of French cuirassiers; Marguerita was forced to become the victim of their licentiousness, and died from the intensity of her sufferings and shame. Juan vowed revenge against the whole regiment. He skulked at night about their quarters, and his unseen hand sent several of them to their account in another world. He contrived to seduce the remainder to a cave in the mountains, where he led them to expect they would find their secret enemy; and when they were all secured within the range of his powder train, he applied the match and perished with his foes. We know not how much of truth there is in the story, but it has probably some foundation in fact. It is related in a masterly style.

The author of the "Lovers' Quarrel," which we have already mentioned in terms of deserved praise, has attempted to illustrate the story of Rosalie in a paper, to which he has given the incomprehensible title of 'Parthian Darts.' It savours, in some degree, of his agreeable humour, but it borders too closely on caricature, and is, in fact, little short of a failure.

A Mr. Malcolm has contributed several poetical pieces to

this volume, which may be justly enumerated among its ornaments. We shall give one of them, 'The Return,' written on re-visiting Edinburgh.

'From wandering on a foreign shore,  
Fair city, in the evening skies,  
As on my raptured gaze once more  
Thy long lost scenes arise,—  
A thousand sweet emotions start,—  
My frame a gush of feeling thrills,  
And strays in distant dreams my heart  
With years beyond the hills.

Again amid thy scenes I rove—  
Those scenes that sweetly can restore  
The day dreams of my youth and love  
In all the charms they wore;  
But on each well remembered face,  
As through thy varied crowd I range,  
I sigh to mark the dreary trace  
Of ruthless time and change:—

And more than all, of wasting care  
That lurks in lines his hand hath made;  
And, ere the blight of time is there,  
Bids beauty's blossom fade.  
Thus even life's gayest scenes supply  
Thoughts less to joy than sadness near,  
Till mirth oft melts into a sigh,  
And smiles into a tear.

I too am changed:—bright eyes impart  
To me a raptured thrill no more,  
Awake not in the withered heart  
The throb they waked before.  
Alas! what renovating power  
The charm of life again can bring,  
The sweets of love, that fleeting flower  
Which feels no second spring!

First love!—oh, how these two brief words  
Wake thoughts too deep for speech that lie!  
Which steal along the bosom's chords  
Like long-lost melody—  
Thy blessed days once more to live,  
With all their magic sweetness fraught—  
With words—if I had such to give—  
Methinks were cheaply bought.

Then—oft as one dear name I heard—  
The tell-tale blush unhidden came,  
And a fair woman's soft regard  
Was more than wealth or fame;  
But now the charm of beauty's glance  
Falls on my bosom cold and weak,

No more her smiles the heart entrance  
Or tinge the faded cheek.

Yet as a glow upon the bill  
Remains when summer's sun is set,  
Thy image, dearest, lingers still  
Bright as when first me met;  
And 'midst the crowd, if passing by,  
Perchance some radiant form I see,  
Her loveliness still prompts the sigh  
That memory breathes to thee!'—pp. 93—95.

The only composition we find in this volume from the pen of Mrs. C. B. Wilson, is a ballad, which, though we have already exceeded our limits, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing. It is so charming a picture of an affectionate wife, that we must excuse the grammatical error in the fourth line.

'I watch for thee when parting day  
Sheds on the earth a lingering ray;  
When his last blushes o'er the rose,  
A richer tint of crimson throws;  
And every floweret's leaves are curled,  
Like Beauty shrinking from the world!  
When silence reigns o'er lawn and lea,  
Then, dearest love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee! when eve's first star  
Shines dimly in the heavens afar;  
And twilight's mists, and shadows gray,  
Upon the lake's broad waters play.  
When not a breeze nor sound is heard  
To startle evening's lonely bird!  
But hushed is e'en the humming bee!—  
Then, dearest love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee,—when on the eyes  
Of childhood, slumber gently lies!  
When sleep has stilled the noisy mirth  
Of playful voices round our hearth;  
And each young cherub's fancy glows,  
With dreams that only childhood knows,  
Of pleasures past—or yet to be—  
Then, dearest love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee, hope of my heart!  
Returning from the crowded mart  
Of worldly toil, and worldly strife,  
And all the busy scene of life!  
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear,  
A moment's space the shade of care,  
My smile, amid that gloom, shall be  
The rain-bow of the storm to thee!'—pp. 394, 395.

Some stanzas from the pen of the Reverend Mr. Dale, are prettily written, though rather dull in sentiment. Among the other contents of the work, we observe one or two sonnets by the Reverend Mr. Lisle Bowles, a 'Reflection' on the last words of Berengarius, by that prince of dreamers, S. T. Coleridge, several love-lorn strains by Miss Landon, and one or two songs by Barry Cornwall. Upon each and all of these we must leave it to the reader to form his own judgment; for after what we have said of the attractions of 'The Literary Souvenir,' we can hardly doubt that he will give it an immediate and distinguished place in his library.

---

For the Port Folio.

*Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.—Philadelphia, M'Carty and Davis, 1826.*

THE early history of a country, is, at all times, a subject of deep interest to its inhabitants, more particularly after the lapse of a series of years, when the actors in many of the important events have passed from among us. Many interesting facts are preserved by these men, or their immediate descendants, all of which might be useful to future historians. As the years roll on, the recollection of these actions grow fainter and fainter, they gradually become obliterated from the memory of their possessors, and are finally lost to the world. Constituted as our country is, of a number of independent states, all settled at different periods of time, a large field offers itself, for the development and elucidation of the views and feelings of the first settlers, their trials and suffering, their persevering industry and consequent success and prosperity. It has long been a subject of regret, that all traces of many of these men should now be lost, more especially as they were men, upon whose character and deeds their descendants would have delighted to dwell. The institution of Historical Societies in several of the states has been productive of much good, in rescuing from oblivion, many important and interesting papers and memoranda which may hereafter be turned to account. We hail with pleasure the institution of a similar society in Pennsylvania, and feel confident, from what has already been done, that much may yet be performed, and that their labours will be honourable to themselves, and instructive to the mass of the community. From the circular letter of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, dated twenty-first June, 1825, it appears, that "their objects are to trace all circumstances of its early settlement

—its successful progress and its present state;—to collect all the documents and written or printed evidence, and all traditional information that may still be attainable; and, after having thus acquired possession of sufficient materials, it will be the office of one or more committees, to select what may be deemed generally interesting and instructive, to methodize and arrange it, and to lay it in a proper form before the public.” The publication of two half volumes of their transactions already evinces the zeal of the members, and gives us reason to hope that the early history of Pennsylvania, will not be, as it has long been, almost entirely neglected. A brighter day and a more auspicious era seems to have dawned upon us, and we hope to see dispelled the listlessness and inattention which have so long existed in regard to these matters.

In the volumes immediately before us, we have found much that is interesting and instructive, and we propose briefly to examine a few of the principal articles.

In the *Inaugural Discourse* of the president of the society, we find a proper spirit and feeling predominating, and this is sustained throughout. The discourse is of considerable length, but the author has brought together so many facts, illustrative of the times of the first settlement of the colony, that the interest is kept up through the whole performance. A rapid glance is taken by the author of the duties of the several committees appointed by the society, and we cannot refrain from laying before our readers some of his views. On the subject of “the national origin, early difficulties, and domestic habits of the first settlers,” he remarks, that

“It is impossible to contemplate without emotion, the original introduction of the man of Europe to the native of America. Colour, habits, language, arts, and customs, how unlike! The Indian, ignorant of the existence of such a country as Europe, gazing with astonishment at a new species of beings, whose views in visiting him he cannot comprehend. The European, doubting of the reception he shall meet with and uncertain whether conciliation or intimidation will be his best resource.”—p. 30.

And again—

“Of the founder of Pennsylvania, though the public knows much, it does not perhaps know all. There is reason to believe that many private documents are still in existence, which would present to us in colours strong and true, the enlightening, vivifying, and chastening power of his genius on all around him, while the colony hung on him as their judge, their legislator, and their guide. Their distant friends, their native homes, their early affections and enjoyments, renounced and abandoned forever, were replaced and compensated, and heightened in all their value, not by land or buildings, but by the presence and the overshadowing and indiscriminating sympathy, and paternal care of William Penn.”—p. 33.

Pennsylvania has abundant reason to be grateful to the founder of the colony, for the wise measures devised by him for the support of his infant settlement. From the period of his first landing on the shores of the Delaware, to take possession of the province under the royal patent, all things were conducted in accordance with his peaceful principles. The natives were not forcibly dispossessed of their lands, but by a solemn treaty it was formally purchased from them, so that, as Mr. Rawle very justly remarks, "the admirer of pomp and worldly rank, the lover of lofty deeds in arms, the ardent inquirer after stupendous adventure and miraculous preservations, will therefore find little gratification in tracing the simple progress of our early history. It is a plain and humble tale." Our limits do not allow us to follow the author, throughout the whole of his discourse, but we may be allowed incidentally to mention his remarks upon the condition of the aborigines of Pennsylvania, and of the country generally, as worthy of attentive perusal. With this hapless race of beings, the influence of William Penn seems to have had a most powerful effect, and his conduct towards them should be held up as a model for all future legislators. Violence and rapine formed no part of his political system; the mild and pacific principles of the sect to which he belonged, governed all his actions, and upon these, he raised a superstructure, which has commanded the admiration of succeeding generations. No claim is attempted to be made in this discourse, for originality of design in William Penn's negotiations with the Indians, but it is candidly observed, that he "did not first set the example of these acts of strict justice, although he closely conformed to the best examples of others." A view is taken of the course followed in the other provinces, which is extended to some length, but abounds with interesting facts, all tending to show that in many of the colonies, the Indian titles were extinguished by purchase. It has occurred to us that too great a variety of topics have been touched upon in this discourse; some of these might have been with propriety omitted, and particularly the argument respecting our right to the soil. Unity in a discourse cannot be too strongly insisted upon, and we have long considered metaphysical discussions of this kind, introduced into a discourse, as much out of place. We have been much gratified with the spirit in which this discourse is written. The style is neat and perspicuous, and we think it calculated to subserve the purpose which produced it.

The next article in order is a "*Memoir on the Locality*"

of the Great Treaty between William Penn and the Natives in 1682." The lovers of the olden time are under obligations to Mr. Vaux, for the very clear and lucid manner in which he has arranged the information, contained in this communication. He appears upon this, as upon every thing else relating to the early history of Pennsylvania, to treat the subject with considerable feeling and enthusiasm, and this we esteem a very necessary requisite for the promotion of the views of a society like this. The letters embodied in the memoir are of considerable interest, and the evidence adduced is valuable, inasmuch as it assists us in fixing with certainty, upon the spot which should be considered sacred by every citizen of Pennsylvania. The epistle from the venerable judge Peters, though desultory, is full of curious facts and observations. The observations of our celebrated countryman, Benjamin West, relative to the tree under whose shades this treaty was made, are of so interesting a character that we quote them in his own words.

"This tree, which was held in the highest estimation by the original inhabitants of my native country, by the first settlers, and by their descendants, and to which I well remember, about the year 1775, when a boy, often resorting with my schoolfellows, (the spot being a favourite one for assembling in the hours of leisure,) was in some danger during the American war of 1775, when the British possessed the country, from parties sent out in search of wood for firing; but the late general Simcoe, who had the command of the district where it grew, from a regard for the character of William Penn, and the interest which he took in the history connected with the tree, ordered a guard of British soldiers to protect it from the axe. This circumstance the general related to me in answer to my inquiries concerning it, after his return to England."

The subject of the "*Provincial Literature of Pennsylvania*," is well treated by T. I. Wharton, Esq. In his "notes," as he entitles his communication, we have found much to admire, many facts which are interesting, and there is abundant evidence of industry and research throughout the whole. The early attention to literature is thus described: "Hardly had the emigrants sheltered themselves in their huts, the forest trees were still standing at their doors, when they established schools and a printing press, to teach and to be enlightened; literally *inter silvas querere verum*. Within four years from the time that our ancestors landed in the wilderness, a printing press was at work in Philadelphia, sowing broad-cast the seeds of knowledge and morality: and only a few months after the arrival of William Penn public education was attainable at a small expense." The healthful spirit of public education seems early to have diffused itself in

Pennsylvania, and the rulers of the province were active in fostering and promoting this great public blessing. They were aware how much this contributed to form the moral character of a people, to promote in every respect their welfare and happiness, and therefore they gave it the whole weight of their influence. This policy does not appear to have been followed by their successors, for we believe there is not yet an uniform system of public education in operation throughout Pennsylvania. In this sweeping remark we do not include the city of Philadelphia and the neighbouring districts, as they form an honourable exception. Printing appears to have been introduced into Pennsylvania, at an earlier period after its settlement than in any of the other colonies. The provincial literature of Pennsylvania, consisted of pamphlets on religious subjects, a very few works of a miscellaneous character, and in 1719 a newspaper was first published. The notices of Franklin, Logan, Bartram, Rittenhouse, and others, who contributed by their talents to confer honour on the state are briefly and faithfully drawn. We cannot dismiss the subject of these notes, without again adverting to the mass of valuable information contained in them, and hope that every one who takes an interest in the history of Pennsylvania will give them an attentive perusal.

The *memoir on the controversy between William Penn and lord Baltimore*, respecting the boundaries of Pennsylvania and Maryland, is valuable for the facts which it comprizes in relation to this important subject, and it is particularly interesting in that part of the state immediately contiguous to Maryland, as respects titles to land. This, together with some original letters and papers of William Penn, conclude this part of the volume.

The second part of the first volume is inferior in value to its predecessor. It commences with a collection of testimony to prove the authenticity of Washington's *Valedictory Address*; a question no more within the objects of this society than the authorship of Junius. Then the whole process of the inquiry is set forth with all the minuteness and prolixity of a special record. The whole of the first page, of the paper in question, is occupied with the important intelligence that a committee of three gentlemen was appointed to make the investigation, &c. The committee then make their appearance at considerable length to show how they prosecuted their inquiries. We have, next, their circular letter to various persons. Then follow the answers of judges Washington and

Marshal to this letter who know nothing about the matter—of John Jay, who refers them to a letter which he wrote to judge Peters, in March 1811—of judge Peters—who promises that he will write to Mr. Jay about the last mentioned letter, and he makes some observations of a personal nature which are quite irrelevant to the subject and ought not to have been published in a volume of historical transactions. Next we have another letter from Mr. Jay granting permission to publish his letter of March 1811. That letter then follows—and if the committee had contented themselves with this, and Mr. Claypoole's testimony, they would have saved an unnecessary consumption of paper. Mr. Jay's letter will be found at length in another part of this journal. It is conclusive on the point in issue, and it is moreover eminently characteristic of the unaffected good sense, and virtuous feeling of this great and good man; a patriot in the true sense and therefore long the topic of obloquy among the demagogues and the disaffected of our land. In this letter he observes—"there have been in the world but two systems or schools of policy, the one founded on the great principles of wisdom and rectitude, the other on CUNNING, AND ITS VARIOUS ARTIFICES. To the first of these belonged Washington, and all the other worthies of every country who ascended to the temple of honour through the temple of virtue." In this latter temple chief justice Jay has long been a fervent votary: and though the stipendiaries of CUNNING aspersed it, his bright and venerable name survives; and his own age, denying to posterity one of the most pleasing of its duties, has already inscribed it on heights which CUNNING can never climb.

Not satisfied with the testimony of Mr. Jay, the committee spread upon the record, their letter to *Nicholas Fish, Esq.* reciting their appointment, and requesting information from him, as the acting executor of general Hamilton: the reply repeats the substance of this letter and concludes with a *free avowal* that the writer is as ignorant on the subject as the other gentlemen, whose names have been cited. As if to make the most of this important addition to the materials for a book, we have the superscription,—*in hæc verba*:

"To W. RAWLE,  
BENJAMIN R. MORGAN, } *Esquires.*  
C. J. INGERSOLL,

Committee appointed by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, to collect and report to them such evidence as may be attainable in respect to the original author of the Valedictory Address of President Washington in 1796."

Surely the respectable lawyers who compose this committee would not produce Mr. Fish's letter to support an issue in court. Why then swell their pages in this unnecessary manner? The supineness of the Philosophical Society—to which the president alludes in the introductory address (part I, p. 29) is innocent in comparison with this surplusage. That Mr. Fish has "the honour to be, with great consideration," the "obedient servant" of the committee may be very gratifying to these gentlemen, but it is not necessary that the fact should be made matter of history, and it is the only fact asserted in his letter.

What follows this negative epistle is really a piece of evidence. It comes from Mr. Claypoole, the editor to whom general Washington delivered the original MS. for publication, and who still retains that original—by permission of the author,—upon a request made to that effect. Mr. Claypoole had formerly received written communications from the general on public business, and he did not ask for this MS. merely as an autograph: he coveted it as the original of the parting words of the father of his country. As such it was delivered to him: and if it had not been exactly of that character, no one will believe that it would have been suffered to remain in his hands. The worshippers in the school of "cunning" may affect to shake their heads with incredulity;—they may even, under the wily influence of their master-workman, forge substantive charges against the fair fame of this immaculate being; but time dispels them as the sun scatters the mountain mist.

The "*vindication of the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder's History of the Indian Nations*," is a successful effort, by Mr. Rawle, to repel an attack on the authenticity of that work by the *North American Review*: admitting, at the same time the merits of that journal, which is justly described as abounding in valuable information, supporting our literary reputation abroad, and contributing to the dissemination of polite learning at home.

The "*account of the first settlement of the townships of Buckingham and Solebury*," by the late Dr. John Watson, is of so local an interest, that it may be passed over with the single remark that these monographic descriptions require the pruning hook.

That "*A Brief Account of the Discovery of Anthracite coal on the Lehigh*, by Thomas C. James, M. D. should have appeared in this volume is a strong evidence of the obliging disposition of the learned and worthy writer. We cannot say so much for the judgment of the publishing committee.

The next article consists of miscellaneous extracts from the records of the commonwealth: some curious and others rather trifling.

The "*Contributions to the Medical History of Pennsylvania, by Caspar Morris, M. D.*" would be more in their place in a professional work.

There is nothing new in the paper, strangely entitled "*Notices of negro slavery as connected with Pennsylvania, by Edward Bettle.*" Part of it is too much in the style of puerile declamation about the horrors of slavery, which might suit the columns of a newspaper, or the forum of a school. What else can be said of the following rhapsody?—"How can *we*, as citizens of the United States, remain silent, unconcerned spectators of an American slave-trade within our borders, in our capital city, the boasted centre of free government—a traffic, the wretched objects of which are bred for sale as regularly as horses and cattle, and whose treatment while on their way to market and when in the field of labour is scarcely upon a par with our beasts of burden. This," the author emphatically adds, "is no highly wrought picture of gone-by days, but the hourly experience and practice of the present time." If this passage had appeared in the journal of a modern English traveller,—a Fearon or an Ashe—it would have excited no surprise; but it does move our special wonder to see so much folly and misrepresentation promulgated under the auspices of a society of a grave and dignified character. Say what we please, slavery, at present, is as much the law of the land as christianity; and as to the objects of this lamentable state of things, we can truly aver that in the states of South Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, in which we have made some personal observations, we never saw so many objects of squalid wretchedness as are daily exhibited among the sweeps in our streets or the dingy dwellers in Southwark. The representation is a gross libel on the land, and we protest earnestly against such publications from our benevolent and learned societies. There has been too much of this in Philadelphia. These writings nourish the seeds of sectional antipathies, which are already but too prolific; and they invite to our fair and free commonwealth a race of vagabond runaways who taint the air with their nauseous odour and their incorrigible vices. This is not honest towards our neighbours, to whom we conceded the question of slavery on the establishment of the constitution, nor is it politic as it regards our own comfort.

Thomson's *Notices of the Life and character of Robert*

*Proud* is an uninteresting account of an obscure person, the author of a very dull and unreadable "History of Pennsylvania."

The *Original Letters of William Penn* are curious and worthy of preservation.

The volume concludes with a very meagre account of sir William Keith, one of the provincial governors of this state.

If we have spoken in terms of disapprobation of some parts of this volume, it is because we think sincerity will be more useful than flattery. A beginning has been made in the investigation of the early history of our commonwealth, and the manner in which it is executed gives us reason to anticipate advantageous results. There is no want of rich and durable materials, and therefore no place should be given to idle theory or vapid declamation.

---

For the Port Folio.

*Almack's, a novel. In two vols. New York, 1827.*

IF the author of this performance is happy in any part of it, he is supremely so in having called it a novel. "*Almack's*" is certainly a novel, if by that term we mean something new—a book so called, without a story, breaks up all our previous associations with that class of compositions. We do not feel the voracious appetite for novels which is very general amongst mankind, or we might sooner have become acquainted with this anomaly in literature, and perhaps have prevented some of our good-natured readers from wasting their time in the perusal of it;—or at least, have repressed their curiosity so far that they might wait for their regular turn at the circulating library without enduring the torment of impatience. We are however in time to give notice to our country friends—(for new publications seldom travel many hundred miles from the city) that *Almack's* contains two volumes of nonsense—nonsense in toto—without any spice of instructive matter. Besides the reasons just mentioned, for speaking of this farrago in our journal, we are prompted to expostulate with our respectable booksellers for giving currency to every trifle that may come to them across the Atlantic. Let them extend a fostering hand to native genius. The soil of America, in good time, will repay them with abundant fruits.

"*Almack's*" professes to be a representation of the pursuits and conversation of the higher ranks of society in London. Lords and ladies seem to be a constituent so indispen-

sible—their frivolity and dissipation so necessary to the interest of almost every British novel, that we incline to the opinion that our present author really meant to try the effect of burlesque on this ignoble taste. Burlesque, certainly, could not produce a broader caricature than he has exhibited. Such a multitude of figures dance before our eyes—and all so much alike,—that we cannot individualize amongst the fantastic group, or recollect the features of an old acquaintance, if peradventure we should have made one. If, however, some few should be distinguishable by peculiarities, they are all equally ridiculous, and hollow-hearted.

Almack's is a place of entertainment in London accessible only to persons of tip-top fashion, and not to all of this order. The favourites of the "lady patronesses" can alone obtain admission. The insolence, and the tyranny of these regents, the canvassing and intrigues—the hopes and the fears of the candidates are, therefore, the subject of these volumes. There may be those to whom some of the dialogues may be amusing; for ourselves, we must say, we have seldom seen a book so destitute of interest, in both actors and incidents. The sum total of the latter, are comprised in migrations from the castle to the abbey, and from the abbey to the castle—from the saloon, to the dining-room, and from the music-room to the library; and the former, are envy, malice, and folly personified. Some exceptions to this general baseness in his characters, our author, it would seem, thought necessary—not for the honour of the aristocracy of his country—that he eschews—but for the relief of his revolting picture. Five or six persons—in about fifty, perhaps—are therefore portrayed in contrast; but if these are the author's beau-ideal of what men and women ought to be, we should say his standard of perfection is not very elevated. It is as much below the exemplars of contemporary writers in Great Britain, as it is of the requisitions of American readers.

Julia Mildmay is a very good, sober young lady, who has no taste for the world of fashion, and looks not for happiness beyond her father's mansion in the country; but she receives an invitation, from a stylish family in her neighbourhood to accompany them to London, and she goes, nothing loth! and for any thing that we hear, she is as well pleased with dinners, and operas, and Almack's, as the giddiest of her associates.

Louisa, her sister, is volatile as ether—lovely, and beautiful, and witty, and very good too!—but she has spent some time in France, and she is French all over. She cannot en-

dure the stupid formality of English manners. London dissipation is too dull for her,—neither her father's elegant seat, nor his own indulgent fondness, have any charms for her.—France, dear graceful France! can alone make her happy. She too, is invited to spend the winter in the metropolis, and her “kind” father, without reluctance, bids her go, and enjoy the amusements which she loves. Here, she hoped to meet lord George Fitzallan, with whom she was deeply in love—he came, he danced with her—sometimes took no notice of her, although she was always in his way, yet spite of his indifference she, every day, expected the declaration, but it came not, nor any thing like it; the lady did all the courting—at length, he condescends to offer his hand—it is instantly accepted, and this delicate female presently addresses him, as her “dear George” in the presence of a large company of witnesses.

The baroness de Wallestein, is another of the patterns. She is an English woman, but has lived in France, until she also is afflicted with the Gallo-mania. Being the wife of the Austrian ambassador, the lady-patronesses of Almack's, who are all passionate admirers of foreign gentry, elect her one of their colleagues. Her husband,—a domestic sort of man, and the only personage of these delectable volumes, who expresses any contempt for the heartless frivolity, into which he is forced, is of opinion that she had better stay more at home, and mind her children; but Caroline is too beautiful, and too amiable to be contradicted; and Almack's triumphs in its accomplished lady-patroness.

Nor is the unceasing round of destructive and demoralising dissipation in which they live, both summer and winter, the only objection we have to these specimens of the author's idea of an amiable woman. These young females talk in the presence of gentlemen, of matters which a modest matron in similar circumstances would not think it very decorous to mention. With the exception of a page or two of chat in the family of Mr. Mildmay, who is intended to represent the “worthy old English country gentleman,” the same who freely sent his two daughters to spend the winter in the atmosphere of Almack's—we do not recollect a single dialogue, in which these well-bred people do not fall upon every person whose name is mentioned, and every “dear friend” who leaves the company, with sneers, and ridicule, and slander. We are unwilling to pollute our page with any extract “to show the writer's manner,”—as our fashion is.—We admit that it is sprightly, that it has some good strokes of humour,

and no doubt there are both ladies and gentlemen in London as worthless as the votaries of Almack's: but that a whole class, in any country, should be so abhorrent to every virtuous feeling, we cannot believe. We do not make up our opinion on the maxim which we believe to be true,—that knowledge will produce virtue, nor because we see in our own blessed country, more moral worth in the higher, than in the lower classes of society. We know there are circumstances which must make the two nations differ in some respects. But we are not ignorant of the English character, in even its highest ranks. We have their writings on every variety of topic, that human nature and human affairs can suggest. Hundreds of our own citizens have seen them and have brought home their report. A gentleman of this city, who is supposed to be well qualified to form a just judgment of men and things, pronounced a most splendid eulogium, on his return from England, on "the masculine morality—the sober and rational piety which are found in *all classes*." To these data, on which we think ourselves justified in forming an opinion, we will add the words of a *Scotch* Reviewer. The article we allude to, is headed "Vicious Novels." Amongst many excellent remarks on the evil tendency of these performances,—the writer condemns the "vulgar taste" of authors in selecting their characters from the "upper ranks"—and the effort "to make them appear the most base, corrupt, and vicious." On the mischievous effects of this "palpably false and wicked practice" he descants largely,—but as we are not considering this part of the argument, we proceed to his statement of the fact. "We aver," he says, "and with the conviction arising from long, and intimate, and wide acquaintance with this much-calumniated part of society, that the charge is absolutely false. The peerage itself is very extensive, and that part of the people which for the present purpose may be ranked with it is still more so. It is therefore absolutely impossible, but that arithmetically, it must contain, as Pope insinuates, 'knaves, and fools, and cowards.' But we maintain, that its proportion is not greater, and perhaps less, than in any part of society; and that, in the progressive stages downwards, after a certain point, vice and profligacy increase in a rapid ratio." "We have no hesitation in saying, that if any number of the peerage (and we will limit it to that as accused of being the worst,) be taken, and compared with any number, equally chosen by lot, in any class of society, it will be found to contain more religion, more morality, more talent, more education, and more ho-

nour, than the far larger portion, and as much as any whatever."\*

Now whether this witness, who is not the courtly Quarterly Reviewer, but a Reviewer on the other side of Tweed, be entitled to more credit than the author of "Almack's," or whether the evidence we collect from other sources be good and true, it matters not to us, further than an answer to the questions with which we conclude our remarks. What benefit to the community do our Booksellers propose by the republication of such scandalous libels?—or admitting the representation to be a faithful picture,—we ask, is there one useful lesson contained in these volumes?

### RICE BUNTING—*EMBERIZA ORYZIVORA*.

With a coloured portrait of the male.

*Emberiza Orizyvoora*, LINN. *Syst.* p. 311, 16.—*Le ortolan de Caroline*. BRISS. *Orn.* III. p. 282. 8. pl. 15. fig. I.—*L'Agripenne, ou ortolan de Riz*. BUFF. *Ois.* IV, p. 337.—*Rice-bird*. CA'ESB. *Cap.* 1. pl. 14. EDW. pl. 2.—LATHAM, II. p. 188, No. 25.—PEALE'S MUSEUM, No. 6026.

FROM WILSON'S ORNITHOLOGY.

THIS is the *Boblink* of the eastern and northern states, and the *Rice and Reed-bird* of Pennsylvania and the southern states. Though small in size, he is not so in consequence; his coming is hailed by the sportsman with pleasure; while the careful planter looks upon him as a devouring scourge, and worse than a plague of locusts. Three good qualities, however, entitle him to our notice, particularly as these three are rarely found in the same individual; his plumage is beautiful, his song highly musical, and his flesh excellent. I might also add, that the immense range of his migrations, and the havoc he commits are not the least interesting parts of his history.

The winter residence of this species I suppose to be from Mexico to the mouth of the Amazon, from whence in hosts innumerable he regularly issues every spring, perhaps to both hemispheres, extending his migrations northerly as far as the banks of the Illinois and the shores of the St. Lawrence. Could the fact be ascertained, which has been asserted by some writers, that the emigration of these birds was alto-

\* New Ed. Rev. April, 1823. p. 422.

gether unknown in this part of the continent, previous to the introduction of rice plantations, it would certainly be interesting. Yet, why should these migrations reach at least a thousand miles beyond those places where rice is now planted; and this not in occasional excursions, but regularly to breed, and rear their young, where rice never was, and probably never will be cultivated? Their recent arrival on this part of the continent I believe to be altogether imaginary, because, though there were not a single grain of rice cultivated within the United States, the country produces an exuberance of food of which they are no less fond. Insects of various kinds, grubs, may-flies, and caterpillars; the young ears of Indian corn, and the seeds of the wild oats, or, as it is called in Pennsylvania, reeds, (the *zizania aquatica* of Linnæus) which grows in prodigious abundance along the marshy shores of our large rivers, furnish, not only them, but millions of Rail, with a delicious subsistence for several weeks. I do not doubt, however, that the introduction of rice, but more particularly the progress of agriculture on this part of America, has greatly increased their numbers, by multiplying their sources of subsistence fifty fold within the same extent of country.

In the month of April, or very early in May, the Rice Bunting, male and female, arrive within the southern boundaries of the United States; and are seen around the town of Savannah, in Georgia, about the fourth of May, sometimes in separate parties of males and females; but more generally promiscuously. They remain there but a short time; and about the twelfth of May make their appearance in the lower parts of Pennsylvania, as they did at Savannah. While here the males are extremely gay and full of song; frequenting meadows, newly ploughed fields, sides of creeks, rivers, and watery places, feeding on may-flies and caterpillars, of which they destroy great quantities. In their passage, however, through Virginia at this season, they do great damage to the early wheat and barley, while in its milky state. About the twentieth of May they disappear on their way to the north. Nearly at the same time they arrive in the state of New York, spread over the whole New England states as far as the river St. Lawrence, from lake Ontario to the sea; in all which places north of Pennsylvania they remain during the summer, building and rearing their young. The nest is fixed on the ground, generally in a field of grass; the outside is composed of dry leaves and coarse grass, the inside is lined with fine stalks of the same, laid in considerable quantity. The female lays five

eggs, of a bluish white, marked with numerous irregular spots of blackish brown. The song of the male, while the female is setting, is singular and very agreeable. Mounting and hovering on wing, at a small height above the field, he chants out such a jingling medley of short variable notes, uttered with such seeming confusion and rapidity, and continued for a considerable time, that it appears as if half a dozen birds of different kinds were all singing together. Some idea may be formed of this song by striking the high keys of a piano forte at random, singly, and quickly, making as many sudden contrasts of high and low notes as possible. Many of the notes are, in themselves, charming; but they succeed each other so rapidly that the ear can hardly separate them. I kept one of these birds for a long time to observe its change of colour. During the whole of April, May, and June, it sang almost continually. In the month of June the colour of the male begins to change, gradually assimilating to that of the female, and before the beginning of August it is difficult to distinguish them. At this time, also, the young birds are so much like the female, or rather like both parents, and the males so different in appearance from what they were in the spring, that thousands of people in Pennsylvania, to this day, persist in believing them to be a different species altogether. While others allow them indeed to be the same, but confidently assert that they are all females—none but females, according to them, returning in the autumn; what becomes of the males they are totally at a loss to conceive. Even Mr. Mark Catesby, who resided for years in the country they inhabit, and who, as he himself informs us, examined by dissection great numbers of them in the autumn, and repeated his experiments the succeeding year, lest he should have been mistaken, declares that he uniformly found them to be females. These assertions must appear odd to the inhabitants of the eastern states, to whom the change of plumage in these birds is familiar, as it passes immediately under their eye; and also to those, who, like myself, have kept them in cages, and witnessed their gradual change of colour. That accurate observer, Mr. William Bartram, appears, from the following extract, to have taken notice of, or at least suspected this change of colour in these birds more than forty years ago. “Being in Charleston,” says he, “in the month of June, I observed a cage full of Rice-birds, that is of the yellow or female colour, who were very merry and vociferous, having the same variable music with the pied or male bird, which I thought extraordinary, and observing it to the

gentleman, he assured me that they were all of the male kind, taken the preceding spring; but had changed their colour, and would be next spring of the colour of the pied, thus changing colour with the seasons of the year. If this is really the case, it appears they are both of the same species intermixed, spring and fall." Without, however, implicating the veracity of Catesby, who, I have no doubt, believed as he wrote, a few words will easily explain why he was deceived. The internal organization of undomesticated birds, of all kinds, undergoes a remarkable change, every spring and summer; and those who wish to ascertain this point by dissection will do well to remember, that in this bird those parts that characterise the male are in autumn, no larger than the smallest pin's head, and in young birds of the first year can scarcely be discovered; though in spring their magnitude in each is at least one hundred times greater. To an ignorance of this extraordinary circumstance I am persuaded may be ascribed the mistake of Mr. Catesby that the females only return in the autumn; for the same opinion I long entertained myself, till a more particular examination showed me the source of my mistake. Since that, I have opened and examined many hundreds of these birds, in the months of September and October, and, on the whole, have found about as many males as females among them. The latter may be distinguished from the former by being of a rather more shining yellow on the breast and belly; it is the same with the young birds of the first season.

During the breeding season, they are dispersed over the country; but as soon as the young are able to fly, they collect together in great multitudes, and pour down upon the oat fields of New England like a torrent, depriving the proprietors of a good tythe of their harvest; but in return often supply his table with a very delicious dish. From all parts of the north and western regions they direct their flight towards the south; and about the middle of August revisit Pennsylvania on their route to winter quarters. For several days they seem to confine themselves to the fields and uplands; but as soon as the seeds of the reed are ripe they resort to the shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill in multitudes; and these places, during the remainder of their stay appear to be their grand rendezvous. The reeds, or wild oats furnish them with such abundance of nutritious food, that in a short time they become extremely fat; and are supposed by some of our epicures, to be equal to the famous Ortolans of Europe. Their note at this season is a single

*chink*; and is heard over head, with little intermission, from morning to night. These are halcyon days for our gunners of all descriptions, and many a lame and rusty gun-barrel is put in requisition for the sport. The report of musketry along the reedy-shores of the Schuylkill and Delaware is almost incessant, resembling a running fire. The markets of Philadelphia, at this season, exhibit proofs of the prodigious havoc made among these birds; for almost every stall is ornamented with strings of Reed-birds. This sport, however, is considered inferior to *rail-shooting*, which is carried on at the same season and places with equal slaughter. Of this as well as of the rail itself, we shall give a particular account in its proper place.

Whatever apology the people of the eastern and southern states may have for the devastation they spread among the Rice and Reed-birds, the Pennsylvanians, at least those living in this part of it, have little to plead in justification, but the pleasure of destruction, or the savoury dish they furnish their tables with; for the oat harvest is generally secured before the great body of these birds arrive, the Indian corn too ripe and hard, and the reeds seem to engross all their attention. But in the states south of Maryland, the harvest of early wheat and barley in spring, and the numerous plantations of rice in fall, suffer severely. Early in October, or as soon as the nights begin to set in cold, they disappear from Pennsylvania, directing their course to the south.

At this time they swarm among the rice fields; and appear in the island of Cuba in immense numbers, in search of the same delicious grain. About the middle of October they visit the island of Jamaica in equal numbers, where they are called *Butter-birds*. They feed on the seed of the guinea grass, and are also in high esteem there for the table.\*

Thus it appears, that the regions north of the fortieth degree of latitude are the breeding places of these birds, that their migrations northwardly are performed from March to May, and their return southwardly from August to November; their precise winter quarters, or farthest retreat southwardly, is not exactly known.

The Rice Bunting is seven inches and a half long, and eleven and a half in extent; his spring dress is as follows; upper part of the head, wings, tail and sides of the neck, and whole lower parts black; the feathers frequently skirted with brownish yellow as he passes into colours of the female; back of the head a cream colour, back black seamed with brownish

\* Rennel's Hist. Jam.

yellow; scapulars pure white, rump and tail coverts the same; lower part of the back bluish white; tail formed like those of the woodpecker genus, and often used in the same manner, being thrown in to support it while ascending the stalks of the reed; this habit of throwing in the tail it retains even in the cage; legs a brownish flesh colour; hind heel very long; bill a bluish horn colour; eye hazel; (see the figure.) In the month of June this plumage gradually changes to a brownish yellow, like that of the female (see next No. of *Port Folio*), which has the back streaked with brownish black; whole lower parts dull yellow; bill reddish flesh colour; legs and eyes as in the male. The young birds retain the dress of the female until the early part of the succeeding spring; the plumage of the female undergoes no material change of colour.

---

For the *Port Folio*.

### ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Capture and Execution of Captain Hale, in 1776.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE was one of the most accomplished officers of his grade and age in the army. He was a native of the town of Coventry, state of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale college; young, brave, and honourable: and at the time of his death a captain in colonel Webb's regiment of continental troops. Having never seen a circumstantial account of his untimely and melancholy end, I will give it—I was attached to his company, and in his confidence. After the retreat of our company from Long Island, he informed me he was sent for to head quarters, and was solicited to go over to Long Island to discover the disposition of the enemy's camp, &c. expecting them to attack New York, but that he was too unwell to go, not having recovered from a recent illness; that, upon a second application, he had consented to go, and said I must go as far with him as I could, with safety, and wait for his return. Accordingly, we left our camp on Harlaem heights, with the intention of crossing over the first opportunity; but none offered until we arrived at Norwalk, fifty miles from New York. In that harbor there was an armed sloop, and one or two row galleys. Captain Hale had a general order to all armed vessels to take him to any place he should designate: he was set across the Sound, in the sloop, at Huntington, Long Island, by captain Pond, who commanded the vessel. Captain Hale had changed his uniform for a plain suit of citizen's brown clothes, with a round broad brimmed hat; assuming the character of a Dutch

schoolmaster, leaving all his other clothes, commission, public and private papers, with me, and also his silver shoe-buckles, saying they would not comport with his character of schoolmaster, and retaining nothing but his college diploma, as an introduction to his assumed calling. Thus equipped, we parted for the last time in life. He went on his mission, and I returned back again to Norwalk, with orders to stop there until he should return, or hear from him, as he expected to return back again to cross the Sound, if he succeeded in his object. The British army had, in the mean time, got possession of New York, whither he also passed, and had nearly executed his mission, and was passing the British picquet guard between the lines of the two armies, within a mile and a half of his own quarters, when he was stopped at a tavern, at a place called the "Cedars." Here there was no suspicion of his character being other than what he pretended, until, most unfortunately, he was met in the crowd by a fellow countryman, and an own relation, (but a tory and a renegade,) who had received the hospitality of his board, and the attention of a brother from captain Hale, at his quarters at Winter Hill, in Cambridge, the winter before. He recognised him, and most inhumanly and infamously betrayed him, divulging his character, situation in the army, &c. and having him searched, his diploma corroborated his relative's statement, when, without any formality of trial, or delay, they hung him instantaneously, and sent a flag over to our army stating, "that they had caught such a man within their lines that morning, and hung him as a spy." Thus suddenly and unfeelingly did they rush this young and worthy man into eternity, not allowing him an hour's preparation, nor the privilege of writing to his friends, nor even to receive the last consolations of his religion, refusing to let the chaplain pray with him, as was his request. After parting with captain Hale, of all these circumstances I was authentically informed at the time, and do most religiously believe them.

Such was the melancholy fate of captain Hale. While the stern rigour of military law justified his execution, (betrayed as he was, most foully, by his ungrateful relation and villainous tory,) yet, who that knew him as I did, embarked in the same hazardous enterprise, and had been together in the perilous service of the field—but would drop the tear of pity for his worth. It is true, he died upon the "inglorious tree," not the death of the soldier; but it is likewise true, he suffered for his country's sake. And Andre died also the death of a spy, but did he fill an inglorious grave? I do not mur-

mur at the sympathy for the man, which was felt for major Andre in Europe and America—by the fair and the brave—the friend and the foe—by American and by Briton. No! God forbid!—but I do think it hard, that HALE—who was equally brave, learned, young, accomplished, and honourable—should be forgotten on the very threshold of his fame, even by his countrymen; that, while our own historians have done honour to the memory of Andre, Hale should be unknown; that while the remains of the former have been honoured, even by our own countrymen, those of the latter should rest among the clods of the valley, undistinguished, unsought, and unhonoured.

STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD.

---

*Memoires ou Souvenirs et Anecdotes.* Par M. le Comte de Segur, de l'Academie Française, pair de France. Paris. Emery. 1826. London. Colburn.

THE name of Segur has long sustained a certain degree of distinction in the history of France. The family had for some time professed the Protestant religion, and during that unfortunate period when the principle of civil and religious liberty was so ill understood in France as well as in England, they suffered severely. The principal means of advancement on which the nobility of the old regime in France had to depend, was the patronage of the court. After the death of Henry IV, the royal favour was withdrawn from the Segurs, the family was divided into several branches, and they all became poor. It was not until the time of our author's grandfather that fortune again smiled upon them. He obtained a distinguished reputation in the military career, but his only patrimony consisted of two small estates in Perigord. He had been promised the situation of first equerry to the king by the duke of Orleans, then regent of France; but by a singular misfortune the duke died of apoplexy as he was on his way to the young monarch's apartment, for the purpose of getting his sign manual to the appointment. Our author's father, however, was much more successful. He married early in life a young lady who was sole heiress to a splendid patrimony in St. Domingo, and after serving in the army with eclat for several years, was raised to the cabinet as a minister of war under Louis XVI in 1780. He retained his office until the year 1787, when the current of state affairs began to be troubled by the approaching storm of the revolution.

One of the chief inducements which seem to have excited the author of these memoirs to the labour of composing them, was that he might have an opportunity of vindicating his father's administration. For the performance of a duty so sacred every praise is due to him. Every reader, of whatever party he may be, will be disposed to afford the utmost indulgence to a pious son upon such an occasion. Nor can we be surprised if he dwell upon many incidents which, though subservient to his purpose, have little interest for those who are not personally concerned in his success. Neither should we much wonder if he seek to attribute to his father a greater degree of energy, and a more brilliant station in the history of his times, than posterity is likely to confirm to him. This is all very natural. But we must own, nevertheless, that political vindications are not precisely of that kind of matter which is calculated to amuse or to instruct in a book of memoirs. We feel this the more, as the author scarcely concludes the defence of his father's administration before he enters on the details of his own embassy to Petersburg, the great object of which was the negotiation of a commercial treaty between Russia and France. He enters very minutely into this affair, evidently proud of his diplomacy, and anxious to exhibit the ability with which he conducted it. We know not how far young plenipotentiaries may profit from his discussions and memorials, but to a general reader we presume they will prove any thing but attractive.

The style of these *Memoires* is upon the whole correct, and sometimes approaches to elegance. But even that portion of the narrative which is not taken up with political affairs is frigid. Nothing can be more different from the animated and intense strain of eloquence which distinguishes "The Campaign in Russia," written by the count's son, than the dry and unimpressive tone of the work before us. We fully commend him for having carefully avoided rendering his pages 'food for scandal and the passions.' In this respect his *Memoires* stand most honourably distinguished from those of the prince de Montbarey, for we do not recollect a single line in them calculated to kindle a blush on the cheek of modesty. But considering the abundant opportunities which count Segur employed of seeing the world, and of conversing with almost every person of note who appeared upon the political stages of France, America, Prussia, and Russia, from the latter part of the reign of Louis XV, down to the present day, we are compelled to say that he has turned those opportunities to little account, so far as his readers are

concerned. They would naturally be prepared to expect a great deal from him, after the following pompous announcement:—

‘ My position, my birth, the ties of friendship and consanguinity which connected me with all the remarkable personages of the courts of Louis XV, and Louis XVI, my father’s administration, my travels in America, my negotiations in Russia and in Prussia, the advantage of having been engaged in intercourse of affairs and society with Catharine II, Frederick the great, Potemkin, Joseph II, Gustavus III, Washington, Kosciusko, Lafayette, Nassau, Mirabeau, Napoleon, as well as with the chiefs of the aristocratical and democratical parties, and the most illustrious writers of my times—all that I have seen, done, experienced, and suffered during the revolution—those strange alternations of prosperity and misfortune, of credit and disgrace, of enjoyments and proscriptions, of opulence and poverty—all the different occupations which I have been forced to apply to, and the various conditions of life in which fate has placed me—have induced me to believe that this sketch of my life would prove entertaining and interesting, chance having made me successively a colonel, a general officer, a traveller, a navigator, a courtier, the son of a minister, an ambassador, a negociator, a prisoner, an agriculturist, a soldier, an elector, a poet, a dramatic author, a contributor to newspapers, an essayist, an historian, a deputy, a councillor of state, a senator, an academician, and a peer of France. —Vol. i. pp. 3, 4.

It is true that for some reasons which the count has not thought it necessary to explain, he confines his memoirs for the present to the recollections of his youthful days, his voyage to America, and his mission to Russia. But these passages in his life, even according to his own estimate of it, must have been the most important, and if they be not sufficiently interesting to command much attention, we despair of the *livraisons* which are still to be disclosed. In selecting a few extracts, which may enable the reader to judge of the general character of the work, we shall be careful to prefer those which have some appearance of novelty; for we have been lately so completely inundated with French memoirs, and those too relating very much to the same period, that it is difficult to find in one of those works a trait of manners, or an anecdote, which has not been already more than “twice told.” They all, however, conspire, we apprehend, to prove one fact, that the revolution in France was, at least, accelerated very considerably by that which had been rendered successful a short time before it in America, through the instrumentality of French gold and arms. In considering this question, we have always thought that there was another cause which operated much more powerfully, because much nearer to the theatre of its action, and which has been too much overlooked by historians—we mean the example of England

herself, whose parliament at that time was distinguished by the splendid eloquence of those of its members who advocated the interests of liberty on every occasion when it was assailed. Their speeches were then for the first time circulated regularly in the newspapers, and wherever they were read out of this country they could scarcely fail to leave an impression on men's minds well calculated to lead them first to admire, and next to imitate, those free institutions which not only permitted but demanded from our statesmen the boldest exertions of their faculties. Numerous, and beyond all precedent brilliant were the discussions which rose out of the persecution of Wilkes, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the insurrection of the American colonies, and which, from particular facts, naturally digressed into general theories of government, and of the means for resisting or expiating its abuses. It was in the ordinary course of things that these harangues should touch the human intellect, and awaken in it vague aspirations, wherever it was not clouded by ignorance and by absolute barbarism. The proof of their incipient effect in France appeared in the general desire that prevailed in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI, for importing some of the customs and fashions of England. Upon this subject count Segur offers the following sensible remarks:—

‘ Montesquieu had first opened our eyes to the advantages of British institutions; the intercourse between the two nations had become much more frequent; the brilliant but frivolous life led by our nobility at court and in the capital was no longer sufficient to satisfy our self-love, when we reflected upon the dignity, the independence, the comparatively useful and important life of an English peer, or of a member of the house of commons, as well as upon the liberty, at once calm and lofty, enjoyed by the entire body of the citizens of Great Britain.

‘ It has always, therefore, been a subject of surprise to me, that our government and statesmen, instead of reproaching as frivolous and foreign to the national spirit that rage for English fashions which suddenly sprung up throughout France, did not perceive in it the desire of another species of imitation, and the germs of a mighty revolution in the public mind. They were not in the least aware, that while we were destroying in our pleasure-grounds the straight walks and alleys, the symmetrical squares, the trees cut in circles, and the uniform hedges, in order to transform them into English gardens, we were indicating our wishes to resemble that nation in other and more essential points of nature and of reason.

‘ They did not remark that the plain raiment, substituted instead of the ample and imposing dresses of the old court, betrayed an unanimous desire of equality: and that, being yet unable to shine like English lords and deputies in public assemblies, we were at least desirous of distinguishing ourselves by equal magnificence in our cirques, by the splendour of our parks, and by the swiftness of our horses.

‘ Yet nothing could have been more easy to divine than this simple truth:

it was only necessary to converse with the importers of some of these fashions, with the Comte de Lauraguais, the Duc de Lauzun, the Duc de Chartres, the Marquis de Conflans, and many others, in order to learn that it was not to superficial imitations that they intended to confine their views.

‘However this may be, it is certain that all the young men at court, not excepting even the princes of the blood, allowed themselves to be carried away by the torrent. The queen evinced the most decided dislike of the constraints of our etiquette, and a decided fancy to English gardens, as well as to horse-races, at the latter of which she frequently presided.’—Vol. i. pp. 130, 131.

But we quit this subject in order to accompany our author to America, whither he was ordered to go in the latter part of the year 1782, in order to join his regiment. It was his fate that ‘as a soldier he was to serve a long campaign without battles; that in going to meet the enemy he should find him retreating, and shut up in the most inaccessible fortresses; and that as a traveller he should be compelled to be always running from one place to another, from north to south, and from the frozen to the torrid zone, without ever having it in his power to stay at any of the places most calculated to excite his curiosity.’ Of course he found every thing to admire in the natural magnificence of the country, and in the republican spirit which had already made such rapid advances among the insurgent colonists. He thus conveys his recollections of Washington:—

‘His exterior disclosed, as it were, the history of his life: simplicity, grandeur, dignity, calmness, goodness, firmness, the attributes of his character, were also stamped upon his features and in all his person. His stature was noble and elevated; the expression of his features mild and benevolent; his smile graceful and pleasing; his manners simple, without familiarity.

‘He did not display the luxury of a monarchical general; every thing announced in him the hero of a republic: he inspired with, rather than commanded respect; and the expression of all those that surrounded his person manifested the existence in their breasts of feelings of sincere affection, and of that entire confidence in the chief upon whom they seemed exclusively to found all their hopes of safety. His quarters, at a little distance from the camp, offered the image of the order and regularity displayed in the whole tenor of his life, his manner, and conduct.

‘I had expected to find in this popular camp soldiers ill equipped, officers without instruction, republicans destitute of that urbanity so common in our old civilized countries. I recollected the first moment of their revolution, when husbandmen and artisans who had never held a gun had hastened, without order, and in the name of their country, to go and fight the British phalanxes, offering only to the view of their astonished enemies an assemblage of rough and unpolished beings, whose only military insignia consisted of a cap, upon which the word *liberty* was written.

‘It will, therefore, be easily imagined how much I was surprised at finding an army well disciplined, in which every thing offered the aspect of order, reason, information, and experience. The manners and language

of the generals, their aids-de-camp, and the other officers, were noble and appropriate, and were heightened by that natural benevolence which appears to me as much preferable to politeness as a mild countenance is preferable to a mask, upon which the utmost labour has been bestowed to render its features graceful.

'The personal dignity of each individual, the noble pride with which all were inspired by the love of liberty and a sentiment of equality, had been no slight obstacles to the elevation of a chief who was to rise above them without exciting their jealousy, and to subject their independent spirit to the rules of discipline without promoting discontent.

'Any other man but Washington would have failed in the attempt; but such were his genius and his wisdom, that, in the midst of the storms of a revolution, he commanded during seven years the army of a free nation, without exciting the alarms of his countrymen or the suspicions of the congress.

'Under every circumstance he united in his favour the suffrages of rich and poor, magistrates and warriors: in short, Washington is, perhaps, the only man who ever conducted and terminated a civil war, without having drawn upon himself any deserved censure. As it was known to all that he entirely disregarded his own private interest, and consulted solely the general welfare, he enjoyed during his life those unanimous homages which the greatest men generally fail to receive from their contemporaries, and which they must only expect from posterity. It might have been said that envy, seeing him so highly established in public estimation, had become discouraged, and cast away her shafts in despair of their ever being able to reach him.

'Washington, when I saw him, was forty-nine years of age. He endeavoured modestly to avoid the marks of admiration and respect which were so anxiously offered to him; and yet no man ever knew better how to receive and acknowledge them. He listened with an obliging attention to all those who addressed him, and the expression of his countenance had conveyed his answer before he spoke.'—Vol. i. pp. 343—350.

The American ladies also, as we have no doubt they deserved, have come in for a large portion of the count's homage. Here we fully coincide in the tributes which he pays to their beauty, and, above all, to the spirit of sincerity, of virtue, and of dignified simplicity that so peculiarly distinguishes them from the boarding-school demoiselles of another country which we dare not name. He particularises, with a tender remembrance, the names of the Champlains and Hunters of Newport, to which we might add a score of others if we were not afraid of exciting jealousy. But we find that the lady who went nearest towards effacing from his heart all recollection of Madame Segur was a fair Quaker. They are certainly a dangerous sect. There is more peril to be encountered beneath one of their coal-box drab bonnets than in all the eyes that ever shone through artificial flowers. That coquettish simplicity of dress, its perfect neatness so emblematic of purity, that latent smile, just sufficient to dimple the cheek without uttering a sound, and, above all, the snow

white stocking fitted exactly to the foot that cannot be concealed, have a witchery about them which we are sure never entered into the contemplation of the good and honest Penn. We know not how it is, but woman seems to possess in every climate, and under all varieties of costume, the faculty of turning every circumstance to the use of her natural attractions. We suppose that madame Segur did not read the following passage without feeling one of those gentle palpitations which betray the terrible instinct of jealousy.

‘ My longest visits were paid to an old man very silent, who very seldom bared his thoughts and never bared his head. His gravity and monosyllabic conversation announced, at first sight, that he was a quaker. It must, however, be confessed that, in spite of all the veneration I felt for his virtue, our first interview would probably have been our last, had I not seen the door of the drawing-room suddenly opened, and a being, which resembled a nymph rather than a woman, enter the apartment. So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, and so much modesty were, perhaps, never before combined in the same person. It was Polly Leiton, the daughter of my grave quaker. Her gown was white, like herself, whilst her ample muslin neck-kerchief, and the envious cambric of her cap, which scarcely allowed me to see her light coloured hair, and the modest attire, in short, of a pious virgin, seemed vainly to endeavour to conceal the most graceful figure and the most beautiful forms imaginable.

‘ Her eyes seemed to reflect, as in a mirror, the meekness and purity of her mind, and the goodness of her heart; she received us with an open ingenuity which delighted me, and the use of the familiar word *thou*, which the rules of her sect prescribed, gave to our new acquaintance the appearance of an old friendship.

‘ In our conversations she excited my surprise by the candour, full of originality, of her questions:—“Thou hast then,” she said, “neither wife nor children in Europe, since thou leavest thy country, and comest so far to engage in that cruel occupation—war?”

‘ “But it is for your welfare,” I replied, “that I quit all I hold dear, and it is to defend your liberty that I come to fight the English.”

‘ “The English,” she rejoined, “have done thee no harm, and wherefore shouldst thou care about our liberty? We ought never to interfere in other people’s business unless it be to reconcile them together and prevent the effusion of blood.”

‘ “But,” said I, “my king has ordered me, to come here and engage his enemies and your own.”—“Thy king, then, orders thee to do a thing which is unjust, inhuman, and contrary to what thy God ordereth. Thou shouldst obey thy God and disobey thy king, for he is king to preserve and not to destroy. I am sure that thy wife, if she have a good heart, is of my opinion.”

‘ What could I reply to that angel? For, in truth, I was tempted to believe that she was a celestial being. Certain it is, that, if I had not then been married and happy, I should, whilst coming to defend the liberty of the Americans, have lost my own at the feet of Polly Leiton.’—Vol. i. pp. 357—359.

We do not wonder at it. Polly Leiton, it must be owned,

was a very fascinating girl; and here we may take leave to protest in general against the modern, or rather the recent innovations in the costume of our "friendly" countrywomen, who are really rendering themselves every day more and more formidable, from the contrasts of ancient simplicity and refined elegance which they are introducing into their attire. As to the decorative furniture of their houses, it hath no bounds, and the ingenuity with which they defend these luxuries would almost enable them to qualify for the bar. It was but a short time since that a certain "friend" of our acquaintance returned home after a short absence, and finding his drawing-room newly hung with a splendid paper of a rose pattern exclaimed—"Well Mary! what do I see? red roses!" "It is even so, John," she replied, "surely thou couldst not expect to find *drab* roses!" The good man was confounded, and paid the account without another murmur.

The count's reflections upon the rise and perfection of the American constitution indicate a thorough acquaintance with the subject, though, in the present state of the world, they appear prosing and common-place. He appears to entertain some doubts as to the duration of the union between the southern and northern states, seeing that, in many respects, their interests and habits are diametrically opposed to each other. But even if a separation should ever take place between them, we do not apprehend that the consequences would be at all important to either division of the federation. They would both still continue republican, and would still preserve their present institutions. We do not, indeed, understand what it is that either party would gain by the change; on the contrary, each must lose a certain, though, perhaps, not a very considerable portion of its moral as well as its physical strength, by breaking up the sort of joint-tenancy which at present subsists between them. The creation of several similar federations in Mexico and South America must tend rather to confirm the vigour of the northern union than to impair it.

It is worth observing that, upon his return from North America, the count, after encountering the perils of shipwreck, was obliged to put into Puerto Cabello in order to avoid the British fleet. Upon that occasion he visited Caracas, Valencia, and other towns in the interior, and collected sufficient information to enable him, even at that time, to foresee the present independence of the Spanish colonies! It is not difficult to be an *ex post facto* prophet! But upon turning over the second volume we find, what we had not before suspected, that our author's imagination was rather of an in-

flammable character. 'He avows his faith in magnetism! Upon this extraordinary subject he must speak for himself.

'Would it not be curious and useful to humanity, to ascertain, by meditation and experiment, how far this faculty of the imagination could be extended, so as to be capable of producing so many impressions, and to occasion such effects on a sick person; and finally, to establish the distinction supposed to exist between the imagination and the will?

'Thousands of proofs attest that somnambulism exists; while a thousand written testimonies deny its existence: the learned ought not certainly to keep us any longer in such a state of painful doubt. Wishing to avoid all controversy on this matter, I will admit, that after having been witness of many inexplicable effects and numerous paroxysms I did not see any positive cures: and yet it was, indeed, the hope of seeing this result brought about, that had chiefly excited my ardor.

'Our minds were, at this period, almost intoxicated with a tender philanthropy, which led us to seek with passion the means of *being useful* to humanity, and render the fate of mankind more happy; whatever may be said, this is of all our predilections that of which we ought most to regret the extinction. Even its excess is of all human errors the most excusable.

'Nor can I describe with what zeal and sincerity, we braved public ridicule in promoting the new doctrine, in the hope of consoling our fellow-creatures and curing them. No missionaries ever displayed more ardor and charity.'—Vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

The count then proceeds to relate an anecdote of one of his brother disciples, which makes us lament that magnetism was not known in the days of Cervantes. As it stands, however, the story is truly Quixotic.

'My friend, when on his way to Versailles to attend the queen's ball, met a man who was carried on a bier. Being suddenly seized with the desire of serving the sick man, and not wishing to lose the opportunity of perhaps saving a fellow creature, he ordered his carriage to stop, as well as the bearers of the bier: the rain fell in torrents, my friend was in his ball-dress, and merely wore a light silk coat, but nothing could cool his zeal; he alighted vainly interrogated the bearers as to the state of the patient; but astonishment had rendered them mute.

'He, however, without waiting any longer for a reply, bent over the body of the sufferer, and proceeded to magnetize him with the utmost fervour. Having repeated the trial without effect, he, at length, exclaimed: "What is really the malady of this poor man?" turning to the wondering bearers, who, having now recovered a little from their stupor, replied: "He is no longer sick, for he has been dead these three days." My friend thus disconcerted, re-entered his carriage, and next day told me of his ludicrous adventure, which I, of course, took care to keep a secret.—Vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

After his appointment to the Russian mission the count very properly made it his business to apply to several sources for information as to the new duties which were about to devolve upon him. This object brought him to London in or-

der to consult with M. d'Adhemar, the French ambassador, concerning the interests of the British cabinet in that empire. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting the observations which he bestows on our commercial and agricultural pre-eminence.

‘ However proud I felt of the recent triumph our arms had obtained over those of our rivals, in taking thirteen rich provinces from them, I confess that I could not witness, without a sentiment of surprise mingled with regret, the superiority which long habits of public right and liberty gave to this constitutional, over our almost absolute monarchy.

‘ The activity of commerce, the perfection of agriculture, the independence of the people, on whose forehead one imagines he sees inscribed that they will obey nothing but the laws, all the prodigies of an industry without shackles, of a patriotism which knows how to make, from private interests of every kind, an united and indissoluble fasces of the general interest, the unbounded resources derived from a credit founded on good faith, strengthened by the inviolability of individual right, and guaranteed by the stability of her institutions; all this wonderful whole made me envy for my country, the same legal system and happy combination of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy, which had raised an island of small dimensions, under a rigorous sky, an island scarcely known by the Romans, to the rank of one of the most opulent, happy, free, and formidable powers of Europe.’—Vol. ii. pp. 63—65.

By way, we presume, of a counter-balance to this eulogy the count is rather satirical when he speaks of our metropolis. Yet we cannot deny that at the bottom of his ridicule there is but too much truth.

‘ Nothing, on the other hand, can be more surprising than the contrasts presented by London to a traveller at first view: the monotonous regularity of some quarters of this city, which are quite spacious, clean and uniform; and the dirt and darkness of several others; the incredible activity of an innumerable crowd of people who are running about the streets; the sorrowful gravity which reigns on every face; the brilliancy of the illuminations at Vauxhall, and in the public gardens; the silence of that multitude of walkers, who seem to frequent balls and assemblies, more with a view of making each other miserable than for amusement; the perpetual movement of an immense population on working days, the solitude and dullness which succeed on Sundays; the licentiousness of elections, the frequency of riots, the facility with which order is restored in the name of the law; the respect shown to the constituted authorities; the abuse that is lavished and the stones thrown at men in power; the profound sentiment of civil equality, and the maintenance of the most ridiculous feudal customs; the boldest philosophy; and the most obstinate intolerance persisted in towards the catholics; the admiration accorded, and unlimited honours rendered to talents and merit of every kind, and yet, an almost exclusive esteem for wealth; finally, a boundless ardor for every enjoyment, and an almost incurable ennui for all the pleasures of life: such are only a part of the singularities which distinguish these proud islanders, a people apart from the rest of the world, and whose manners, character, inclinations, qualities, and defects so totally differ from those of other nations, that they seem to be a separate community amidst the great

DECEMBER, 1826.—No. 290. 65

European family, and which has for many centuries retained and preserved a stamp which is distinct, original, and indelible."—Vol. ii. pp. 65, 66.

Upon the subject of his mission the count found M. d'Adhemar every thing he could have wished him to be. But we suppose that the short lecture which our young diplomatist received from the famous count d'Aranda, the Spanish ambassador in France, was worth all the other instructions together which were lavished upon him by the veterans of the foreign office. We give that lecture not less for its singularity than for the real wisdom which pervades it, premising only that d'Aranda had an inveterate and ridiculous habit of adding, at almost every sentence, the phrase '*do you understand me now?*'

"The object of politics is, you know, to learn the strength, ~~the means~~ the interests, the rights, hopes, and fears of the different powers, so that we may be on our guard against them, and may, on proper occasions, conciliate, disunite, or oppose them, or form alliances with them, according as our safety or interest requires. *Do you understand me now?*"

"Perfectly," I replied, "but this is exactly the knowledge that seems to me to require deep study and much difficulty to become master of."

"By no means," said he, "you are mistaken; in a few minutes, you will be perfectly master of the whole business. Look at this map, and see all the European states, great and small, with their extent and boundaries. Examine it well, and you will find that not one of these countries presents a regular compact whole, a complete square, a regular parallelogram, or perfect circle. There are always to be found some salient points, some vacancies of territory, and irregularities of outline. *Do you understand me now?*"

"Look at the colossal empire of Russia; in the south, the Crimea is a peninsula projecting into the Black Sea, and that formerly belonged to the Turks: Moldavia and Wallacia are salient points, and have coasts on the Black Sea, which would be suitable to make the Russian territory compact, particularly if, by advancing towards the north, Poland were added to it; look again towards the north, there is Finland covered with rocks; it belongs to Sweden, and yet it is very close to Petersburg. *Do you understand me?*"

"Let us now go to Sweden: do you see Norway? It is a broad strip that naturally depends on the Swedish territory. But, after all, it depends on Denmark. *Do you understand me?*"

"Let us visit Prussia: remark how long, narrow and unconnected the kingdom is; how many points must be filled up to extend it on the side of Saxony, Silesia, and then on the banks of the Rhine! *Do you understand me?* And what shall we say of Austria? She possesses the Low Countries; which are separated from her by the German states, while she is close to Bavaria, which does not belong to her. *Do you understand me now?* You will meet with Austria again in the centre of Italy; but how far distant it is from its proper territory, while Venice and Piedmont would suit it perfectly!"

"Well, I think I have said enough for one lesson. *Do you understand me now?* You see at present that all these powers wish to preserve their salient points, fill up their vacancies, and render their territory firm and

compact when they find an opportunity. Well, my dear sir, one lesson is sufficient, for this is the whole essence of politics. *Do you understand me?*"

"Certainly," I replied, "*I understand you*, particularly when I cast my eyes upon the map of Spain, and see, on its western side, a long and handsome strip of territory, called Portugal, which would perfectly suit, I rather think, the compactness of Spain."

"I see that *you do understand me*," replied the count d'Aranda. "You are now quite as learned as me in diplomacy. Adieu—go on gayly and boldly, and you will prosper. *Do you understand me?*" —Vol. ii, pp. 78—80.

Thus furnished with abundance of good advice, our author set out upon his mission to Russia, but, as we have already observed upon this part of his work, we shall repeat our regret that it adds so very little to our knowledge of the characters who figured at the court of her, whom the prince de Ligne, in his pointed manner, designated as Catherine *le grand*. We shall add two anecdotes, both illustrative, in their way, of the administration of justice at that time in Russia. The first is a tragical story.

'Marie Felicite le Riche, a young woman, handsome and gentle, had come to Russia with her father, whom a young noble had sent for to direct a manufactory. This undertaking not succeeding, the old man was ruined, and soon saw himself without the means of existence for himself and daughter.

'Marie had formed an attachment for a young workman, but she had, at the same time, inspired the Russian officer who commanded the district in which they lived with a violent passion for herself. This person, influenced only by his desires, easily persuaded her father to refuse giving his daughter's hand to her lover, who was poor; he, at the same time, added, that one of his female relations wished to have a young person in her house and that so advantageous a place would suit his daughter; the unfortunate father accepted the offer with gratitude.

'Marie, separated from her lover, set out for St. Petersburg, and was placed under the superintendence of an old woman, in a small lodging where she was provided with whatever she wanted, except her freedom, the protection she had hoped for, and the means of hearing from her lover, or corresponding with him.

'Being in the age of hope, Marie was resigned, and expected every thing from time: it soon, however, completed her misfortunes; her pretended benefactor arrived, threw off all disguise, and could no longer be regarded but as a vile corruptor. She, however, resisted with the double force of love and virtue.

'Convinced of the inutility of every means of seduction, so long as the young girl cherished the hope of being one day united to the object of her affections, the ravisher deceived her by causing a false account of her lover's death to be communicated. This fatal news threw her into wretchedness and despair. Her persecutor, profiting by it, consummated his crime by violence, and then basely deserted her. The unfortunate Marie, unable to sustain the shock, sunk under it, and lost her senses; upon which, the pity of some charitable neighbours placed her in an hospital.

'Two years had elapsed, since this affair occurred, when I was shown the deplorable victim of love and crime. Pale, languishing, and wandering, it was still easy to trace some remains of beauty; no sound escaped her lips; she had lost the power of expressing her sorrow: with her eyes continually fixed, and her hands on her bosom, she remained in the same state of consternation, surprise, silence, and even the attitude she had assumed, when the death of her lover was first announced; her body alone seemed to exist, while the soul of this luckless girl seemed to seek the object, which, under other circumstances, would have been the charm of her life.

'Never will this melancholy spectacle be effaced from my memory. M. d'Aguesseau, my brother-in-law, who happened to be at St. Petersburg, and who was affected like myself by the sight of this young creature, made a sketch of her face; I am still in possession of the design, which frequently reminds me of the affecting Marie and her misfortunes.'—Vol. ii, pp. 190—192.

The second anecdote is laughable enough, though it seemed likely to end in a very different manner.

'A rich foreigner, named Suderland was banker to the court and naturalized in Russia: he enjoyed great favour with the empress. He was one morning informed that his house was surrounded with guards, and that the head of the police wanted to see him.

'This officer, whose name was Reliew, entered soon after, in great consternation, and, addressing Suderland, said, "I am charged, to my deep regret, by my gracious sovereign, to execute an order of which the severity terrifies and afflicts me, yet I am ignorant by what fault or crime you have excited the resentment of her majesty to such a degree."

'"Me! sir, replied the banker, "I am as ignorant, and even more so than yourself; my surprise exceeds your own. But what is this order?"

'"Sir," rejoined the officer, "I really want courage to make it known to you."

'"What! can I have lost the confidence of the empress?"

'"If that was all, you would not see me so distressed. Confidence may be renewed, or a place restored."

'"Well! am I to be sent back to my own country?"

'"That would be disagreeable, but with your riches people are well off every where."

'"My God!" exclaimed Suderland, trembling, "is it intended to exile me to Siberia?"

'"Alas! one could return from thence."

'"To throw me into prison, perhaps?"

'"If only that, you might get out again."

'"Good heavens! do they intend to know me?"

'"That is a dreadful punishment, but it does not kill."

'"But how!" said the banker, whose terror had now become still greater, "is my life in danger? The empress so kind and merciful, and who spoke to me with such kindness, only two days ago, does she wish..... but I cannot believe it. Pray come to the point! death itself would be preferable to this suspense."

'"Well then! my dear sir," said the officer at length in a lamentable tone, "my gracious sovereign has given orders to impale you."

'"To empale me!" cried Suderland, fixing his eyes on the interlocutor, "but you have lost your senses, or the empress has not preserved her; it

besides, you would not surely receive such an order without representing its barbarity and extravagance."

"Alas! my unfortunate friend, I did that which we scarcely ever dare attempt, I showed my surprise and sorrow; and was about to hazard some humble remonstrances but my august sovereign, in a tone of irritation, reproaching me for my hesitation, ordered me to quit her presence, and execute her wishes instantly, adding the following words, which still ring in my ears: *Go, said she, and do not forget that it is your duty to perform, without murmuring, all the commissions with which I deign to entrust you.*"

—Vol. ii, pp. 197—199.

After a great deal of difficulty the banker obtained permission to address a note to the empress, who, upon reading it, instantly comprehended the matter, and, after ordering him to be liberated, thus explained the mistake.

"I now, said she, "see the cause of a scene as ludicrous as it is inconceivable: I had, for some years, a pretty dog, of which I was very fond, and I had given him the name of *Suderland*, because it was that of an Englishman who presented it to me. This little animal has just died; I ordered Reliew to have it stuffed: and, as he hesitated, I got into a passion with him, imagining that he had, from foolish vanity, thought such a commission beneath his dignity; such is the solution of this ridiculous enigma."—Vol. ii, p. 200.

Catharine usually spoke to her agents and ministers in the French language, and Reliew, it seems, mistook the word *empaler*, to empale, for *empailler*, to stuff. Such are the securities for life in Russia!

In conclusion, we must observe that the translation, from which we have quoted, is very unequal in its execution. Some passages are tolerably well rendered, while others are treated in the most negligent manner. The errors of the press in it are innumerable.

---

## THE ADVERSARIA.

For the Port Folio.

I can always get people to laugh with me, and I like to laugh too, at times; but the difficult thing is to get one "soft modest, melancholy female fair," that will be grave with me, and enter into my serious and solemn reflections, when I have them.

I believe there is no danger of my ever living in a great house, and I am not sorry for it. There is such a stately absence of all comforts; every thing that unsophisticated nature delights to cling to, is put so far away, and the owner seems somehow alone in the middle of his works like Nebuchadnezzar, saying, "*Behold now this great Babylon which I have made.*"

I should like elegance dearly, if she were not so nearly allied to luxury—and luxury too I could tolerate, if she were not so abominably selfish. I can never believe that a being, whose wants are endless and numberless, can spare even a thought for the wants of others. Very luxurious people do some charitable things but they are induced to do them by vanity, example, or solicitation. You always hear of heroism and great exertions of all kinds in poor countries.

The account of the death of the patriarch of Braintree, who passed from one state of being to another so quietly, that the circumstance was almost unperceived by his attendants, will remind the admirer of Dryden of a beautiful passage in that author:—

“Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;  
Ev’n wondered at because he dropped no sooner.  
Fate seem’d to wind him up for fourscore years;  
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;  
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.”

*Progress of Time.* One of the ancient ornaments of the church, (bishop Bull) has expressed himself on this trite, but most affecting subject, with impressive simplicity: “three-score or fourscore years make a great noise, and sound high, and whilst they are before us, look big, and seem to be a long time of duration. But one year steals away after another, and when the whole term is out, we wonder, and are vexed at our false arithmetic; the vast number of years seems as a cypher, and the time that is past appears as a dream, yea, a mere nothing.”

The anonymous author of *Childe Harold in the Shades, an infernal Romaunt*, has given, in a few lines, a very just character of Dr. Johnson’s peculiar cast of genius. In the allusion contained in the last verse, the reader of Boswell will recognise the lexicographer’s humorous burst of impatience at being told, as an alarming piece of news, that the Isle of Man was in a state of rebellion,—“*Pshaw! a tempest in a slop basin!*” We protest against it, however, as applicable to his writings.

“Unmanner’d, self-will’d, stubborn, stern, austere,  
Pedantic, solemn, prejudiced and proud;  
In knowledge a deep fount, profound, yet clear;  
In wit the flame which cleaves the summer cloud;  
In argument a torrent fierce and loud,  
O’erbearing opposition; a philosopher,  
Yet credulous as childhood, though endowed

With might from error's face the mask to tear:  
 An elephant when wrath, when pleased a dancing bear.  
 Of kind affections, but in act uncouth;  
 Not brooking contradiction in the fray  
 Of tongues, and seeking victory more than truth,  
 Blind to his own defects, life's transient day,  
 Like mastiff o'er his bone, he growled away;  
 Too apt to wield a club, he often smote  
 Some teasing fly which buzz'd around in play;  
 And such too oft his style (himself I quote,)  
 A tea-pot in a storm, sound signifying nought."

The temper of James I, though somewhat irascible, was only on great and repeated provocations susceptible of rancour and revenge: towards his courtiers and favourites he was affable and kind, and unfortunately both for himself and his family, he could deny them nothing: and his genuine love of humour always pleaded effectually in behalf of literary offenders. Of the effect of wit in appeasing his resentment we have the following instance in Howell's Letters: "As I remember some years since, there was a very abusive satire in verse brought to our king, and as the passages *were being* read to him, he often said, that if there were no other men in England, the rogue should hang for it. At last being come to the conclusion, which was, after all his railing,

"Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,  
 And grant the author long may wear his ears,

this pleased him so well, that he broke out into laughter, and said, "By my soul, so thou shalt for me, thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave!"

### FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A pathetic Ballad.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,  
 And used to war's alarms;  
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
 So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,  
 Said he, "Let others shout,  
 For here I leave my second leg,  
 And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:  
 Said he,—“They're only pegs:  
 But there's as wooden members quite,  
 As represent my legs!"

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff,  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat,  
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave!

Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now!"

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call, I left my legs  
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!  
I know why you refuse:  
Though I've no feet—some other man  
Is standing in my shoes!

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got—  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the line!

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off,—of course,  
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead  
As any nail in town,—  
For though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!

## A FAIRY TALE.

On Hounslow Heath—and close beside the road,  
 As western travellers may oft have seen,—  
 A little house some years ago there stood,  
     A minikin abode;  
 And built like Mr. Birkbeck's all of wood;  
 The walls of white, the window-shutters green;—  
 Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,  
     (Tho' now at rest,)  
 On which it used to wander to and fro'  
 Because its master ne'er maintained a rider,  
     Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;  
 But made his business travel for itself,  
     Till he had made his pelf,  
 And then retired—if one may call it so,  
     Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot  
 Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,  
 Made him more relish the repose and quiet  
     Of his now sedentary caravan;  
 Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,  
     And so he might impale a strip of soil,  
     That furnish'd by his toil,  
 Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—  
 And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.  
 Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil  
 His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,  
 A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r!

But tired of always looking at the coaches,  
 The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!  
     And, used to brisker life, both man and wife  
 Begin to suffer NUNE's approaches,  
 And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—  
 So, having had some quarters of school breeding,  
 They turned themselves, like other folks, to reading;  
 But setting out where others nigh have done,  
     And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,  
     The childhood of old age,  
 Began as other children have begun,—  
 Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,  
     Or Bard of Hope,  
 Or Paley, ethical, or learned Porson,—

DECEMBER, 1826.—NO. 290. 66

But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,  
 And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,  
     Or Valentine and Orson—  
 But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,  
 And being easily melted, in their dotage,  
     Slobber'd,—and kept  
     Reading,—and wept  
 Over the White Cat in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer  
 They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger  
 In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves and giants grim,—  
 If talking Trees and birds reveal'd to him,  
 She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-wagons,  
     And magic fishes swim  
 In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—  
 Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flaggons;  
 When as it fell upon a summer's day,  
     As the old man sat a feeding  
     On the old babe-reading,  
 Beside his open street-and-parlour door,  
     A hideous roar  
 Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.  
 Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,  
 Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln levels  
     Or Durham feed!  
 With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,  
     From nether side of Tweed,  
     Or Firth of Forth;  
 Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—  
 With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—  
 When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment  
 Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;  
     Or whether  
 Only in some enthusiastic moment,—  
 However, one brown monster, in a frisk,  
 Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,  
 Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble;  
 And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a  
 Horn-pipe before the basket-maker's villa,  
     Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—  
 Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable  
 And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail  
     Right o'er the page,  
     Wherein the sage  
 Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,  
 Could not peruse, who could?—two tales at once;  
 And being huff'd  
 At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft;  
 Bang'd to the door,  
 But most unluckily enclosed a morsel  
 Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—  
 The monster gave a roar,  
 And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,  
 The little house became a coach once more,  
 And like Macheath, "took to the road again!"  
 Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,  
 The ancient woman stooping with her crupper  
 Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,  
 Was getting up some household herbs for supper;  
 Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,  
 And quaintly wondering if magic shifts  
 Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,  
 To turn it to a coach;—what pretty gifts  
 Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;  
 Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,  
 Nor turn'd till home had turn'd a corner quite  
 Turn'd out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,  
 Weary of sitting on her russet clothing,  
 And looking round  
 Where rest was to be found,  
 There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!  
 No house!

The change was quite amazing;  
 It made her senses stagger for a minute,  
 The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;  
 But soon her superannuated *news*  
 Explained the horrid mystery;—and raising  
 Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,  
 On which she meant to sup,—  
 "Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,  
 Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,  
 And set me down in some one else's garden!"

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our review of the fashionable novel entitled "*Almack's*" is from a correspondent to whose opinions we pay so much deference, that we have not taken any of those editorial liberties with the manuscript which is our imprescriptible

right. In this department, however, of our journal, we may venture to question the decision which pronounces this production to be *all nonsense*. To us it appears to be a lively and faithful delineation of fashionable life, as it exists not only in London, but in the principal cities of Europe; and this country, also, with the exception of the indecency and immorality ascribed to English society. The same heartlessness, the same incessant intriguing and manœuvring to get into what is called *the first circle*, is every where apparent where *display* instead of real happiness, constitutes the business of life. We believe there is as much *Almackery* in Chesnut street, in our plain drab city of William Penn, as there is at the west end of London. We have not "Lady Patronesses" to regulate our *Almackeries* it is true; and perhaps it is to be regretted, for we have heard of cards of invitation *being sent* to distinguished strangers at fashionable hotels, who have been obliged to inquire of the barkeepers to whom they were indebted for such marks of hospitality. Of course, such indications of kindness did not proceed from persons of "*decided fashion*," but from that description of individuals who are intended to be exposed to ridicule by the author of "*Almacks*:"—a class who make their way, not by the proper claims of education and manners, but by the more obvious attractions of splendid mansions and luxurious entertainments.

The present Number is embellished with a portrait of the Rice Bunting or Reed Bird, which has been copied with perfect fidelity and fine taste from *Wilson's Ornithology*, by the lady whose name appears on the plate. We feel a particular satisfaction in dwelling upon the merits of this artist, because she has ventured upon a path hitherto uncultivated by her sex, we believe, in this country, where females, to whom the gifts of fortune are denied, are too often doomed to consumption and poverty under the miserable pittance derived from the monotonous and deleterious labours of the needle. Engraving is an art at once useful and elegant; and as it does not require strength so much as dexterity and taste, we trust that we perform no unavailing service in recommending the example of Miss L. to the imitation of her fair countrywomen. We will not display the temptations of celebrity to them, because their sphere is the domestic fireside: but this profession offers them solid comfort and independence, and it may be pursued in all the seclusion which becomes their gentle and retiring nature.











